

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIII.—FEBRUARY, 1869.—NO. CXXXVI.

MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

IV.

AUNT JANE DEFINES HER POSITION.

THE next morning had that luminous morning haze, not quite dense enough to be called a fog, which is often so lovely in Oldport. It was perfectly still; the tide swelled and swelled till it touched the edge of the green lawn behind the house, and seemed ready to submerge the slender pier; the water looked at first like glass, till closer gaze revealed long sinuous undulations, as if from unseen water-snakes beneath. A few rags of storm-cloud lay over the half-seen hills beyond the bay, and behind them came little mutterings of thunder, now here, now there, as if some wild creature were roaming up and down, dissatisfied, in the shelter of the clouds. The pale haze extended into the foreground, and half veiled the schooners that lay at anchor with their sails up. It was sultry, and there was something in the atmosphere that at once threatened and soothed. Sometimes a few drops dimpled the water and then ceased; the

muttering creature in the sky moved northward and grew still. It was a day when every one would be tempted to go out rowing, but when only lovers would go. Philip and Hope went.

Kate and Harry, meanwhile, awaited their opportunity to go in and visit Aunt Jane. This was a thing that never could be done till near noon, because that dear lady was very deliberate in her morning habits, and always averred that she had never seen the sun rise except in a panorama. She hated to be hurried in dressing, too; for she was accustomed to say that she must have leisure to understand herself, and this was clearly an affair of time.

But she was never more charming than when, after dressing and breakfasting in seclusion, and then vigilantly watching her handmaiden through the necessary dustings and arrangements, she sat at last with her affairs in order to await events. Every day she expected something entirely new to happen, and was never disappointed. For she herself always happened, if nothing else did; she could no more repeat

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 136.

10

herself than the sunrise can ; and the liveliest visitor always carried away something fresher and more remarkable than he brought.

Her book that morning had displeased her, and she was boiling with indignation against its author.

"I am reading a book so dry," she said, "it makes me cough. No wonder there was a drought last summer. It was printed then. Worcester's Geography seems in my memory as fascinating as Shakespeare, when I look back upon it from this book. How can a man write such a thing and live?"

"Perhaps he lived by writing it," said Kate.

"Perhaps it was the best he could do," added the more literal Harry.

"It certainly was not the best he could do, for he might have died,—died instead of dried. O, I should like to prick that man with something sharp, and see if sawdust did not run out of him! Kate, ask the bookseller to let me know if he ever really dies, and then life may seem fresh again."

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Somebody's memoirs," said Aunt Jane. "Was there no man left worth writing about, that they should make a biography about this one? It is like a life of Napoleon with all the battles left out. They are conceited enough to put his age in the upper corner of each page, too, as if anybody cared how old he was."

"Such pretty covers!" said Kate. "It is too bad."

"Yes," said Aunt Jane. "I mean to send them back and have new leaves put in. These are so wretched, there is not a teakettle in the land so insignificant that it would boil over them. Don't let us talk any more about it. Have Philip and Hope gone out upon the water?"

"Yes, dear," said Kate. "Did Ruth tell you?"

"When did that aimless infant ever tell anything?"

"Then how did you know it?"

"If I waited for knowledge till that sweet-tempered parrot chose to tell

me," Aunt Jane went on, "I should be even more foolish than I am."

"Then how did you know?"

"Of course I heard the boat hauled down, and of course I knew that none but lovers would go out just before a thunder-storm. Then you and Harry came in, and I knew it was the others."

"Aunt Jane," said Kate, "you divine everything: what a brain you have!"

"Brain! it is nothing but a collection of shreds, like a little girl's work-basket,—a scrap of blue silk and a bit of white muslin."

"Now she is fishing for compliments," said Kate, "and she shall have one. She was very sweet and good to Philip last night."

"I know it," said Aunt Jane, with a groan. "I waked in the night and thought about it. I was awake a great deal last night. I have heard cocks crowing all my life, but I never knew what that creature could accomplish before. So I lay and thought how good and forgiving I was; it was quite distressing."

"Remorse?" said Kate.

"Yes, indeed. I hate to be a saint all the time. There ought to be vacations. Instead of suffering from a bad conscience, I suffer from a good one."

"It was no merit of yours, aunt," put in Harry. "Who was ever more agreeable and lovable than Malbone last night?"

"Lovable!" burst out Aunt Jane, who never could be managed or manipulated by anybody but Kate, and who often rebelled against Harry's blunt assertions. "Of course he is lovable, and that is why I dislike him. His father was so before him. That is the worst of it. I never in my life saw any harm done by a villain; I wish I could. All the mischief in this world is done by lovable people. Thank Heaven, nobody ever dared to call me lovable!"

"I should like to see any one dare call you anything else,—you dear, old, soft-hearted darling!" interposed Kate.

"But, aunt," persisted Harry, "if you only knew what the mass of young men are—"

"Don't I?" interrupted the impetuous lady. "What is there that is not known to any woman who has common sense, and eyes enough to look out of a window?"

"If you only knew," Harry went on, "how superior Phil Malbone is, in his whole tone, to any fellow of my acquaintance."

"Lord help the rest!" she answered. "Philip has a sort of refinement instead of principles, and a heart instead of a conscience,—just heart enough to keep himself happy and everybody else miserable."

"Do you mean to say," asked the obstinate Hal, "that there is no difference between refinement and coarseness?"

"Yes, there is," she said.

"Well, which is best?"

"Coarseness is safer by a great deal," said Aunt Jane, "in the hands of a man like Philip. What harm can that swearing coachman do, I should like to know, in the street yonder? To be sure it is very unpleasant, and I wonder they let people swear so, except, perhaps, in waste places outside the town; but that is his way of expressing himself, and he only frightens people, after all."

"Which Philip does not," said Hal.

"Exactly. That is the danger. He frightens nobody, not even himself, when he ought to wear a label round his neck, marked 'Dangerous,' such as they have at other places where it is slippery and brittle. When he is here, I keep saying to myself, 'Too smooth! too smooth!'"

"Aunt Jane," said Harry, gravely, "I know Malbone very well, and I never knew any man whom it was more unjust to call a hypocrite."

"Did I say he was a hypocrite?" she cried. "He is worse than that; at least more really dangerous. It is these high-strung sentimentalists who do all the mischief; who play on their own lovely emotions, forsooth, till they wear out those fine fiddlestrings, and then have nothing left but the flesh and the D. Don't tell me!"

"Do stop, auntie," interposed Kate,

quite alarmed, "you are really worse than a coachman. You are growing very profane indeed."

"I have a much harder time than any coachman, Kate," retorted the injured lady. "Nobody tries to stop him, and you are always hushing me up."

"Hushing you up, darling?" said Kate. "When we only spoil you by praising and quoting everything you say."

"Only when it amuses you," said Aunt Jane. "So long as I sit and cry my eyes out over a book, you all love me, and when I talk nonsense you are ready to encourage it; but when I begin to utter a little sense you all want to silence me, or else run out of the room! Yesterday I read about a newspaper somewhere, called the 'Daily Evening Voice'; I wish you would allow me a daily morning voice."

"Do not interfere, Kate," said Hal. "Aunt Jane and I only wish to understand each other."

"I am sure we don't," said Aunt Jane; "I have no desire to understand you, and you never will understand me till you comprehend Philip."

"Let us agree on one thing," Harry said. "Surely, aunt, you know how he loves Hope?"

Aunt Jane approached a degree nearer the equator, and said, gently, "I fear I do."

"Fear?"

"Yes, fear. That is just what troubles me. I know precisely how he loves her. *Il se laisse aimer*. Philip likes to be petted, as much as any cat, and, while he will purr, Hope is happy. Very few men accept idolatry with any degree of grace, but he unfortunately does."

"Unfortunately?" remonstrated Hal, as far as ever from being satisfied. "This is really too bad. You never will do him any justice."

"Ah?" said Aunt Jane, chilling again, "I thought I did. I observe he is very much afraid of me, and there seems to be no other reason."

"The real trouble is," said Harry,

after a pause, "that you doubt his constancy."

"What do you call constancy?" said she. "Kissing a woman's picture ten years after a man has broken her heart? Philip Malbone has that kind of constancy, and so had his father before him."

This was too much for Harry, who was making for the door in indignation, when little Ruth came in with Aunt Jane's luncheon, and that lady was soon absorbed in the hopeless task of keeping her handmaiden's pretty blue and white gingham sleeve out of the butter-plate.

V.

A MULTIVALVE HEART.

Philip Malbone had that perfectly sunny temperament which is peculiarly captivating among Americans, because it is so rare. He liked everybody and everybody liked him; he had a thousand ways of affording pleasure, and he received it in the giving. He had a personal beauty, which, strange to say, was recognized by both sexes,—for most handsome men must consent to be mildly hated by their own. He had travelled much, and had mingled in very varied society; he had a moderate fortune, no vices, no ambition, and no capacity of ennui.

He was fastidious and over-critical, it might be, in his theories, but in practice he was easily suited and never vexed. He liked travelling, and he liked staying at home; he was so continually occupied as to give an apparent activity to all his life, and yet he was never too busy to be interrupted, especially if the intruder were a woman or a child. He liked to be with people of his own age, whatever their condition; he also liked old people because they were old, and children because they were young. In travelling by rail, he would woo crying babies out of their mothers' arms, and still them; it was always his back that Irishwomen thumped, to ask if they must get out at the next station; and he might be seen handing

out decrepit paupers as if they were of royal blood, and bore concealed sceptres in their old umbrellas. Exquisitely nice in his personal habits, he had the practical democracy of a good-natured young prince; he had never yet seen a human being who awed him, nor one whom he had the slightest wish to awe. His courtesy had, therefore, that comprehensiveness which we call republican, though it was really the least republican thing about him. All felt its attraction; there was really no one who disliked him except Aunt Jane; and even she admitted that he was the only person who knew how to cut her lead-pencil.

That cheerful English premier who thought that any man ought to find happiness enough in walking London streets and looking at the lobsters in the fish-markets, was not more easily satisfied than Malbone. He liked to observe the groups of boys fishing at the wharves, or to hear the chat of their fathers about coral-reefs and penguins' eggs; or to sketch the fisher's little daughter awaiting her father at night on some deserted and crumbling wharf, his blue pea-jacket over her fair ringleted head, and a great cat standing by with tail uplifted, her sole protector. He liked the luxurious indolence of yachting, and he liked as well to float in his wherry among the fleet of fishing schooners getting under way after a three days' storm, each vessel slipping out in turn from the closely packed crowd, and spreading its white wings for flight. He liked to watch the groups of negro boys and girls strolling by the window at evening, and strumming on the banjo,—the only vestige of tropical life that haunts our busy Northern zone. But he liked just as well to note the ways of well-dressed girls and boys at croquet parties, or to sit at the club window and hear the gossip; he was a jewel of a listener, and not easily bored even when Philadelphians talked about families, or New-Yorkers about bargains, or Bostonians about books. A man who has not one absorbing aim can get a great many miscellaneous things into each twenty-four hours;

and there was not a day in which Philip did not make himself agreeable and useful to a great many people, receive a great many confidences, and give much good-humored advice about matters of which he knew nothing. His friends' children ran after him in the street, and he knew the pet theories and wines of elderly gentlemen. He said that he won their hearts by remembering every occurrence in their lives except their birthdays.

It was, perhaps, no drawback on the popularity of Philip Malbone that he had been for some ten years reproached as a systematic flirt by all women with whom he did not happen at the moment to be flirting. The reproach was unjust; he had never done anything systematically in his life; it was his temperament that flirted, not his will. He simply had that most perilous of all seductive natures, in which the seducer is himself seduced. With a personal refinement that almost amounted to purity, he was constantly drifting into loves more profoundly perilous than if they had belonged to a grosser man. Almost all women loved him, because he loved almost all; he never had to assume an ardor, for he always felt it. His heart was multivalve; he could love a dozen at once in various modes and gradations, press a dozen hands in a day, gaze into a dozen pair of eyes with unfeigned tenderness; while the last pair wept for him, he was looking into the next. In truth, he loved to explore those sweet depths; humanity is the highest thing to investigate, he said, and the proper study of mankind is woman. Woman needs to be studied while under the influence of emotion; let us therefore have the emotions. This was the reason he gave to himself; but this refined Mormonism of the heart was not based on reason, but on temperament and habit. In such matters logic is only for the by-standers.

His very generosity harmed him, as all our good qualities may harm us when linked with bad ones; he had so many excuses for doing kindnesses to

his friends, it was hard to quarrel with him if he did them too tenderly. He was no more capable of unkindness than of constancy; and so strongly did he fix the allegiance of those who loved him, that the women to whom he had caused most anguish would still defend him when accused; would have crossed the continent, if needed, to nurse him in illness, and would have rained rivers of tears on his grave. To do him justice, he would have done almost as much for them,—for any of them. He could torture a devoted heart, but only by a sort of half-wilful unconsciousness; he could not bear to see tears shed in his presence, nor to let his imagination dwell very much on those which flowed in his absence. When he had once loved a woman, or even fancied that he loved her, he built for her a shrine that was never dismantled, and in which a very little faint incense would sometimes be found burning for years after; he never quite ceased to feel a languid thrill at the mention of her name; he would make even for a past love the most generous sacrifices of time, convenience, truth perhaps,—everything, in short, but the present love. To those who had given him all that an undivided heart can give he would deny nothing but an undivided heart in return. The misfortune was that this was the only thing they cared to possess.

This abundant and spontaneous feeling gave him an air of earnestness, without which he could not have charmed any woman, and, least of all, one, like Hope. No woman really loves a trifter; she must at least convince herself that he who trifles with others is serious with her. Philip was never quite serious and never quite otherwise; he never deliberately got up a passion, for it was never needful; he simply found an object for his emotions, opened their valves, and then watched their flow. To love a charming woman in her presence is no test of genuine passion; let us know how much you long for her in absence. This longing had never yet seriously troubled Mal-

bone, provided there was another charming person within an easy walk.

If it was sometimes forced upon him that all this ended in anguish to some of these various charmers, first or last, then there was always in reserve the pleasure of repentance. He was very winning and generous in his repentances, and he enjoyed them so much they were often repeated. He did not pass for a weak person, and he was not exactly weak; but he spent his life in putting away temptations with one hand and pulling them back with the other. There was for him something piquant in being thus neither innocent nor guilty, but always on some delicious middle ground. He loved dearly to skate on thin ice, — that was the trouble, — especially where he fancied the water to be just within his depth. Unluckily the sea of life deepens rather fast.

Malbone had known Hope from her childhood, as he had her cousins, but their love dated from their meetings beside the sick-bed of his mother, over whom he had watched with unstinted devotion for weary months. She had been very fond of the young girl, and her last earthly act was to place Hope's hand in Philip's. Long before this final consecration, Hope had won his heart more thoroughly, he fancied, than any woman he had ever seen. The secret of this crowning charm was, perhaps, that she was a new sensation. He had prided himself on his knowledge of her sex, and yet here was a wholly new species. He was acquainted with the women of society, and with the women who only wished to be in society. But here was one who was in the chrysalis, and had never been a grub, and had no wish to be a butterfly, and what should he make of her? He was like a student of insects who had never seen a bee. Never had he known a young girl who cared for the things which this maiden sought, or who was not dazzled by things to which Hope seemed perfectly indifferent. She was not a devotee, she was not a prude; people seemed to amuse and interest her; she liked them, she declared, as

much as she liked books. But this very way of putting the thing seemed like inverting the accustomed order of affairs in the polite world, and was of itself a novelty.

Of course he had previously taken his turn for a while among Kate's admirers; but it was when she was very young, and, moreover, it was hard to get up anything like a tender and confidential relation with that frank maiden; she never would have accepted Philip Malbone for herself, and she was by no means satisfied with his betrothal to her best beloved. But that Hope loved him ardently there was no doubt, however it might be explained. Perhaps it was some law of opposites, and she needed some one of lighter nature than her own. As her resolute purpose charmed him, so she may have found a certain fascination in the airy way in which he took hold on life; he was so full of thought and intelligence; possessing infinite leisure, and yet incapable of ennui; ready to oblige every one, and doing so many kind acts at so little personal sacrifice; always easy, graceful, lovable, and kind. In her just indignation at those who called him heartless, she forgot to notice that his heart was not deep. He was interested in all her pursuits, could aid her in all her studies, suggest schemes for her benevolent desires, and could then make others work for her, and even work himself. People usually loved Philip, even while they criticised him; but Hope loved him first, and then could not criticise him at all.

Nature seems always planning to equalize characters, and to protect our friends from growing too perfect for our deserts. Love, for instance, is apt to strengthen the weak, and yet sometimes weakens the strong. Under its influence Hope sometimes appeared at disadvantage. Had the object of her love been different, the result might have been otherwise, but her ample nature apparently needed to contract itself a little, to find room within Philip's heart. Not that in his presence

she became vain or petty or jealous; that would have been impossible. She only grew credulous and absorbed and blind. A kind of gentle obstinacy, too, developed itself in her nature, and all suggestion of defects in him fell off from her as from a marble image of Faith. If he said or did anything, there was no appeal; that was settled, let us pass to something else.

I almost blush to admit that Aunt Jane—of whom it could by no means be asserted that she was a saintly lady, but only a very charming one—rather rejoiced in this transformation.

"I like it better, my dear," she said, with her usual frankness, to Kate. "Hope was altogether too heavenly for my style. When she first came here, I secretly thought I never should care anything about her. She seemed nothing but a little moral tale. I thought she would not last me five minutes. But now she is growing quite human and ridiculous about that Philip, and I think I may find her very attractive indeed."

VI.

"SOME LOVER'S CLEAR DAY."

"Hope!" said Philip Malbone, as they sailed together in a little boat the next morning, "I have come back to you from months of bewildered dreaming. I have been wandering,—no matter where. I need you. You cannot tell how much I need you."

"I can estimate it," she answered, gently, "by my need of you."

"Not at all," said Philip, gazing in her trustful face. "Any one whom you loved would adore you, could he be by your side. You need nothing. It is I who need you."

"Why?" she asked, simply.

"Because," he said, "I am capable of behaving very much like a fool. Hope, I am not worthy of you; why do you love me? why do you trust me?"

"I do not know how I learned to love you," said Hope. "It is a blessing that was given to me. But I learned

to trust you in your mother's sick-room."

"Ay," said Philip, sadly, "there, at least, I did my full duty."

"As few would have done it," said Hope, firmly,— "very few. Such prolonged self-sacrifice must strengthen a man for life."

"Not always," said Philip, uneasily. "Too much of that sort of thing may hurt one, I fancy, as well as too little. He may come to imagine that the balance of virtue is in his favor, and that he may grant himself a little indulgence to make up for lost time. That sort of recoil is a little dangerous, as I sometimes feel, do you know?"

"And you show it," said Hope, ardently, "by fresh sacrifices! How much trouble you have taken about Emilia! Some time, when you are willing, you shall tell me all about it. You always seemed to me a magician, but I did not think that even you could restore her to sense and wisdom so soon."

Malbone was just then very busy in putting the boat about, but when he had it on the other tack he said, "How do you like her?"

"Philip," said Hope, her eyes filling with tears, "I wonder if you have the slightest conception how my heart is fixed on that child. She has always been a sort of dream to me, and the difficulty of getting any letters from her has only added to the excitement. Now that she is here, my whole heart yearns toward her. Yet, when I look into her eyes, a sort of blank hopelessness comes over me. They seem like the eyes of some untamable creature whose language I shall never learn. Philip, you are older and wiser than I, and have shown already that you understand her. Tell me what I can do to make her love me?"

"Tell me how any one could help it?" said Malbone, looking fondly on the sweet, pleading face before him.

"I am beginning to fear that it can be helped," she said. Her thoughts were still with Emilia.

"Perhaps it can," said Phil, "if you

sit so far away from people. Here we are alone on the bay. Come and sit by me, Hope."

She had been sitting amidships, but she came aft at once, and nestled by him as he sat holding the tiller. She put her face against his knee, like a tired child, and shut her eyes; her hair was lifted by the summer breeze; a scent of roses came from her; the mere contact of anything so fresh and pure was a delight. He put his arm around her, and all the first ardor of passion came back to him again; he remembered how he had longed to win this Diana, and how thoroughly she was won.

"It is you who do me good," said she. "O Philip, sail as slowly as you can." But he only sailed farther instead of more slowly, gliding in and out among the rocky islands in the light north wind, which for a wonder lasted all that day, — dappling the bare hills of the Isle of Shadows with a shifting beauty. The tide was in and brimming, the fishing-boats were busy, white gulls soared and clattered round them, and heavy cormorants flapped away as they neared the rocks. Beneath the boat the soft multitudinous jelly-fishes waved their fringed pendants, or glittered with tremulous gold along their pink translucent sides. Long lines and streaks of paler blue lay smoothly along the enamelled surface, the low amethystine hills lay couched beyond them, and little clouds stretched themselves in lazy length above the beautiful expanse. They reached the ruined fort at last, and Philip, surrendering Hope to others, was himself besieged by a joyous group.

As you stand upon the crumbling parapet of old Fort Louis, you feel yourself poised in middle air; the sea-birds soar and swoop around you, the white surf lashes the rocks far below, the white vessels come and go, the water is around you on all sides but one, and spreads in pale blue beauty up the lovely bay, or, in deeper tints, southward, towards the horizon line. I know of no

ruin in America which nature has so resumed; it seems a part of the living rock; you cannot imagine it away.

It is a single round, low tower, shaped like the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. But its stately position makes it rank with the vast sisterhood of wave-washed strongholds; it might be King Arthur's Cornish Tintagel; it might be the teocallis tower of Tuloom. As you gaze down from its height, all things that float upon the ocean seem equalized. Look at the crowded life on yonder frigate, coming in full-sailed before the steady sea-breeze. To furl that heavy canvas a hundred men cluster like bees upon the yards, yet to us upon this height it is all but a plaything for the eyes, and we turn with equal interest from that thronged floating citadel to some lonely boy in his skiff.

Yonder there sail to the ocean, beating wearily to windward, a few slow vessels. Inward come jubilant white schooners, wing-and-wing. There are fishing-smacks towing their boats behind them like a family of children; and there are slender yachts, that bear only their own light burden. Once from this height I saw the whole yacht squadron round Point Judith, and glide in like a flock of land-bound sea-birds; and above them, yet more snowy and with softer curves, pressed onward the white squadrons of the sky.

Within, the tower is full of *débris*, now disintegrated into one solid mass, and covered with vegetation. You can lie on the blossoming clover, where the bees hum and the crickets chirp around you, and can look through the arch which frames its own fair picture. In the foreground lies the steep slope overgrown with bayberry and gay with thistle blooms; then the little winding cove with its bordering cliffs; and the rough pastures with their grazing sheep beyond. Or, ascending the parapet, you can look across the bay to the men making hay picturesquely on far-off lawns, or to the cannon on the outer works of Fort Adams, looking like vast black insects that have crawled forth to die.

Here our young people spent the day; some sketched, some played croquet, some bathed in rocky inlets where the kingfisher screamed above them, some rowed to little craggy isles for wild roses, some fished, and then were taught by the boatmen to cook their fish in novel island ways. The morning grew more and more cloudless, and then in the afternoon a fog came and went again, marching by with its white armies, soon met and annihilated by a rainbow.

The conversation that day was very gay and incoherent, — little fragments of all manner of things; science, sentiment, everything: "Like a distracted dictionary," Kate said. At last this lively maiden got Philip away from the rest, and began to cross-question him.

"Tell me," she said, "about Emilia's Swiss lover. She shuddered when she spoke of him. Was he so very bad?"

"Not at all," was the answer. "You had false impressions of him. He was a handsome, manly fellow, a little over sentimental. He had travelled, and had been a merchant's clerk in Paris and London. Then he came back, and became a boatman on the lake, some said, for love of her."

"Did she love him?"

"Passionately, as she thought."

"Did he love her much?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why did she stop loving him?"

"She does not hate him?"

"No," said Kate, "that is what surprises me. Lovers hate, or those who have been lovers. She is only indifferent. Philip, she had wound silk upon a torn piece of his *carte-de-visite*, and did not know it till I showed it to her. Even then she did not care."

"Such is woman!" said Philip.

"Nonsense," said Kate. "She had seen somebody whom she loved better, and she still loves that somebody. Who was it? She had not been introduced into society. Were there any superior men among her teachers? She is just the girl to fall in love with

her teacher, at least in Europe, where they are the only men one sees."

"There were some very superior men among them," said Philip. "Professor Schirmer has a European reputation; he wears blue spectacles and a maroon wig."

"Do not talk so," said Kate. "I tell you, Emilia is not changeable, like you, sir. She is passionate and constant. She would have married that man or died for him. You may think that your sage counsels restrained her, but they did not; it was that she loved some one else. Tell me honestly. Do you not know that there is somebody in Europe whom she loves to distraction?"

"I do not know it," said Philip.

"Of course you do not *know* it," returned the questioner. "Do you not think it?"

"I have no reason to believe it."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Kate. "Things that we believe without any reason have a great deal more weight with us. Do you not believe it?"

"No," said Philip, point-blank.

"It is very strange," mused Kate. "Of course you do not know much about it. She may have misled you, but I am sure that neither you nor any one else could have cured her of a passion, especially an unreasonable one, without putting another in its place. If you did it without that, you are a magician. Philip, I am afraid of you."

"There we sympathize," said Phil.

"I am sometimes afraid of myself, but I discover within half an hour what a very commonplace and harmless person I am."

Meantime Emilia found herself beside her sister, who was sketching. After watching Hope for a time in silence, she began to question her.

"Tell me what you have been doing in all these years," she said.

"O, I have been at school," said Hope. "First I went through the High School; then I stayed out of school a year, and studied Greek and German with my uncle, and music with

my aunt, who plays uncommonly well. Then I persuaded them to let me go to the Normal School for two years, and learn to be a teacher."

"A teacher!" said Emilia, with surprise. "Is it necessary that you should be a teacher?"

"Very necessary," replied Hope. "I must have something to do, you know, after I leave school."

"To do?" said the other. "Cannot you go to parties?"

"Not all the time," said her sister.

"Well," said Emilia, "in the mean time you can go to drive, or make calls, or stay at home and make pretty little things to wear, as other girls do."

"I can find time for that too, little sister, when I need them. But I love children, you know, and I like to teach interesting studies. I have splendid health, and I enjoy it all. I like it as you love dancing, my child, only I like dancing too, so I have a greater variety of enjoyments."

"But shall you not sometimes find it very hard?" said Emilia.

"That is why I shall like it," was the answer.

"What a girl you are!" exclaimed the younger sister. "You know everything and can do everything."

"A very short everything," interposed Hope.

"Kate says," continued Emilia, "that you speak French as well as I do, and I dare say you dance a great deal better; and those are the only things I know."

"If we both had French partners, dear," replied the elder maiden, "they would soon find the difference in both respects. My dancing came by nature, I believe, and I learned French as a child, by talking with my old uncle, who was half a Parisian. I believe I have a good accent, but I have so little practice that I have no command of the language compared to yours. In a week or two we can both try our skill, as there is to be a ball for the officers of the French corvette yonder." And Hope pointed to the heavy spars, the dark canvas, and the high quarter-deck

which made the "Jean Hoche" seem as if she had floated out of the days of Nelson.

The calm day waned, the sun drooped to his setting amid a few golden bars and pencilled lines of light. Ere they were ready for departure, the tide had ebbed, and, in getting the boats to a practicable landing-place, Malbone was delayed behind the others. As he at length brought his boat to the rock, Hope sat upon the ruined fort, far above him, and sang. Her noble contralto voice echoed among the cliffs down to the smooth water; the sun went down behind her, and still she sat stately and noble, her white dress looking more and more spirit-like against the golden sky; and still the song rang on, —

"Never a scornful word should grieve thee,
I'd smile on thee, sweet, as the angels do;
Sweet as thy smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

All sacredness and sweetness, all that was pure and brave and truthful, seemed to rest in her. And when the song ceased at his summons, and she came down to meet him, — glowing, beautiful, appealing, tender, — then all meaner spells vanished, if such had ever haunted him, and he was hers alone.

Later that evening, after the household had separated, Hope went into the empty drawing-room for a light. Philip, after a moment's hesitation, followed her, and paused in the doorway. She stood, a white-robed figure, holding the lighted candle; behind her rose the arched alcove, whose quaint cherubs looked down on her; she seemed to have stepped forth, the awakened image of a saint. Looking up, she saw his eager glance; then she colored, trembled, and put the candle down. He came to her, took her hand and kissed it, then put his hand upon her brow and gazed into her face, then kissed her lips. She quietly yielded, but her color came and went, and her lips moved as if to speak. For a moment he saw her only, thought only of her; it was as if he lived over again with her all the fresh, pure happiness of the past.

Then, even while he gazed into her eyes, a flood of other memories surged over him, and his own eyes grew dim. His head swam, the lips he had just kissed appeared to fade away, and something of darker, richer beauty seemed to burn through those fair features; he looked through those gentle eyes into orbs more radiant, and it was as if a countenance of eager passion obliterated that fair head, and spoke with substituted lips, "Behold your love." There was a thrill of infinite ecstasy in the work his imagination did; he gave it rein, then suddenly drew it in and looked at Hope. Her touch brought pain for an instant, as she laid her hand upon him, but he bore it. Then some influence of calmness came; there swept by him a flood of earlier, serener memories; he sat down in the window-seat beside her, and when she put her face beside his, and her soft hair touched his cheek, and he inhaled the rose-odor that always clung around her, every atom of his manhood stood up to drive away the intruding presence, and he again belonged to her alone.

When he went to his chamber that night, he drew from his pocket a little note in a girlish hand, which he lighted in the candle, and put upon the open hearth to burn. With what a cruel, tinkling rustle the pages flamed and twisted and opened, as if the fire read them, and collapsed again as if in ago-

nizing effort to hold their secret, even in death! The closely folded paper refused to burn, it went out again and again; while each time Philip Malbone examined it ere relighting, with a sort of vague curiosity, to see how much passion had already vanished out of existence, and how much yet survived in utterances that might drive him to desperation if revealed. For each of these inspections he had to brush aside the calcined portion of the letter, once so warm and beautiful with love, but changed to something that seemed to him a semblance of his own heart just then, — black, trivial, and empty.

Then he took from a little folded paper a long tress of dark silken hair, and, without trusting himself to kiss it, held it firmly in the candle. It crisped and sparkled, and sent out a pungent odor, then turned and writhed between his fingers, like a living thing in pain. What part of us has earthly immortality but our hair? It dies not with death. When all else of human beauty has decayed beyond corruption into the more agonizing irrecoverableness of dust, the hair is still fresh and beautiful, defying annihilation, and restoring to the powerless heart the full association of the living image. These shrinking hairs, they feared not death, but they seemed to fear Malbone. Nothing but the hand of man could destroy what he was destroying; but his hand shrank not, and it was done.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past,
 Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
 By level musket-flashes litten,
 Than I, who stepped before them all,
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started towards the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'T was love and fear and triumph blended;
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give — But who can live youth over?

OUR POSTAL DEFICIENCIES.

WHEN Sir Rowland Hill first proposed the penny postage and reforms in the postal system of England, a noble lord, then Postmaster-General, referring to his plan, remarked: "Of all the wild and visionary schemes I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant."

At that time the annual delivery of letters in the British Isles was eighty-two millions and a half, yielding on the average nearly twenty-five cents each, and costing for transmission nearly two thirds of that amount; and the idea of reducing the rate to a penny, or two cents, a letter, with any hope of covering the expense, seemed to be preposterous. At length, however, after long discussions, the measure was adopted, and with remarkable success; and the success of the reduction has led to other important results not then contemplated, and to improvements which appear to be progressive.

At first, there was a great decline in revenue, but letters have annually increased under the new system, and in 1867 rose to the number of 774,831,000, or to forty-six letters on the average from each inhabitant, nearly tenfold the number before reduction. England is enabled by the returns to pay to railways alone, of which she has thirteen thousand miles, two millions eight hundred thousand dollars for transmission of letters.

Induced by this success, Parliament then engrafted upon the system the carriage of books and parcels of moderate size, and these rose during the last year to the number of one hundred and two millions.

The next step in the progress of the post-office was the establishment, in the chief offices, of agencies for the transmission of money by orders from one part of the kingdom to any other, in small sums, the charge for the transfer of each sum ranging from six to twelve cents. This measure has been

alike successful. The money-order offices have increased to thirty-six hundred, and are found in all the principal towns and villages; and the funds they transmit, sent with perfect safety, have grown to ninety millions of dollars yearly.

After this advance, it soon became apparent that the public required further facilities. Funds were often sent in small sums from the country to the towns, for friends to deposit in savings banks, by persons who could not leave home for the purpose, and this was attended by inconvenience and occasional loss. It was difficult, too, for depositors at a distance to withdraw their funds. To obviate these evils, it was determined to make the chief offices depositories for savings, and this measure was successfully adopted. Under this system funds were received in small sums from the humbler classes, at the low rate of two and a half per cent interest, under a national guaranty of principal and interest, and these funds were transmitted to London for investment in the public stocks.

By the contract with the depositors, the government reserves for its risk and charges the excess over two and a half per cent, and pays the depositor both principal and interest at any postal bank.

These banks now number thirty-six hundred and twenty-one, and hold in deposit fifty millions of dollars, annually increasing at the rate of fifteen per cent, and their operations result in profit to the government. But there are other benefits. The depositors in the savings banks of England, who exceed two millions two hundred thousand in number, if we include all, become interested in the public stocks and in the stability of government, and many a stream and rivulet of the country pours its contribution into the coffers of the state, and funds which would have remained dormant or idle, attracted by the

national guaranties and the great facilities thus brought home to the people, are utilized and made subservient to the public wants at extremely low rates of interest; while the depositor places his funds beyond the reach of accident, and renders them productive, until he requires them, and can then command them on a day's notice.

The success of the savings banks has paved the way for another step onward. It was found that many artisans and laborers desired to insure their lives by frequent payments, or to purchase small annuities as a provision for old age. They would trust the state with their funds, but were unwilling to trust companies or individuals for long terms of time. It was the interest of the state to avert pauperism and provide for age, and it was ascertained that it could command rates more than commensurate with the risk, and it allowed the postal banks to issue small annuities and policies of insurance, and has already received from this source more than eight hundred thousand dollars, which has been placed in government stocks.

More was yet to be done; letters were despatched annually from England, first by sailing packets, and then by steamships, to all parts of the globe, and the post-office was obliged to negotiate for their transmission; this suggested to the state the policy of using its receipts from ocean postages and surplus income for subsidies, to establish lines of fast steamers to all the countries engaged in commerce with England. This was the most important measure of all. England, by the payment of one or two dollars per mile for each mile run by the steamer, not only gave despatch to her mails, but enabled her steamers, that could cover their expense by freight and passengers, to pay large dividends and build new steamships by the subsidies.

Thus she not only expanded her commerce and her tonnage, but, by an average payment of four millions of dollars yearly, has supplied herself with at least half a million tons of steamships,

well manned and officered, which in peace extend her commerce, and in war become transports, despatch frigates, and thunderbolts of war. She has thus made the department her chief navy agent, more efficient than the admiralty itself.

Accustomed as we have been here to see men advanced to office for political services, and to see these services rendered by men who engage in politics after failing in other pursuits, our first inquiry as to these novel measures is, What has been their pecuniary result? and we learn with pleasure that these measures, so beneficent, so widely ramified, so conducive to the comfort and convenience of the people, have been crowned with success.

Each department of the post-office exhibits large profits. The gross income exceeds twenty-three million dollars, and the net income of the department has risen from \$1,735,000 in 1857 to \$7,106,000 in 1867, or four hundred per cent, after deducting all expenses for the collection, carriage, and delivery of letters and parcels, all expenses for money orders, for banks, insurance, annuities, and mail subsidies,—an unprecedented success, in the highest degree encouraging both for the future of England and for the future of our own country, whose attention has been diverted from these subjects by the insurgent States.

But England has not paused in her progress. Thus far telegraphy has been confined to private companies, and has gradually increased, until it now sends six million messages yearly in the British Isles. These companies, after extending their wires to most of the important towns and villages, and establishing in some of them three competing offices where one might suffice, have recently combined to raise their rates; and now the average charge for transmitting messages amounts to forty-six cents per telegram; and while the British post-offices exceed ten thousand, the towns and villages provided with telegrams

are less than one seventh of that number.

The post-office has won the confidence of the people. The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, and the associated Boards of Trade, and many leading merchants of England, have petitioned Parliament to empower it to assume all the telegraph lines of the kingdom; and after several elaborate reports and estimates from commissioners and officials, a bill has been carried through the principal stages in the House of Commons providing for the purchase of all the lines in the kingdom, and the reduction of the charge for all telegrams to a uniform rate of twenty-four cents for each message of twenty words, beside the address, with an addition of ten cents for ten words or less added to the message.

It is proposed also to connect the wires with the post-offices in all towns and villages whose population exceeds two thousand, and that each post-office and each pillar-box should be made a depository for telegrams to be written on paper bearing a twenty-four cent stamp, and addressed to the nearest telegraph office, to be transmitted free from any further charge for transmission or delivery within post-office limits. It is also proposed, as a further facility, that a book shall be published yearly, and sold for sixpence, containing a list of all post and telegram offices; and that, when a telegram is addressed to a town not reached by the wires, the telegram, on its arrival at the end of the wire, shall be sent free of postage by the first mail, or, if stamped express, shall be sent on by a special messenger.

Thus the state is bringing telegraphy home to the people, giving facilities for the most rapid interchange of thoughts and desires, providing new safeguards for life, promoting human happiness, advancing commerce and public improvement. It is the ambition of England to be foremost among nations in placing on a proper footing the department of the electric telegraph, as she

has already presented to mankind a perfect system of postal communication.

Shall the United States, which invented the steamship, which first made electricity useful, which established between Baltimore and Washington the first line adapted for the transmission of messages, resign to England the supremacy in both steamships and telegraphy?

The United Kingdom has now sixteen thousand miles of telegraph lines, with seventy-seven thousand miles of wire, which have cost on the average, with their instruments and wires, about \$750 per mile of telegraph line, or \$150 per mile of wire. These have earned, on the average, about five and a half per cent; and the nation proposes to assume them at twenty years' purchase, or at twenty times their annual net return, after making reserves for deterioration.

In order to determine if it is the policy of the United States to assume the lines of America, let us glance at the facts and arguments that have led to this action of England.

Our first inquiry is, Can telegraphy, like the postal system, be intrusted to government? Upon this point the Report of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce in favor of the sale of the telegraphs to government deserves our notice.

"The time has passed," says the Report, "when every action of government was looked upon with suspicion. It is now admitted to be an organization capable of the most valuable uses; its members are not suspected of speculating in stocks or produce, and its servants are believed to be as trustworthy as those of any great public company or association. The public would implicitly trust its messages as well as its letters to them. We know that, for some years after the reduction of the rates of postage, there was a diminution of net revenue, but that loss has been more than recovered, and we know how widespread has been the benefit resulting from that great measure. It has been objected that the

analogy between the postal and telegraphic system is not complete, and that a low tariff for telegraphic messages would not be successful, because these have to be sent separately and singly, while letters are carried collectively. This is a reason why telegrams cannot be carried so cheaply as letters, but the increase of price necessary on that ground is easily calculable. By the adoption of improved apparatus, the time and expense required for this part of the work have already been greatly reduced, and will, no doubt, be still further reduced, when some of the more recent inventions have been brought into practical application; and, low as are the rates of postage, it must be borne in mind that each letter has to be sorted, weighed, stamped, and delivered singly. The obstacles which stand in the way of government assuming the control of telegraphic communication are comparatively few and unimportant. No powerful opposing interest, like that of the railway companies, has yet arisen, nor would any enormous capital require to be dealt with."

In some of our cities — Boston, for instance — the post-office is admirably organized, with its pillar-boxes, messengers, and six deliveries daily, with its well-patronized money-order office, and other improvements. If our system as a whole is not perfect, if improvement is too much dependent on political changes or services, let us at once adopt the system so ably recommended by the Hon. T. A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, and make choice and promotion dependent on education. Let us, when candidates are recommended by legislators, subject them, as they do in England, to a rigid examination, and make the office a road to preferment, and dependent on good behavior only.

Under such an act as Mr. Jenckes presents, the United States, with its energetic people and high cultivation, can make telegraphs and its post-offices at least equal to those of Europe.

The estimates submitted to the British Parliament by the post-office are based upon the present number of tele-

grams sent annually in the United Kingdom, which amount to six millions. It is computed that the reduction of charge from an average of forty-six cents per message to twenty-four cents for twenty words will increase these messages to eleven millions annually. As some telegrams will exceed twenty words, the average return is set at twenty-eight cents per message, and the annual revenue at \$3,200,000.

It is estimated, from the experience of Belgium, that the present expenses will be increased but one third by an increase of eighty-five per cent in messages, attended by the abolition of some six hundred duplicate offices, and will not, after the combination with the post-office, exceed \$2,100,000, thus leaving a margin of \$1,100,000. This will exceed the interest on the expected cost of fifteen millions of dollars by six hundred thousand, and will furnish an ample margin and reserve for future expansion. The estimate may be considered reliable, as the calculations of the department are made with great caution.

The British Parliament have not been led to this important step by the success of their postal reform, and their combination of banks, insurance, annuities, and postal orders with the mails alone, but by the success of the best governed countries of Europe, — Belgium, the garden of Europe, a land blessed with free institutions, and the Swiss Republic.

Belgium, under the wise administration of Leopold, took the initiative in national railways, and, a third of a century since, built lines uniting her chief cities and connecting with the great lines of France and Germany. She did this at the national expense, and borrowed the money on a long term of years at less than four per cent. Her lines were planned and constructed with skill and sagacity, and the lowest rates of freight and fare were adopted, under which her large iron and woollen manufactures have been developed, and her exports and imports increased more than tenfold. Such was her success,

that, on the accession of the new king at the close of 1865, her rates, then the lowest in Europe, were again reduced more than a third, with further benefit to the revenue; and in a few years they will, with their present success, defray the whole original cost and interest. She has pursued the same liberal policy with respect to telegraphy. Some seventeen years since she constructed two thousand miles of electric lines, and connected them with two hundred and eighty-one of her chief post-offices.

The larger offices were kept open all night, the second class from seven A. M. until midnight, and the smaller offices from seven A. M. until nine P. M. Telegrams for many years were sent and delivered promptly at twenty cents per message of twenty words, beside the address, and with such success that the revenue met the interest and the entire cost of construction. One of the last measures of the late benevolent king was to sanction the measure presented by his minister for a reduction on inland telegrams from twenty to ten cents per message of twenty words; and this liberal measure, far in advance of the legislation of all other countries, has resulted in profit. Little change was made in the charge for international or transit messages, like those between the United States and Canada, or between the Maritime Provinces and Canada, across our States; and while these between 1865 and 1867 increased from 435,469 to 474,202, or less than seven per cent, the inland messages grew from 374,400 to 819,668, or one hundred and eighteen per cent. The average cost of each message, including inland transit and international, has fallen to fifteen cents, — five cents more than the average rate for the local message; but as Belgium charges a little more for transit and international than for local telegrams, an average return of fifteen cents on all about covers the expenses, and the rapid growth of business is rendering the lines self-supporting, and will eventuate in profit.

Thus have the statesmen of Belgium
VOL. XXIII. — NO. 136.

promoted the social intercourse and home trade of nearly five millions of people, by bringing home to them the telegraph at rates less than half the former average postages of British and American letters.

This feat is one of the great achievements of the age, one of the great triumphs of modern science.

While in Great Britain there is at present but one telegram for one hundred and twenty-one letters, and in Switzerland one for sixty-nine, Belgium has one for forty-seven, and the disparity between telegrams and letters is fast diminishing.

The administration of Belgium, in their official report in 1866, remark that the telegraph yields some indirect revenue to the nation beside its direct returns. The different departments of the administration use the telegraphs gratuitously; and out of 311,837 free official messages (one fourth of all the messages sent), but twenty-eight thousand were on account of the telegraph itself.

The public rarely avails itself of the night service; and, to satisfy its real requirements, it would be sufficient to keep the four principal offices open until one A. M.

"For more than three years the inland messages have cost more than they have produced; the net profit on the whole system being obtained from the compensation afforded by the international messages. In 1866 the loss on an inland message was increased; and it may be asked, how it happens that, with this augmented loss, multiplied by a great number of transactions, there has been, or ever can be, an advantageous result. It is easy to answer this question.

"The general items, like the special items of cost, being divisible equally amongst all the units of work, it follows that every augmentation in the number of any one of three kinds of messages tends to reduce the cost of each unit of work, provided the expense be not augmented in a like proportion. Now, the cost of each unit of work being reduced

by the remarkable growth in the number of inland messages, it follows that not only the average cost of an inland message, but the average cost of the international and transit messages also, has been reduced. Though it is true that, notwithstanding the reduction by one half of the tariff for land messages, a single year has not sufficed to reduce by one half the average cost of an inland message, it is also true that, but for the reduction of the inland tariff, and the extraordinary increase in the number of inland messages which has followed it, the cost of international and transit messages would have remained the same as in the preceding years, in spite of the reductions which have taken place in the tariff for such messages. There would have been less loss on the inland service; but, on the other hand, there would have been a smaller profit on the international service.

"We may hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have a net profit in excess of that which we should have obtained through the ordinary progression of receipt and expenditure under the influence of the old inland tariff. The distinction which we have made between the present results of the inland traffic, and those of the international traffic, carries with it a valuable lesson. It imposes on the administration the duty of neglecting nothing that would tend to reduce the cost of the unit of work, of admitting no change that would tend to complicate the service, and of restraining within the limits of the actual requirements of the country the extension of the system.

"The telegraphic service, then, without burdening the public treasury, may henceforth spend annually the whole of its gross receipts, on condition that it does not exceed in its outlay on future extensions the profit which it has realized up to the present time. There is good reason to hope that it may do more, and that, without debarring itself from useful extensions, it may, by the development of its traffic, continue to

maintain a position so satisfactory from a financial point of view."

The capacity of the Belgian lines for transmitting telegrams is by no means exhausted. With the best instruments forty messages per hour may be sent easily on a single wire, and on the Belgian lines the average number of messages sent is still but one hundred and eighty-one a year per mile of telegraph, so that we may well anticipate future extension.

Switzerland is less populous than Belgium, having but two millions of people, although it had a few more miles of telegraph lines, namely, 2,130 miles of line with 3,717 miles of wire in 1865, in place of 2,000 miles of line and 5,395 miles of wire in Belgium. It has, however, a decided advantage for telegraphing, namely, less miles of railway, for this deficiency delays the transmission of letters.

Telegrams are not, like letters, despatched together, but are sent one by one in the order of their arrival; and when many messages, in the busy hours of the day, arrive simultaneously, or in case of any sudden accumulation, much time may be required for their transmission. Where railways exist and mail-trains are frequent, the merchant is tempted by their frequency and low rates of postage to resort to the first in preference to the telegraph; and doubtless the deficiency in railways has contributed to the use of the telegraph in Switzerland, where the Alps impede the progress of railways. Switzerland, too, in proportion to her inhabitants, has more offices than Belgium; while the latter has but one office for sixteen thousand people, the Swiss Republic has one for every ten thousand, and, beside her two hundred and fifty-two offices, has twenty-eight places for deposit.

The uniform charge for transmission from one part of Switzerland to another, irrespective of distance, is twenty cents per message of twenty words, with half a dime for a line not exceeding ten words more. This charge secures the prompt delivery of the message at the

house of the person addressed, when that house is within three fourths of a mile of the telegraph office, without any further expense; and if his residence is more remote, the writer is entitled to a special messenger at the rate of twenty cents for three miles' distance, or in that proportion.

The Swiss system has another advantage, as money orders may be sent by telegraph,—an advantage due to the union of the post-office with the telegraph.

In 1867 the income of the Swiss lines from telegrams, drawn from 709,000 messages, had risen to \$ 165,000, and the expenses amounted to but \$ 150,000. There was in Switzerland in 1860 one telegram for eighty-four letters, and in 1866 one for sixty-nine letters only, while in the British Isles there was but one for one hundred and twenty-one mailed letters.

The great distinction between the British and the Swiss and Belgian systems is, that the latter have been planned and are conducted for the sole benefit of the public, while the former has been managed to subserve the interests of the stockholders more than those of the people; though the cost of working and maintaining lines in the United Kingdom is less than it is in Belgium and Switzerland, and averages in the three countries but twenty-five dollars per mile of wire.

There is, therefore, no necessity of charging more for their use in the United Kingdom than on the Continent, on account of difference in cost. By the evidence submitted to Parliament, it appears that the lines of the Continent were all conducted by government at lower rates than those of the British telegraph. Among the papers submitted were two interesting letters from Sidney, Australia, addressed to Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, by Montefiore, the manager of the postal and telegraphic systems at Victoria. In these he urges the department to adopt measures that have proved successful in that colony, remarking that "the telegraph, like the post-office, cannot be

so well conducted by companies as by the government. The latter alone can enforce regularity in all its branches, can make them reach every district, and, when necessary, pass the frontiers, and is in the best position to make favorable arrangements with foreign states. Every argument in favor of the control of the post-office by government has equal weight for its control of the telegraph, which should be considered only as a more rapid mode of postal communication when still greater speed is requisite."

Every post-office and sub-office and every pillar-box should be a depository, and cleared once an hour or half-hour. Thus would the electric telegraph, with all its wonderful advantages, be brought to the very doors of the people, as is at present the admirable, although slower, system of the postal service.

By the adoption of a moderate and uniform rate, it is certain that, not only would the telegraphic business now in existence be greatly increased, but an entirely new class of persons would recognize and make use of the advantages offered who have hitherto been deterred by the want of facilities and the uncertainty of cost. Even under the present arrangements, in every case where a decrease of charge has been made, a vast corresponding increase in quantity has been the result.

Therefore it may be anticipated with certainty that the business of the telegraph will augment in accordance with the facilities in a ratio equal to the increase in the postal department since the introduction of penny postage.

The effect of reduction from high to moderate rates is well illustrated also by the report of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. At the meeting of the company held at the London Tavern, September 7, 1868, it was officially stated that each successive reduction from £20 to £10, from £10 to £5, and finally to £3 17s. 6d., had increased the revenue,—the last having raised it from £495 to £525 per day.

It is a little surprising that there was not more opposition to the consolida-

tion of the telegraph lines with the post-office in Great Britain; but the unanimity of the Board of Trade and of the public journals in support of the measure prove the success of the department in the discharge of its multifarious duties. The only opposition which appeared in print was from Mr. Grimston, the chairman of the International Electric Telegraph Company. This corporation had extended its lines through the principal part of Great Britain, and established charges much above the present rates. In 1862 a new company, the United Kingdom, was chartered, and limited to a shilling per message. It opened a hundred and twenty offices at the new rate, but was met by a reduction on the part of its rival to the same rate in the towns accommodated by both. Although the National Electric Telegraph Companies maintained higher rates in all other districts, and although the merchants and brokers using the wires had very generally subscribed to the new company, it was unable to control half the business of the towns it reached, in consequence of advantages offered by its rivals; and, after struggling in vain for a dividend, was obliged by competition to ask permission to advance its rates. Up to the time of the rise the International Electric Company had stated in its reports that its charges were not remunerative; but after the advance, and when it was proposed by government to purchase at rates to be based on present income, the secretary of this company took another ground, and suggested that his company, while dividing but five per cent, had eighty-five per cent more in reserved profits, chiefly earned during the season of competition; and the chairman of this double-faced company, Mr. Grimston, sent out a pamphlet against annexation.

It is desirable that a new and important measure should be discussed before its adoption, and that its defects should be pointed out. If there were any in the scheme proposed, the manager of such a company would have the strongest motives to detect them; he

had triumphed in his opposition, and compelled the public to come to his terms, and was prepared to make an extra dividend of eighty-five per cent. In his pamphlet he makes the following points:—

First, that ninety-seven per cent of the profits of his company were drawn from a hundred stations or less, while the other three per cent were drawn from eleven hundred stations; that a loss would attend the extension to all the small towns and villages of the island.

Second, that the country postmasters were unfit for the work, and would not deliver promptly; that clerks must be trained and educated from youth to acquire skill in telegraphing.

Third, that the government, instead of purchasing, should consolidate the existing companies into one.

Fourth, that the telegraphs of England were better managed than those of the Continent.

Fifth, that the district company, which had served the city of London and its environs, had shown, by its advance from sixpence to a shilling, and previous inability to make dividends, that low rates would not answer.

Mr. Grimston's pamphlet was ably reviewed by Frank I. Scudamore, the secretary of the Post-office Department, a gentleman of great ability, on whom the mantle of Sir Rowland Hill seems to have fallen.

Mr. Scudamore showed in his review: First, that the clerks in the post-office and in telegraphic offices, banks, and counting-rooms were recruited from the same classes and did not require a long training, and that many postmasters and their children knew how to telegraph; that competent clerks could be found for the new duties when the present offices of the telegraph were abandoned; that with the new business the post-office could give larger salaries and command a higher class of talent; that they could deliver by special messengers in the cities, while the letter-carriers could collect from pillar-boxes without in-

creased expense; that most of the letters were received and delivered in the morning and evening, while most of the telegrams come in between ten A. M. and four P. M., when the clerks were least occupied, and could move with despatch.

Second, with respect to the extension to many new offices, that the department would use for extensions its surplus income, which the companies devote to large dividends, and, beginning with the towns now accommodated, would discontinue nearly a third of the offices existing in towns which had stations of rival companies, and would reduce rents by the use of post-office buildings, and gradually carry the benefits of the telegraph to stations which would give no profit until their business was developed, and which no company would accommodate; that it was fair to ascribe twice the amount they received to branch offices, as they contributed as much more to the income of other offices, and should be fostered by the nation.

Third, that the effect of combining private companies might be to reduce their expenses and increase their dividends; it might benefit the stockholders, but would check extension and repress energy; and as respected the cost and rate of charge, the policy of Mr. Grimston's company showed that, after a large reduction in rates, there had been the following striking results:—

	1862.	1866.
Messages transmitted	1,534,590	3,150,149
An increase at the rate of 105 per cent.		
	1862.	1866.
Revenue	\$ 1,097,000	\$ 1,682,000
Working expenses	743,000	1,043,000
Increase 40 per cent.		
Net produce	354,000	639,000
Increase 80 per cent.		
Percentage on capital	7½	12
Number of messages per mile of wire	44	66

The report of Mr. Grimston, in the hands of his adversary, became a powerful weapon against him, and it was shown to the satisfaction of the committee that the tendency of the English companies was towards an advance

of rates, which checked the growth of telegraphing and left many important towns destitute; that rivalry led to wasteful competition in towns easily accessible, while in smaller towns there were vexatious delays and the offices were open for a few hours of the day only; that of English towns traversed by telegraph lines, thirty per cent were well served, forty per cent indifferently, twelve badly, and thirteen per cent not at all.

Mr. Scudamore having successfully met the objections of his opponent, the committee presented their report, and the bill for the union of the postal and telegraphic system has already passed most of the debatable stages.

American Post-offices and Telegraphs.

Our American post-office has been progressive, but has not kept pace with the British system, and possibly we may have marked our rates too low to make it self-sustaining, while full accommodation is given to the South and West, although it met its expenses in the loyal States during the war. The rates were reduced to three cents per letter in 1857. This low rate carries a half-ounce letter over a territory thirty times as large as Great Britain, where the rate is two thirds of our own. But under this postage our letters have increased from twenty millions in 1856 to four hundred and sixty-two millions in 1867, and the gross revenue from seven millions to sixteen millions. The expenses are in part defrayed by the general revenue, but the country is benefited and held together, and it is to be hoped that our Pacific Railway may increase the amount of correspondence, while it reduces the cost of transmission.

The money-order system has been adopted with marked success in 1,463 of our offices, and the sales of postal orders have risen from nine to fifteen millions of dollars in 1867. No steps have yet been taken to establish banks or insurance offices, and no subsidies are now paid to steamers in our trade with Europe, although moderate sums

are allowed to steamers running to Brazil, Aspinwall, San Francisco, and China.

When Morse established the first successful line of electric telegraph for commercial purposes, between the capital and Baltimore, he utilized the discovery of Franklin, who first grasped and guided the thunderbolt; and to-day the telegraphic system of Morse is pronounced the best invented. We have no records to show the progress of the American system, but it appears from the British Blue Books, printed "by command of her Majesty," several of which are devoted to telegraphy, that in 1859, before the war, the annual receipts of the American companies to which we have confided our telegraphing were two millions of dollars, drawn from five millions of messages, while in the same year the receipts of British telegraphs were thirteen hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, derived from fifteen hundred and seventy-five thousand messages. While the income of British lines has increased to twenty-eight hundred thousand dollars, our American lines, from further extensions at higher rates, have advanced their income to seven millions of dollars. We have not the length of our lines, but the length of their wires at the close of the present year is given by the editor of the *Telegrapher* as one hundred and twelve thousand miles; and if we estimate four wires to each line, we may compute the entire length of our lines at twenty-eight thousand miles, all but four thousand of which are held by the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose nominal capital and bonds amount to forty-five millions of dollars.

The actual capital of the other lines, which average but two wires each, cannot exceed two millions, and the gross income of the whole may be safely set at seven millions of dollars.

Most of the American lines have been absorbed by a single gigantic company, whose revenue and expenses for the past two years have been as follows, namely:—

Revenue and Expenses of the Western Union Telegraph Company for 1867 and 1868.

Income,	\$ 13,177,545
Expenses,	7,967,202

Net income, \$ 5,210,343, or \$ 2,605,172 a year.

It has arrived at its large capital by successive amalgamations and purchases of other lines, on which occasions additions have been made to the valuations. The current price of its stock is now seventy per cent upon the nominal par, which doubtless exceeds the actual cost; and were we to reduce the present prices of all our telegraph stocks to gold, the amount would fall below twenty-five millions of dollars at a gold valuation.

The cost of constructing a new line with a single wire in the United States does not exceed two hundred dollars per mile, while each additional wire, with the apparatus, would fall below one hundred dollars more. Were telegraphs to be assumed by government, it might well afford to allow for them twenty-five millions in gold, or two hundred and twenty-five dollars per mile of wire. As the good-will is worth more than that of the British lines, this nation might well afford to allow twenty-five dollars per mile more than the British standard of two hundred dollars per mile of wire, and thus remunerate the present holders, both for the original cost and the outlay on the improvements here, and give a moderate profit. They should be fairly, if not liberally, remunerated. It would be impolitic for us to discourage enterprise by attempting to coerce the telegraph lines into a sale by our power to build new and competing lines in connection with our post-offices. We should not resort to extreme measures, unless the existing companies should deliberately determine to delay improvement and defy the government.

All the reasons which impel the British nation to assume the electric lines are operative here. Indeed, they have additional force on this side of the ocean, as a greater monopoly exists here than is found in England. Nine

years since, the average cost of messages in England was eighty-four cents; it has now fallen to forty-six cents, or nearly one half.

In 1859 the average charge for a message here was but forty cents; it is now much higher. As our companies have combined the price has risen, while the shilling charge of the United Kingdom Company in England has brought the British prices down—they are falling to a shilling. Is it not time for us to have a commission, and ascertain if we may not wisely follow the precedents of Belgium and Great Britain?

Can we as a commercial nation afford to fall behind them? Would it not be the policy of our country to authorize a purchase of our lines for twenty-five millions, payable in gold, in the course of 1870? We are on our return to gold, and for two years could pay the interest in gold. The interest would not exceed \$2,600,000 in currency, and might be easily defrayed.

Our currency will soon become equivalent to gold. We might at once reduce our charges to twenty-five cents for six hundred miles, the length of Great Britain, and to fifty cents for longer distances, with ten cents for each additional line of ten words or less. These rates would probably give less than forty cents for an average price per message, and this was the average charge in 1859, and would, if we take into view the expense due to distance, be proportionate to an average charge of twenty cents in the compact kingdom of Belgium, and twenty-eight cents in the British Isles, which are not larger than Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. With the benefit of post-office connections and facilities, we might reasonably anticipate no loss of net revenue from the reduction, and from a surplus income of a million and a half might annually add three per cent to our lines, and thus keep pace with population, and once in five years reduce from ten to twenty per cent, from the accumulation and the growth of revenue.

And if little Belgium, with two thou-

sand miles of line, can afford to send for government without charge three hundred thousand messages a year, why might we not, with fourteen times that length of lines, afford to send several millions gratuitously? But it will be asked, Shall we add twenty-five millions to our war debt, and thus depress the price of our bonds, and impair the national credit? We have another alternative, altogether superior.

Let us adopt the policy of sagacious England, and convert our chief post-offices into savings banks. Let us give the national guaranty, allow interest at three and a half per cent, or one per cent more than England allows,—for we can afford to do so,—and have the funds we gather invested by our Treasury Department at Washington either in national stocks or new telegraph bonds at four per cent, and allow the depositor to withdraw his funds from any office on due notice and the surrender of his certificate.

If the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of but thirty millions and with less deposits in savings banks than we have, accumulates in its postal banks seven millions yearly, surely we, with nearly forty millions of people, can in less than three years accumulate enough in similar banks to buy our telegraphs, and thus confer a double benefit on the people.

Is it not politic at once to make the national post-office a bank of deposit?

"In Scotland," says Mr. Derby, in his Report on Reciprocity, "banks have been established for one hundred and fifty years; they are now thirteen in number, six of which may issue a circulation of twenty-two million dollars. The stockholders in these Scotch banks are all liable for the engagements. They are so cautiously conducted that none of them has ever failed to pay its bill-holders and depositors. It is their practice to keep a reserve equal to one third of their notes and deposits, and to allow an interest of three per cent to their depositors upon their daily bal-

ances. These banks have no less than six hundred and fifteen branches diffused through all parts of Scotland, which attract from the farmers and small traders their accumulations, and transfer them to the commercial centres, where they are profitably employed. These facilities have done much to stimulate the growth of Scotland, which, under a sky of steel, a harsh climate, with great asperity of surface, has in the last century made more rapid progress than any other portion of Europe.

"Much is due to the management of its banks and bankers, to cash credits and allowance of interest on deposits, which empty the till and the stocking into the vault of the central banking-house, which collect and gather up and utilize all the dewdrops, rills, and rivers of wealth, and pour them in fertilizing streams over the country. They may well be copied in America."

But while we find much to admire in the banks of Scotland, the banking system of Great Britain has no form or symmetry, presents many imperfections, and is inferior to the new system of the United States. The circulation is anomalous and irregular, based partly on public securities, partly on the strength of joint-stock companies, subject to few restrictions, and partly on the credit of individual bankers; and no institution, except the Bank of England, makes any return to the state for the privilege of creating a currency.

While our national currency pervades the country from the Bay of Fundy to the Rio Grande, from the highlands of Neversink to the Sierra Nevada, the bills of the private banker rarely "circulate beyond his own city or county." And why may not we grasp all the rills and rivulets of wealth and use the dormant energies of the nation? If the six hundred banks of Scotland are useful, six times that number of postal banks must be much more effective. In England the depositors in banks of saving are one out of eleven of the entire population, or nearly one for every two

families. This would give one hundred and eighty-one depositors in a town of two thousand inhabitants. In most of our counties with two thousand people there are no savings banks, and people must travel long distances to reach them. But the emigrant who would trust no private banker, and the freedman who would trust no Southern bank, would bring out his dollars, and seek the security and the interest of a national institution with more avidity than the three thousand subscribers a day of Jay Cooke took the national loans; it would be alike useful to the depositor and the nation. But it will be asked, Can we impose so many duties on the post-office and secure efficiency? The English idea is that, if we would insure efficiency, we must extend duty. It fortunately happens that letters reach the offices chiefly in the morning and evening, and telegrams in the intermediate periods; that telegrams are sent chiefly by day and letters by night, and it is as easy for the receiving clerks, after numbering and stamping the message, to hand it to the electrician as to the messenger or mail-carrier.

With respect to electricians, all the good men should be at once transferred with the telegraphs to the post-office; they will all be wanted. The civil-service bill of Mr. Jenckes should at once be applied to the post-office, and the officers should hold their places, like judges, during good behavior. The electrician who has devoted himself to his profession, and helped to improve it, should be placed above contingencies, and be advanced in pay as he progresses. He should hold his position by no precarious tenure.

The pillar-boxes should be adopted for telegrams, and emptied hourly in the large cities, and the smaller towns should be dealt with liberally. If it be true, as it is stated officially, that two thirds of the revenue of the post-office is drawn from the larger towns and cities, it should be remembered that nearly half that revenue comes from the correspondence between them and

small country offices, and would be lost with the revenue of the latter were they to be discontinued; and if telegraphy is developed, the village that could barely sustain a post-office may be productive when it receives letters, deposits, premiums, and telegrams.

Subsidies to Mail Steamers.

But one topic remains for discussion, — the provision of mail steamers to carry our mails and strengthen our navy, and to be the messengers of our commerce. Unless we provide them, we shall expose our commerce and our coast to the depredations of European nations. France and Great Britain, by liberal grants for the carriage of the mail by subsidies ranging from one to three dollars per mile, create fleets of fast frigates and devote to European vessels most of the ocean postages we collect. We, by duties on material and a false currency, place an interdict on the construction of sea-going steamers, and apply our ocean postages to build up the British and French navies.

Are we infatuated, have we forgotten Farragut and a host of naval heroes, and their ships and steamers by which we recaptured the seaports of the South? Could we have put down secession without them, and are we prepared to resign our naval power and prestige?

Can the West afford it? Can it afford to lose the four millions of customers, the heads of whose families and whose efficient members were engaged in building, repairing, and navigating, when our tonnage exceeded five millions of tons, and consumed the surplus of twice their number engaged in agriculture, — can it afford to convert them into farmers, and make them producers instead of consumers? Would not such conversion carry corn back to twenty cents a bushel, and pork to two cents per pound? Let us make the post-office productive, let us enrich it by increasing its revenue as we may, or by liberal appropriations as we can, and make it the mother of steam frigates, and our most efficient navy agent, as is done in Great Britain.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

IV.

CO-OPERATION WOULD SET FREE THE INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC ENERGIES OF THE SEX.

IN the last number of this magazine I suggested that, in place of such invalid or incapable housekeepers as could not be depended upon in a responsible co-operative organization, the unmarried women of the community could profitably be employed. But there is another and very different class for whom they could also act as substitutes. I mean those women who are unfitted, both by talent and the modern education, for any of the duties and tri-

umphs of practical housewifery, and who now, compelled by conventionality or poverty to a never-ending round of distasteful occupation, sigh bitterly indeed in the ear of Heaven over their ignoble captivity, but are unheard and unheeded by all the world beside. These unfortunates, if liberated from the prison of the household and freed from the fetters of the needle, the broom, and the receipt-book, would play the same noble part among women that the masculine leaders of knowledge, of art, of government, and of morality have enacted among men.

A LOST GENIUS.

I knew a woman once, gifted so extraordinarily by God that she might have been a florist, a musician, an artist, a physician, a teacher, an evangelist,—since to the mastery of any one of these callings she could have brought a nearly equal power and passion. Whatever her fiery mind fastened upon it fused into itself, nor was there anything her cunning right-hand sought to do in which it did not excel. At fourteen her precocity was so great that her father cut short her studies, because she “knew enough for a woman,” and made her a teacher in his school. At sixteen she married a young clergyman. Children came fast. Her health gave way, but her energy remained. She was never idle a moment; but, alas! neither father nor husband nor one of all her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law saw that it would be better economy to give the genius they were all so proud of, a musical or an artistic or a medical education, that she might pay with her earnings some commoner mortal to make clothes for her little ones, than to let her do it herself with the painful toil of the needle. And she had been brought up with too narrow a vision of woman’s duties and destinies to understand herself that she was wasting her life and abusing her powers. All her ready gifts were, in her eyes, merely appropriate feminine “accomplishments,” and to make fame or money out of them never occurred to her as a possibility, far less as a duty. And yet her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, of beneficence, of friendship, that tormented her. The music rang in her ears; the pictures floated before her eyes; the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned upon her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible lesson; and still, nailed to her chair,

the swift needle went in and out,—went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs as well as through the cloth,—until at nine-and-thirty the struggle ended; the body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish, gave up its strong hold on life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so long beaten its bright wings in vain. I saw her in her coffin, with an expression of freedom and exaltation upon her marble features that seemed a glory reflected down from her now triumphing far-off spirit, and I resolved to remember the woe and earthly wreck of her thwarted nature, and never to cease until I saw some better way for women than this which can so horribly waste and abuse their finest powers.

THE BAD ECONOMY OF OUR PRESENT FEMININE STANDARD.

Apart from the individual suffering it occasions, the question arises, Can we as a sex afford to make mere seamstresses or housewives or parlor ornaments of these highly gifted women that occasionally appear among us? Is it the individual or the multitude that makes discoveries? It is the favorite American lie,—but I think as dangerous a one as ever was believed, and quite the most basely ungrateful,—that the great multitude, which, after a scanty education, is obliged to toil daily to the limits of its physical strength in procuring or preparing the necessaries of life, is yet able to go, by virtue of some inscrutable wisdom innate in itself, along the path of progress toward perfection. On the contrary, it is the daring intellectual energy and moral courage of the strong and mighty few that have pulled the sluggish world even as far as it has got out of its inborn vice and stupidity; and the most that the multitude can ever do, far more than it often has done, is to know a worthy leader when it sees him, and to follow his teaching. This explains why in barbarous countries, where men all follow the same occupations,—devoting themselves to supplying their bodily wants merely,

and fighting their enemies,—society never advances. Simply it has no class of *educated thinkers*, of persons superior to the rest in knowledge, and therefore in judgment and mental power, to go before the community and point it to a new advance. Even among intellectually active nations, if despotism or superstition succeed in saying to the human spirit, “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,” a torpor and a stagnation as of winter’s frost settles down upon it, and it remains immovable for centuries.

“WOMANHOOD” IS MERE “MULTITUDE.” IT SCARCELY RECOGNIZES INDIVIDUALITY.

As with barbarians, so with women. We have never had among us a class of educated thinkers, and this has always resulted through the presence of both the above-mentioned powers of mental darkness. For, first, everywhere and at all times the immense majority of women have been engaged in the same round of simple but incessant domestic occupations, which, however admirable and necessary in their place, are nevertheless strictly unintellectual, and cannot be esteemed as anything higher than mere mechanical or manual labor; and, second, the all-powerful masculine rulers of women, from the beginning of history until now, have said to us: “This, that, or the other is not suited to the feminine mind. You are now all that your sex is capable of. Stop, therefore, where you are.” It is true that they have never been consistent enough to draw the line at the same point. In India it is placed before the alphabet;* in England and America it stretches across the portals of the universities. But wherever it appears, our docile womanhood respects the prohibition, and agrees to call everything beyond it “unfeminine.” At this dread word the greater number of those whose girlish impulse is to press forward are alarmed. They look back, and seeing the multi-

tude steadily sewing with bent head, refusing to follow or approve, they lose confidence in their own instincts. Their courage fails: they hesitate: they pause: at length, abashed, they shrink back and begin sorrowfully and painfully to conform to the universal vocation,—

“To finger the fine needle and nice thread”;

though many, perhaps, like glorious Britomart,

“Liever would with point of foeman’s spear be dead.”

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A CONVENTIONAL STANDARD OF FEMININE DEVELOPMENT.

“I am often complimented on my accomplishments,” once said the exceptional woman just described, “but I ought much rather to be praised for my domestic acquirements. For my music and drawing never gave me any trouble,—indeed, I could not help doing them,—but O, what toil and tears it cost me to learn to plan and cut out my children’s clothes!”

She laughed pleasantly as she said it, and seemed quite unconscious of the pitiful waste it was. And yet Nature herself protested against making this woman a housekeeper. Even when a child, owing probably to hereditary heart-disease, she did not love to run and skip like other children, and as a matron, walking seemed unnatural and even painful to her. She had not, therefore, that active habit of body which characterizes the true housewife, and enables her to keep constant watch over servants, closets, attics, and cellars. But she was a fearless and beautiful horse-woman, and, could she have followed the bent of perhaps her strongest inclination, and been a physician, then instead of spending her days between her bedroom and sitting-room, sewing and teaching her young children, she might have ridden or driven about, keeping her body healthy in the fresh air, her mind cheerful and active in ministering to her fellow-women, and so have run a long career of usefulness and happiness both to herself and the community.

* “What!” says the Hindoo gentleman to the missionaries, “teach *women* to read? Teach *cows* to read!”

DOCTRESSES *vs.* DOCTORS.

Nothing will ever make me believe that God meant men to be the ordinary physicians of women and babies. A few masculine experts might be tolerated in special institutions, so that cases of peculiar danger and difficulty might not be left, as they are now, to the necessarily one-sided treatment of a single sex; but, in general, if ever a created being was conspicuously and intolerably out of his natural sphere, it is, in my opinion, the male doctor in the apartment of the lying-in woman; and I think our sex is really guilty, in the first place, that it ever allowed men to appear there; and, in the second, that it does not insist upon educating women of character and intelligence and social position for that post.

Indeed, common delicacy would seem to demand that all the special diseases of women should be treated principally by women; but this aside, and speaking from common sense only, men may be as scientific as they please, — it is plain that thoroughly to know the woman's organism, what is good for it and what evil, and how it can best be cured when it is disordered, one must be one's self a woman. It only proves how much unworthy passion and prejudice the great doctors allow to intrude into their adoration of "pure science" and boasted love of humanity, that, instead of being eager to enlist the feminine intuitions and investigations in this great cause, as their best chance of arriving at truth, they are actually enacting the ignoble part of churls and misers, if not of quacks. For are they not well enough aware that often their women patients are so utterly beyond them that they do not know what to do with them? The diseases of the age are nervous diseases, and women are growing more nervously high-strung and uncontrollable every day, yet the doctors stand helplessly by and cannot stop it. When, however, there shall be a school of doctresses of high culture and thorough medical education going in and out among the sex with the proper

medical authority, they will see, and will be able to prevent, much of the moral and physical neglect and imprudence which, now unchecked in school and home, make such havoc of the vital forces of the present generation.

Such a guardian of household health might have been the poor, heart-broken genius who never found her true place in the feminine community. For she bravely preached the laws of health in every family, while her presence in a sick-room was almost that of a Saviour. People sent for her for miles round, and often healing seemed to wait upon her coming, such new hope and confidence could she infuse into the patient. The very touch of her warm and skilful hand; the quickness of her sympathy and comprehension; her courage, decision, and presence of mind in cases of great danger; her observation of every minutest symptom, — all marked her out as one of Nature's great practitioners, while her enthusiasm for anatomy and physiology seemed to show that, if she could have had the opportunity, she would have been also a true and pure and tireless devotee of science. Her popularity drew her at one time into so wide an amateur practice that she found she was neglecting her home duties for it, and gave it up for the sake of her sewing. But how much more appropriate and grateful would her ministration have been, — a mother herself, a baby nurse absolutely perfect, and with the most sensitive and at the same time the steadiest nervous organization in the world, — at the bedside of her friends and neighbors in their need, than the services of the ordinary country doctors who did officiate there!

WHY INSIST THAT THE FEMININE COMMUNITY MUST BE ALL HAND AND NO BRAIN?

It seems to me not well for us any longer presumptuously to decide for each other what is and what is not "feminine," instead of simply taking it for granted that, when God gives a woman talent and aspirations other than domestic, he means her to use them.

Agriculture is the noblest and manliest of all industrial pursuits, as well as the most indispensable; but if, for fear they were not "masculine," all men should suddenly betake themselves to the plough, this great civilization of theirs, with all its splendors, would disappear like a dream. It is the same with our sewing; it is indispensable; it is most womanly; but for the whole of us to be doing it, as we are, is simply keeping our sex from its natural development. Surely it is not to be denied that we are all on a dead level of mental achievement and social consideration, and that we are growing less valuable and less valued, because less helpful, all the time. One can count on one's fingers the American women of to-day who are known outside of their own circle, while a certain lower stratum of the sex is sinking ever deeper and deeper in the mire of shame and degradation. Before they can be raised out of it, all must be lifted up, for the lowest of us are in the abyss chiefly because the highest of us are scarcely above the surface.

What force is to accomplish this upheaval? Certainly nothing from without,—for the mass is too enormous,—though some seem to think so, and by way of ropes and pulleys are begging men for the vote, for employment, for "justice." Men do not agree to their demands, but in their own fashion they are talking about it. Doctors, clergymen, essayists, editors,—all are trying their pens at the "woman question," scolding, arguing, sneering; but they make nothing of it; they leave it all confusion and darkness as they found it; while, if the great novelists draw a grand heroine, it is only to overwhelm her with failure and despair, killing her off or sending her into a sisterhood at the end of the book, because there is actually no place for her on the face of the earth. Hawthorne, Goethe, George Eliot, Richter, De Staël, George Sand, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, with the whole host of lesser ones, who echo the pagan strain on their small trumpets,—

they all will let no woman be happy or successful except the good and sweet little darlings who walk in the orthodox "feminine" path, and are not sure whether their souls are their own or their husbands'. Charles Reade, strange to say, seems to have more discrimination, and to fancy, with Spenser and Shakespeare, that, when God sends a noble woman into the world, doubtless there is some noble work that he desires her to do there.

THE SPHINX MUST SPEAK FOR HERSELF.

I believe devoutly that there is such a work for gifted women, and that it is the leadership and guidance of the great multitude of their sex along the paths of progress and achievement, as the superior minds among men have in every age, generation, and community swayed and influenced their fellows. The elevation of woman cannot be accomplished by men. The theory of her nature cannot be made out, the riddle of her destiny cannot be solved, by them. We must have leaders of like constitutions, passions, sympathies, with ourselves, to help us out of our difficulties, to express our aspirations, to embody our conceptions. For our peculiar feminine interests we need our own thinkers, our own teachers, our own doctors, legislators, editors, reformers, artists, and poets; while for those of humanity in general we require the study and conclusions of wise and cultured women as well as those of men, since the latter we have already, and they seem to be inadequate. I say we want all this from the unknown gifted ones of our sex; but we have not got it and cannot have it, because those who should be its prophets are chained like ourselves to the traditional feminine tread-mill, they and we alike grinding nothing but chaff, for the men have long since taken the grain away.

Where have they sown, that we may reap it again, and once more fill our empty granaries? What shall take the place to us of the round of productive industries we have lost, making the

women of all classes as indispensably useful to the community as the men, removing our too well merited reproach of frivolity and extravagance, and giving us all something to live for beside the imitation of the last new fashion?

We shall find it when we forget the prejudices and conventionalities of many ages of suffering and oppression, and start once more from the primal instinct of humanity, — the Social Instinct, — that which first creates the family, and then draws men into the brotherhood of nations, — which out of isolated souls and bodies builds governments and churches and commerce, and elaborates science and the arts, and which alone contains the whole secret of masculine power and success. For what indeed is this great "world" we talk about, that roars outside our doors and mocks us or treads us underfoot if we try to get into it, but a vast masculine realm of co-operative industries and activities, in which we have neither part nor lot, and whose masters do not wish us to have any? And why should they care for our thought and labor, except that they get them cheaper? They help and employ, they buy and sell with each other, each one taking what he can do best, and getting paid for it according to its value. However at times they may fight and quarrel, yet in the main they all hang together, stimulating and encouraging each other to the most gigantic enterprises, and compelling every man who would succeed to put forth the whole of his very best.

What an infinite contrast their unity and wealth and power and glory make to our isolation and poverty and weakness and obscurity! And yet, all feeble and poor as we are, we never seek to

"Climb nearer out of lonely Hell"

to each other, but, remaining apart, aloof, suspicious, and critical, we suffer ourselves, and see the whole sex suffer, from the most dreadful forms of human degradation, and never come together so much as to find out the reason, far less to decide on a remedy.

THE PRIMAL FEMININE NECESSITY.

I have said that men do not want us in their world, and our general indifference to the extension of manhood suffrage to women shows that we have very little desire to enter it. What we do need, however, is a WORLD OF OUR OWN, a place in the universe for ourselves, — one not so wide, so grand, so rich, or so varied, it may be, as that which they have created, but a free and cheerful sphere, where we can meet and help each other in work and play, can forget our present formal and stilted intercourse and narrow gossip in a busy round of important interests and a frank exchange of thought and sympathy, — can expand all our faculties without being called strong-minded, and indulge all our tastes without being deemed extravagant, — a sunny and tranquil orb of order and perfumed beauty, — no rival, but the fair satellite of man's darksome earth, whose perfection and indispensableness, could he suppose it possible, he would be the first to confess and to desire.

This feminine world, which has never yet been, but which must some day be, if there is any hope for women, will begin to emerge out of chaos as soon as we co-operate in the daily work and the great business of our lives, — HOUSE-WIFERY!

For this is to us what agriculture is to men, — our indispensable function to the race, to be done first and before all, whatever else be neglected, and what true women do not slight for their own families even at the cost of their rarest gifts or most cherished aspirations. But just as the rude soil-scratching of the barbarian cultivator cannot be named in the same day with the high modern farming now developing through science and the mechanic arts, so neither will the artistic and perfect combinations of co-operative housekeeping, with all the added scope and power that feminine genius in other departments could give it, condescend to remember even the very best that the most thorough housewife can do alone

under the present expensive and dislocated and harassing system. To use the strongest American expression of condemnation, it is "behind the age"; and we women who carry it on and who suffer from it are behind the age, with it.

Strangely enough, men are so far from perceiving this to be the real cause of the mysterious dead-weight which ever pulls back society against their herculean efforts, that they want us, not only to be behind the age, but if possible to lose sight of it altogether; for they are constantly preaching to us to go back to the habits and traditions of our grandmothers, to have "calicoes for our best gowns," "do all our own work," "get up with the sun," and so on. But how can we go back? Read only the descriptions of the incredible marvels of embroidery, lace, silk, feather-work, flowers, and jewelry at the Paris Exhibition, and ask whether, in order to return to this lamented, primitive simplicity, all the multitude of hands that wrought them — most of them *women's* hands too — are to fail because there is no demand for their skill? Already they are paid down to the starvation point, and to throw them out of employment is to devote them to death, or worse, — in my opinion as just a pretext of war as any that have lately set armies in motion. For a woman who is forced to live by hard labor, as is the case in those over-crowded populations, has a RIGHT to her life; nay, more absolutely still, to a *virtuous* life.* The feminine love of ornament has created these industries; and in view of the suffering and demoralization it would cause to repress them, even if we could return to calico and homespun, we should be wicked to do it. But we never can. Woman's mission is to be beautiful, but, excepting the rich wo-

* Let me not be understood to say, however, that even the defence of womanly honor, though the most vital of any possible national interest, is a just cause of war as it is at present carried on. I am no believer in the precept of "doing evil that good may come." War seems to me wholly evil, and I hate it, because of all the hostile forces that work together for the degradation of women, it is the most rapidly and overwhelmingly ruinous.

man, hardly any of us can afford the beautiful dress we require to make us so. Instead, therefore, of deeming it a virtue to have as little of it as possible, we should rather insist on finding some way to earn money, so that we could conscientiously buy all we need of these lovely things, and pay besides our poor foreign sisters a good price for making them. We could accomplish both of these ends, and be handsome ourselves while we made them happier, if, *if* we were only — Co-operative Housekeepers!

O that from the great book of human experience we could learn even one of its priceless lessons!

For just as every woman now keeps her own house, so in the beginning of society it is supposed that all men tilled their own land. To-day, however, we see only half of them engaged in agriculture, while in the centre of the cultivated domain the rest are engaged upon the vast edifice of their civilization, which even now, story over story of wonderful achievement, towers almost to the skies. What wrought the change? Simply the impulse to better their condition and rise into something higher, and which was so strong upon men that, to accomplish it, they scrupled not at the greatest crimes. They enslaved the weaker wherever they found them, and forced them beyond their strength to produce, not only their own food, but that of their oppressors also. Liberated now from the Adamic bondage to the soil, they found time and strength to attempt an entrance into the world of thought, and from this *division of labor*, though in the first place so cruelly brought about, have come all the great conquests of the human mind,* — conquests which now react upon agriculture, and will continue to do so until the whole earth becomes like the garden of the Lord.

Perhaps the world would have learned

* In the ancient world, it was among the aristocracies and the priesthoods alone that science or culture had any existence. The Greeks themselves, though we think of them as a nation, were but some handfuls of free citizens set over a crowd of slaves.

in no other way than by brute force, but surely we can look back and see that if men *could* have voluntarily co-operated in their agriculture and their arts, all the dreadful suffering of the ages of slavery and serfdom might have been spared. The alternative is not presented to women. We cannot, even if we would, enslave each other, and let us thank God that we have always been kept from the temptations and the crimes which so generally go with power! Our temptation is a negative one, but I believe it scarcely less fatal to human happiness and virtue. It is to stand apart, and, rather than give the pre-eminence to those among us to whom it naturally belongs, to do nothing to help either ourselves or the race. Unlike men, we do not care to oppress, but we cannot bear to obey. We prefer a very narrow margin of wilful independence to a wide realm of freedom regulated by law, and are happier to reign each one supreme in the little corner some man allots to her, than to be secondary to any in the spacious palace we might build in combination. But this happiness, if happiness it be, is that of the savage, who is equally undisciplined and prone to petty jealousies; and if women continue to choose it in preference to the larger development afforded by united action, no matter what our culture or refinement may be, fundamentally we shall belong to the same category as savages, since it will be a similar contemptible Self-hood that stands in the way of our progress, and inevitably, therefore, in the way of the progress of the world.

THE AUTHOR'S CASTLE IN SPAIN.

As, then, the vast fabric of masculine civilization is based upon agriculture, so let us unite quickly to build the feminine civilization upon housewifery. "The coney are a feeble folk, but they make their nests in the rock." So are we feeble, — O, the weakest, most defenceless of created things! — but we too will make our nests in a rock, — the rock of Union, — and in it we will hew out our foundations deep

and wide. Offering up our small jealousies on the altar of a nobler womanhood, we will forego, as all our brothers have done who have risen above barbarians, a little of our present, starveling independence of each other for the sake of the inestimable freedom and safety and abundance that must ensue to us all in an organized feminine community. For the leaders of our association we will elect the women who, by their pre-eminent fidelity and success in the "small things" of their own households, have shown themselves worthy of the great things of many households combined. Obedient to their experience, and under their wise and gentle guidance, our plain "home-cooking," to our husbands' astonishment and delight, will rapidly develop in the co-operative kitchens into the magic modern art which, out of Nature's raw material, creates new substances and elaborates new flavors, but whose every combination will now waft an aroma of daintiness and freshness impossible to restaurant or hotel, because it is an emanation of delicate ladyhood solely! Our co-operative laundries will not only send us back snowy linen, transparent muslins, and faultless flutings, but will perform for us also every species of dyeing and cleansing; while the co-operative sewing-rooms will add to themselves division after division of the feminine and household belongings, until finally all that is necessary to the complete furnishing and adorning of ordinary humanity and its home will be found within one ample circumference. When the profits begin to come in, the prudent housekeepers will first invest in farms and gardens, that our palace may be fitly set amid a smiling nature of its own; but as new means accumulate, new energies are roused, so that easily and swiftly they go on to lay the solid beams of its chambers, and to build high its goodly walls. Its centre will be a hall, lighted from above by heaven, and this noblest of all its apartments will be devoted to legislation.

"Feminine legislation?" Do we hear a laugh from our masculine law-

givers assembled in their huge castle over the way?

Yes, gentlemen, the same. For co-operative housekeeping will, I think, settle the vexed question of women's voting.

THE AUTHOR'S THEORY OF WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

To discuss it a little. Suppose that manhood suffrage, precisely as men now exercise it, were to be extended to women. As long as we agreed with the majority of men, all would go well. Not being able to fight ourselves, however, and too poor to bring mercenary armies into the field, what should we do in case of any irreconcilable difference of opinion or interest between men and women voters? Simply what we do now in our own families when we disagree with a determined husband or father, — give up! I suppose an extreme case that would probably never happen; but it is not impossible, and it lays bare the fundamental distinction which must exist between manhood and womanhood suffrage, though the leaders of the woman's rights movement seem unable to see it. The one will express Power, the other Influence.

Now influence has a fluidity of nature that runs to waste and loses itself as a direct force, unless it is collected compactly together, and brought to bear in a particular manner; and women are so dependent, so sympathetic, so by their very nature swayed and prejudiced by their husbands and fathers, that if they mix themselves up in the affairs of men, recognize all their national and State divisions, and take sides in all their political disputes and discussions, I believe their influence, which, specifically applied, might be so powerful and so beneficent, will be like water poured out upon the sand. Carried away by the vaster masculine interests, they will forget and overlook their own. Consequently they themselves will reap but little honor or advantage; like the Irish or the negro, they will be the tools of party, and they will leave the political

world no better, if not worse, than they found it.

It seems as if some such theory as this must, in fact, be latent in the feminine mind, else why its indifference, and even dislike, of the efforts of the champions of woman's rights? Furthermore, I doubt whether the sex in general admits the proposition that men are its wilful tyrants and oppressors, from whom, for its own defence, it must wrest a portion of their power. Were women deliberately to discuss it, I think they would rather conclude that, first, being excessively absorbed in themselves, men forget us; and, second, acting always together in large masses, while every one of us is solitary, they are not aware that any strictly feminine rights and privileges exist which they should respect. The true remedy, then, is for the feminine hosts to come quietly together, and form themselves, not into an antagonistic, but simply a separate camp, where, removed from all disturbing influence, they could calmly and dispassionately take counsel as to what they would have men do either for their own or the mutual benefit. I believe this spectacle alone would set our masculine lawgivers thinking more than they have ever thought before. Conscience-smitten, they would begin to ask themselves whether they had indeed comported themselves generously and justly to this defenceless army of intelligent beings, so like, yet so different from themselves. The imperious necessity which is upon each sex to stand well with the other when brought fairly facing it, would agitate them, and, almost before any deputation could leave our tents to crave a hearing, they would be ready to grant us all that we desired.

To enforce my meaning, manhood suffrage is an instrument forged and tempered by men for their own use, and to answer their own necessities. Why should we tease them for it, when they do not want to give it to us, and when if we had it perhaps we could not use it any better than we could lift the

sledge-hammers which yet they wield so easily? Womanhood suffrage, however,—that is, the regulation of our own affairs, the expression of our united opinion, and the preferring of our united request,—we have now, and without asking any one for it. At any moment we choose we can select some town as our head-quarters, elect our delegates, and send them there with our instructions as to the favor, or petition, or remonstrance we wished them to frame for presentation to the law-making power; and I believe, with Gail Hamilton, that if the request were at all wise or reasonable, and were understood to come from the numerical majority of women, the legislature would no more think of refusing it than a just man would think of refusing the wife whom he trusted. Thus every end of justice which some women now hope for from the extension to them of manhood suffrage would be gained, while all this conflict of custom and prejudice would be avoided.

And how, in truth, can we bear to give up what is so far the peculiar and essential glory of feminine enfranchisement, that *no blood* (except our Saviour's) has been shed for it? How bear to part with the grand and perfect sisterhood now within our power, since women are in fact of no nationality? If I love and reverence some Englishwoman as the rarest and wisest of her sex, I am glad to think that she and I have sworn allegiance to no government, so that we can never be arrayed by the passions of rulers in enmity against each other. So far, therefore, from women's wishing for manhood suffrage as an enlargement from their present limitations, they ought rather to scorn it as something too narrow for their sympathies and aspirations, as, in fact, directly imprisoning them in all the prejudices, hates, mistakes, selfishness, greed, and lies of these grand but detestable masculine nationalities that have filled the world with woe and slaughter, ruin and barbarism, since the day that Cain first murdered his brother Abel. Which of

them can we respect or trust sufficiently to wish to become identified with it, since not one has the fear of God before its eyes or the love of mankind in its heart? Nay, rather let all women meet on common ground as *women*, and at first in small assemblies, and afterward in august Feminine International Parliaments, take counsel and devise action for the happiness and virtue of the whole sex, and through this of humanity. This is the true womanhood suffrage; and the only assignable reason why it has not long ago been exercised by women is, that, isolated from each other as we have always been, our common interests have not been sufficiently important or apparent to us to make us combine for their guardianship.

When, however, co-operative housekeeping throws a large part, if not eventually the whole, of the retail trade into the hands of women, they will have many moneyed transactions among themselves, and extensive business relations among men, that will need the force of existing laws, and perhaps the enactment of new ones for their protection. Women will very soon then recognize the necessity for mutual consultation and unity of action on these matters at least. But these deliberations and decisions, since they are about laws, will partake of the nature of legislation, and the body of women to whom, as representing the rest, such deliberation and decision is intrusted, will constitute, so far as women are concerned, a feminine legislature. Then the organizing of a legislative department, as a step which will naturally follow upon the co-operative kitchens and clothing-houses, is not so laughable as at first appeared.

PUBLIC MORALS WILL BE THE SPECIAL CARE OF THE "SENATUS MATRONUM."

But laws relating to trade and finance will not be the only ones which the feminine will request from the masculine legislature. The laws now protecting the feminine personality are utterly in-

adequate, and it is a vital question no longer to be put off, as to how much further and how much longer men are to be permitted to corrupt women. Why, also, in the case of women offenders, are lawyers, judge, and jury all men? Is this for us to be "tried by our peers"? As for the abominations of our police courts, the mingled harshness and ribaldry with which the wretched victims of social crime are treated, the depraving house of correction, the deadening, brutalizing penitentiary, — all, in fact, which men have devised for the punishment of men, and have applied indiscriminately to women, — it may do very well for their

sex, which I suppose they understand, but not for ours. What the proper theory is I do not pretend here to say; but remedies would be thought of and applied quickly enough, were the lost and degraded of their own sex brought before cultured and Christian women. This is, indeed, where they should be brought, and then, perhaps, these would wake up to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in regard to those, to a horror of that into which a woman can be transformed when all other women abandon her, and to a recantation of the universal yet guilty feminine excuse, "Am I my sister's keeper?"

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, POET OF THE MALIGN.

DURING the summer of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, while no mean part of the world was looking and wondering amid the noise of crowds at the remarkable works of invention and art, or thinking of the greatness of our industrial age, a few Frenchmen and strangers were for the moment saddened by the death of a French poet, — a poet whose first book had been suppressed, whose very name was an offence to a great many men, but whose writings were uncared for by the general public of Paris. That poet was Charles Baudelaire, author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Critique sur Théophile Gautier*, *Les Paradis Artificiels*, and translations of the works of Edgar A. Poe.

Perhaps only to certain English and American admirers of Swinburne is his name known outside of France. They may recollect reading of him in connection with ideas that belong to the very revolt and pride of human nature.

Baudelaire is the living spring, bitter and beautiful, of which Swinburne is the foaming and impetuous English issue. To that strong and acrid source

we must go to discover what flaunting and poisonous flowers, what purple and bloody blossoms, grow under the broad heaven of literature: they have their hour for blossoming.

Charles Baudelaire's genius, however, does not breathe contagion to infect our literature. It cannot do that, because sanity and health are the general law of life.

Baudelaire is as unique and interesting as Hamlet. He is that rare and unknown being, a genuine poet, — a poet in the midst of things that have disordered his spirit, — a poet excessively developed in his taste by art and beauty, having a remarkable *penchant* for certain strange ideas, very responsive to the ideal, very greedy of sensation. Most people will say that he prostituted himself to fatal impressions and was intoxicated with pride.

A poet, a genuine poet, is always a strange, a fascinating being; often he is frail and delicate, agitated by the spectacle of nature and the tragedy of life, before which, without him, men are mute and patient like oxen. Only the prophets are strong, loud, and ma-

jestic. The poets are like lost or fallen angels in mortal bodies, seeking in sensation to find God, roaming in vast and vague spaces to lose the consciousness of their bondage. Such a poet was Shelley, such a poet was Poe, such a poet was Charles Baudelaire. His was a sad, a terrible, and accusing spirit, expressing the disorder of his soul, laughing his ironical laugh in the midst of his pleasures, seeing awful visions between the changes of the moon.

The English and American public thinking of Wordsworth, and the pure and lofty expression of his thoughtful joy in nature, later falling down to the jingle of Jean Ingelow, in whose verses pleasant things are pleasantly said, or better, thinking of Bryant and his impersonal love of nature, and of Whittier with his home sentiment, seem to have lost the sense that poetry may be the expression of the terrors and disorders of the soul; they have no intimation of the less self-possessed spirit which broods over the ruins of life, and dreams of the abyss that lies beyond the visible. The abyss in which formless and colossal things scream and float was revealed by Victor Hugo; the despair of hopeless loss was uttered by Poe: the *laugh*, the homelessness, the evil that may be found in common and beautiful things, remained for Baudelaire.

His was a new voice, a new and arresting word, thrown into the polite Parisian world. He was familiar with all the seductions of life; he knew the changes that have come upon the world; but he felt and looked upon all experience with the old spirit of the strong, unregenerated man who seeks to grasp the fleeting good of sensation, and blasphemes in the midst of pleasures. He expresses the barrenness of sensation, without having liberated himself from its seductions.

Charles Baudelaire was born in India. It may be supposed that he learned the English language during his childhood; to his long familiarity with it France is indebted for his translations of the works of Edgar A. Poe, whose

genius inspired him with a sustained and profound admiration. Théophile Gautier says that "he naturalized in France the mind and imagination of Poe, so learnedly strange that, beside him, Hoffman is not more than the Paul de Kock of the fantastic. . . . Thanks to Baudelaire," he continues, "we have a literary savor totally unknown, and the name of Baudelaire must in some sort be inseparable from that of the American author."

The reader of Baudelaire's poems is first struck with the force of the sentiment, the vigor of the thought, the strength of the feeling, that animates them. They are the poems of a virile being. They have not one effeminate note. In this particular they have the same masculine and refreshingly frank character that we find in the less musical utterances of Walt Whitman. The resemblance is entirely due to the uniformity of the genuine, virile, poetic mind. Whenever he speaks, you hear the voice of a *man* in his agony, in his gladness, in his transports. The character of largeness, which is opposed to perfumed drawing-room daintiness, is likewise found in Baudelaire as it is found in Walt Whitman. What he writes is wholly free from triviality.

What should arrest your attention is Baudelaire's courage. He will not tolerate cant, which in his judgment robs us of the true and beautiful. He will not consent to deceptions. He tears the decent drapery from men's vices, and has the uncommon taste to call things by their names. His verses are loaded with indignation, and through them breaks terrible irony and despair. I know no stronger or more intense expression than the poem to his reader, — to his "hypocrite reader," his "fellow-man," as he calls him, — which is placed at the beginning of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, which was written to make us know how he despises our cowardice, cant, and self-deception, our habitual vices, and, when we talk, naive exclusion of ourselves from the universality of evil!

Our mulish sins, our cowardly repent-

ance, and "the good pay we demand for our confessions, the gayety with which we re-enter the slimy path, thinking we wash all our spots with vile weeping," inspire his soul with disgust and contempt of us. He tells us, with a kind of infernal glee, that Satan rocks our spell-bound minds; that "he holds the threads that make us find attractions to repugnant objects"; and that "every day we descend one step towards hell without horror," while we "steal on the wing a clandestine pleasure."

With such startling and biting phrases he addresses his reader, and hurls upon us his horrible images of the *evil* that is in man. O sage advocates of the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, rejoice and clap your hands, for here is a modern poet from the heart of Paris giving metrical and convincing expression to your belief!

Charles Baudelaire gives us the catalogue of our vices, and declares that if poison, the sword, and fire have not yet embroidered with their pleasing designs the canvas of our pious destinies, it is because our souls are not strong enough. Such is the prelude to his own bold and inexorable poems called *Spleen et Idéal*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and *Révolte*.

I discover in Charles Baudelaire a mind almost malignant to men, because they have not the courage of their actions. In this I recognize a remarkable fact in his poetry, — it is the *malign* influence. He is the poet of the malign, as Shelley was the poet of *love*, as Byron was the poet of passion and adventure.

Poor Baudelaire, poet of the evil in good things, of the demoniacal element in familiar things! Some persons have thought he was made insane by his preoccupation with the idea of beauty and his excesses of pleasure. I think he was made insane by an absorbing contemplation of the evil principle, the fatal principle incarnated in all things, and which *stared* at him.

Baudelaire worshipped the beautiful, but he seems always to have been in

bondage to the mysterious and destructive fatality that makes a man the victim of his very qualities. He profoundly felt the tragic truth that man can only be tempted by what corresponds with his nature; and that that very correspondence is a natural revelation of his wants and pleasure in life. But for his masculine force, his positive mental vigor, he would have been found in the madhouse when he died, long before his genius had grown beautiful and bitter fruit. Probably you have a patronizing pity for him, and think he was weak! No man would have more quickly resented your pity, for his pride was colossal; and as for his weakness, I cannot recall a writer whose thought, whose feeling, has seemed to me so strong.

But to go back to the sense of Baudelaire's poetry, although you shall discover in it a malignant spirit, although it expresses the morbid and caustic thought of a soul far from gladness and peace, do not suppose that it is without the beautiful. The beautiful very often exists side by side with the terrible.

Unhappy Baudelaire, so angry with us, with an indignation so deep that it even drowns the objects of it, and inspires a feeling of horror, is a warning, and begets a sentiment of awe. The strength of his thought is more than the loaded weight of his expression, in which particular he has the advantage of Swinburne, whose expression is greater than his thought, stronger than the feeling that urged it forth.

It is a poor protection from the force of Baudelaire's mind to say that his poetry is the utterance of an insane man. It does not make it any the less true, for emotion and thought are true independently of their origin or issue. Read his *Critique sur Théophile Gautier*, or his preface to the translated works of Edgar A. Poe, and ask yourself if you could express so high and fine a literary sense, or speak with more authority?

Baudelaire was a poet and a mind full of force and originality. He be-

longed to the literary family of Poe and Hawthorne. Like them, he was preoccupied with the *subtlety of things* and the awful inevitableness of human suffering; like them, he was burdened with the weight and mystery of the world; unlike them, he boldly trod the burning marl of his passions, and withered his heart in the furnace-heat of his unslaked desire, now cooled and voiceless in its dark trench of earth.

Charles Baudelaire is the type of the poetic mind unredeemed by love. To me he has a forlorn and fatal grandeur of aspect, like Milton's Satan; but he was a modern man in our contemporary world. Consider his situation. He had fed himself at the great springs of English literature, which made him a realist, and authorized his tenacious grasp upon things; he was familiar with antiquity, which gave him a far-off ideal in the past, and discouraged him because he had to look back whither he could not go; he was in the midst of a luxurious, corrupted phase of modern civilization in France. His poems represent, not merely the local facts of society in France, but typical conditions of man during his age. They are contemporary, like Gavarni's sketches, and appeal to exalted minds, by certain sides, like Michael Angelo's figures, which embody a universal idea of human grandeur. I cannot hear his utterances without mingled feelings of admiration, shrinking, and pity. Alfred de Musset, the unhappiest of French poets, seems delicate and weak like a woman beside Baudelaire. Baudelaire alone represents the strong, masculine, unregenerate man. He seems to have been even untouched by love. Had love been revealed to his heart, the flowers of evil would have wilted, never again to bloom in his life. What a man may become who goes through life without it, — a complete being, I mean, — you may know by reading Baudelaire's unique poems.

Among Baudelaire's poems called *Spleen et Idéal* is one entitled *Les Phares*, The Light-houses. Its several

stanzas depict the great painters of the world, and are splendidly expressive in diction. They interpret the meaning of the great masters. The last stanza is sad and impressive in thought. Its meaning is that the suffering of man, in a passionate sob, rolls from age to age, and dies only on the brink of God's eternity.

The little poem *La Vie Antérieure* is beautiful. The dreaming eye of the poet has a vision of Greek life. His spirit recognizes the place as familiar, and he says: —

"I have a long time lived under vast porticos, which the marine sun tinted with a thousand fires, and whose grand pillars, straight and majestic, at eve were like basaltic grottos.

"The waves, in rolling the image of the sky, mingled, in a mystical and solemn fashion, the all-powerful chords of their rich music with the colors of sunset reflected in my eye.

"T is there that I have lived, in calm voluptuousness, in the midst of the azure of the waves, of splendors, and of nude slaves, all impregnated with odors, who freshened my brow with palms, and whose unique care was to seek the painful secret which made me languish."

I give you these unmetrical renderings to let you take the bare *thought* of Baudelaire, which is always poetical. For example, among several poems about the sea, the ancient and prolific source of poetry to the mind of man, he says that the bitter laugh of man, conquered, full of sobs and insults, he hears repeated in the enormous laugh of the sea.

In his poem of the Ideal the thought is likewise uncommon and large and poetical. He says he does not love the beauty of vignettes, — that he leaves to Gavarni, the poet of white and feeble things, his beauties of the hospital, — that he cannot find among those pale roses one flower that represents his "red ideal." "What my heart, profound like an abyss, needs, — it is thee, Lady Macbeth, soul strong for crime, dream of Æschylus; or it is thee, grand

Night, daughter of Michael Angelo, twisting peacefully, in a strange pose, charms fashioned to the mouth of Titans !”

His poem of *Le Voyage*, in which irony, contempt, and audacity give the tone to his voice, expresses the sum and substance of life to a man who is entirely outside of Christian sentiment, and yet far from antique cheerfulness. The only peace and sweetness you can discover in his poems is in the verses with which he celebrates the glory and beauty of the Pagan life. His souvenirs of that ancient and admirable time have the vividness and intensity of a personal experience. Baudelaire's very being expands and feels anew the strength and ardor of existence at the memory of days when civilization and the natural life of man were not opposed to each other.

When he looks at the present life he becomes cruel, morbid. Too serious to let his mind be amused with the trivial aspects of the time, too penetrating to let his thought rest upon frivolities, he regards his fellow-beings as the sketches and illustrations of a hideous story, of whose meaning they are mere suggestions. He torments himself with the typical and dual life of things. A beautiful woman at the ball is to him a serpent that dances, and he taxes his mind for correspondences and resemblances; as you read his poem, you are gradually subject to the same fancy: the cadence of the step, the beautiful *abandon* of the body,—it is the serpent in the woman!

One of his little poems is called *Correspondences*. The sense of it is unique and fine. He says the perfumes, the color, and the sounds answer each other; that there are perfumes fresh like the flesh of children, soft like a flute, green like the meadows, and others corrupted, rich, and triumphing, having the expansion of infinite things, like amber, musk, benzoin, and incense, which chant the transports of the spirit and the senses.

But what shall we say of his *Litanies de Satan*, of *Abel et Cain*, of *Une Mar-*

tyre? The feeling of horror which they inspire would make you forget the outrage done to your taste. They are poems whose meaning I have not the wish to express. No, I cannot deny it, this poet of evil has a terrible voice,—his is a dreadful cry rising from the heart of our age. Baudelaire walked amongst us despising us, and he was more sincere in his life than we are. He despised us, because with mutual consent we ignore the painful facts that fester in the very centres of our civilization. He curses us in our pleasures, in our vices, in our tardy and feeble repentance. He walked among us like an accusing spirit, who, sharing our unhappiness, contemplated our miseries, and never felt the saving and transfiguring power of a pure human love. As for the love of God, Baudelaire would have laughed a terrible laugh, had you spoken of it.

Byron's cry is the cry of an audacious, discontented boy compared with Baudelaire's cry of despair and pride. He did not go with Dante beyond this world to enter the Inferno; he discovered it in our civilization, and he abandoned all hope the moment he discovered it.

But Baudelaire is dead. His cry is yet with us, and we must heed that cry. The cry of the poet expresses the suffering of the age; it expresses the moral malady of a civilization. He came among us to make us know how far a man may go from the serene and beautiful world of our dreams. But *Les Fleurs du Mal* grew not out of the poet's mind alone. *They were fed and nourished by the moral soil of French life*. Reproach him, at rest in his grave, for the pictures he made with words, the desires he so passionately expressed, the abnormal and shocking situations which he revealed? You dare not. You must reproach and correct the civilization which made his experience and emotions possible. Call him insane if you choose; but first ask what made him insane, and you will not contemplate so tranquilly the aspects of human life. Read him, and

you will enlarge your experience; read him, and you will broaden and deepen your sympathies. He will sadden you; but what saddens spiritualizes and lifts out of brute life. Read him, and he will startle you; but what startles gives a mental movement and takes out of inertia.

Baudelaire's poetry is intensely personal,—it is even local. But all fine poetry not descriptive of external things is personal, and often it is local, inasmuch as it belongs not to a common experience. To take Baudelaire at his true value, we must understand him as the outcome of Parisian life in which the worship of beauty and the thirst for pleasure is supreme. The title of several of his poems will do much to suggest to you their peculiar character,—such as *Le Serpent qui Danse*; *Parfum Exotique*; *Horreur Sympathétique*; *Les Métamorphoses du Vampire*; *Les Promesses du Visage*; *Femmes Damnées*; *Les Bijoux*; *La Fontaine de Sang*; *L'Âme du Vin*; *La Mort*; *L'Homme et La Mer*.

Charles Baudelaire was also a critical mind. He thought with force, and spoke with authority. His critique upon Gautier is a witness to the independence and incisiveness of his mind and of his high literary sense. *Les Paradis Artificiels*, which is composed of two parts,—one a translation of De Quincey's "Confession of an Opium-Eater," the other, his own Confessions of an Hashish-Eater,—is remarkable for its terse and splendid diction, and thorough analysis of the ideas and sensations of a fine mind forced into activity by artificial means.

Victor Hugo paid him the tribute of a letter of thanks for his critique upon Théophile Gautier, in which he said: "Your article is one of those pages which strongly provoke the mind. Rare merit to make think. . . . You write of things profound and often serene. You love beauty. Give me your hand."

The *thinker* in Charles Baudelaire is most interesting to me. It is the thought embodied in his verses that arrests my mind and separates the poet

from the versifier, and gives him his place outside of their smooth insipidities. How far he is above or below, or how well he rivals his illustrious contemporaries in metrical art, is a question which belongs exclusively to his French critics; but his thought, his emotion, his artistic sentiment, his moral idea, his poetry,—that is, the expressed relation of his mind to life and nature,—may appear in any language that corresponds with the mind of a civilized man, and bear witness to his being.

I have no pleasure in thinking of Charles Baudelaire. He has revealed himself as the most forlorn and energetic figure of the world's poets. He has incarnated in his poems a covetous and haughty spirit; and he went through the golgotha of his passions unsatiated and unhumiliated. De Musset, the melancholy poet of the disenchantments of life, and Heine, the sad mocker of the changefulness of life, are very light offenders against the serene or stagnant world of well-regulated people, compared with the positive, the unmitigated, the caustic poet Baudelaire. If you confront him, you will never forget him; he will not let you forget him. He plants his thought in your mind, and it rankles there, the painful proof of a real and contemporary experience, that never has had so intense and bold a representative as the wretched author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*.

Naturally such a poet puts in play the whole of your moral and æsthetic faculties. If you make your reflections according to tradition, it is very easy to classify Baudelaire; you rank him among the evilly possessed spirits; you say he had several devils in him. The old symbols furnish good material for your rhetoric. No doubt his soul was in very bad company, and, to use the expressive language of Henry James, "resorted to eccentric and explosive methods by way of compelling society" to mark its work. Yet it is a serious question, and does not come within the range of my faculties, to say how far he was responsible for his extraordinary mental and moral life. He had mys-

terious and irresistible attractions to beautiful and fatal things, and they made the sadness of his soul, the fascination of his musical and sonorous verses, and the dark destiny of his life. He is one more type in the Pantheon of the poets; as defined, as striking as Dante; like him, intense, terse, vivid, in his use of words; like him, tenacious in his hold upon real things, while he expressed the dual life, the mysterious and ideal; but he created no figure, and he made no story; he was impelled to express his personal

experience, stripped bare of the usual poetic fictions and common inventions of timid and conventional, or modest and reserved writers. "He loved the rare, the difficult, the strange," wrote one of his friends; "and when he painted the deformities of humanity and civilization, it was only with a secret horror. He had for them no complaisance, and he looked upon them as infractions of the universal harmony." As a writer he was remarkable for his pitiless logic and lyric fury of expression.

CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

II.

Want of Sunlight as a Promoter of Consumption.

IT is hard to prove the direct agency of a want of sunlight in the production of consumption. Reasoning from analogy, however, we might infer that, as plants grow up thin and white and unhealthy when deprived of light, so, under similar circumstances, the human being would suffer. But we see the evil influence on man caused by absence of the sun's rays, in the pallid and emaciated forms of many of the children of the poor, particularly of those living where the direct sunlight cannot enter. It is true that want of proper food, &c. must usually have their own specific effects conjoined with this. Nevertheless, to any one who has experienced the genial glow coming from the sun on an early spring day, little will be needed to prove its strengthening power. All modern science tends to make the sun the centre of force and of life to vegetables and to man. The ancients knew better than we, for they had their *solaria* on the house-roofs, where they could enjoy in quiet their sun-baths. We, on the contrary, often

place our sick on the north side of the house, where the sun never enters; or, perchance, if we have them in a southern room, we close all the blinds and curtains of its windows for the sake of our Brussels carpets, thereby unconsciously demonstrating that we think more of our finery than of the health of our households. We believe firmly that to the influence of pure air and direct sunlight we owe a vast deal of our common every-day health. Hence, in the treatment of our patients, we always seek to unite these advantages. We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day

after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us" when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiriting influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as, owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy-chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renewing influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and

with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air on three sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here, according to our directions, she used to sit wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful; her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.

Want of Pure Air a Promoter of Consumption.

We mean by this, not only air uncontaminated by distinctly unpleasant and noxious odors, but all air which, whether perceptibly bad or not, has lost the necessary elements for perfect health. Understood in this way, how few houses in modern times, especially in winter, nay, at all seasons, save in the warmest weather of summer, present the requisite amount of pure air for those who live in them! In this respect we are infinitely poorer than our ancestors. We contend that, if it be possible, no person ought to breathe a second time the air that has been once expired. Look at what occurs at each act of inspiration. The oxygen of the inspired air is partly absorbed into the system of him who breathes it, and carbonic-acid gas, useful to plants but deleterious to man, is returned in expiration. If, therefore, we should definitely close up a room, and put a certain number of persons in it, without allowing sufficient of the outward air to enter, all of them would soon die of actual suffocation, or be at least made seriously ill, simply from the breathing of such air. If more time were used, and a little pure air only occasionally were admitted to the apartment, a prostrating fever would arise in any animals or men thus closed up. Continue a similar but less confined treatment, and you would bring about more slowly emaciation, debility, prostration of all the bodily powers, and, after a time, true consumption might and would be very liable to occur.

In the light of these statements let us see how our predecessors of older and of later times lived, and whether we have improved upon their methods. One has only to glance at the noble opening in the dome of the Pantheon at Rome, or, still better (because built in times nearer to the present), at the smoky aperture in Cardinal Wolsey's lofty kitchen at Oxford, and he will be sure of one fact at least, namely, that those who lived in former days were not afraid of feeling or of breathing

the open air. Our American ancestors also built houses in which the chimneys were fitted for something more than mere throats through which the smoke could escape, though each of them, doubtless, "built better than he knew."

Some of us, even at the present day, remember the massive and widely opened chimney-pieces and the broad hearth-stones, capable of receiving logs of immense size. In those days the hearth-stone was really the gathering-place for the family. Around that roaring "ventilating shaft," as it would be called now, the children coned their lessons or told their fairy-tales, while their elders, perhaps, smoked their pipes; and yet, from the very nature of the arrangements, the air must have been purer than can by any means be found around our detestable air-tight stoves, or those equally wretched apologies for comfort and health, the flues of the modern hot-air furnace, or coils for hot water and steam. Formerly there was less fear of drafts; no double windows were needed, but the father and his children drank in from their own hearth, warm, pure, but not over-heated air; while at the same time they were all fancy fed by the beautiful flame as it flickered and sang its quiet song all day, and each heart was brightened at evening, when the family gathered around it from their various labors. Now all is altered. The idea of a family hearth is lost, save as sung in old-fashioned poetry. The children of the present day know of it only by hearsay. Instead of all this they collect at a table at which burns the badly trimmed, perhaps ill-smelling, kerosene lamp, or under the bright blaze and heat of gas-light, while the room is warmed by the furnace or air-tight stove.

What is an air-tight stove? Let us try to answer. If we were to build an open fire in a closed room, there is no one who would not anticipate evil. Bad air, as people commonly say,—carbonic acid and oxide gases, according to chemistry,—would soon arise, and death of the inmates would result if no

help in the form of the external air should come to their relief. What real difference is there between thus building a fire in the middle of a closed room and the starting of one in an air-tight stove, and then shutting the damper to prevent too rapid combustion? With the damper closed, we have a state of things *almost* entirely analogous to an open grate of coals in the middle of a closed room. For the carbonic oxide, that deadly gas, begins to be given off almost immediately after the fire is lighted. It penetrates into the room, through not only the crevices of the stove, but also through the very pores of the iron itself. This has been proved completely by European science, for attention has been recently very strongly brought to the subject by reports to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, at which this fact was stated.

Meanwhile we have, in our medical experience, been often convinced that all human beings suffer somewhat when exposed to these stoves, and especially do those afflicted with lung disease have a difficulty of breathing when in a room thus warmed. By ordering their removal, and by opening the chimneys, relief more or less marked has always been immediately obtained by our patients. A certain freedom of breath has been restored to them, which they did not have while the stove contaminated the air with its noxious vapors. Hence we have arrived at the conclusion that this must be our first object in the treatment of any pulmonary difficulty. It is next in importance to exercise in the open air.

Want of Good Food and of Proper Digestion bring Consumption.

Consumption literally means a want of proper nutrition. Hence it is evident that, if good food be not given, evil will be the result. Usually this influence is seen in connection with other deleterious agencies already spoken of, such as location, contagion, the hereditary nature of the disease, and bad air and confined employments, so that it is hard to eliminate this

cause from many others. But by the following statements our readers will, we hope, be convinced that want of good food is not to be neglected as one cause of consumption.

We do not remember a single case in which food alone caused the trouble, when all other influences were good. But it is undeniable that, given an undoubted case of threatened or of actual consumption, then such a case with poor nutrition, owing to imperfect or improper food, will run rapidly towards death if the same course be continued, — whereas it will, perhaps, be wholly turned towards health, if only this element of cure be fully and fitly introduced. The unfortunate prisoners at Andersonville had too little food, and became terribly emaciated; but the whole nervous system rather than the lungs was affected. In these sad cases so many other horrible circumstances were occurring, in addition to the starvation, that it would be impossible to say which was most important.

But no one can deny, as already stated, that, if you place a patient suffering from consumption in the best circumstances, and neglect to provide him with proper food, he will die. Give him proper food and drink, and he will live. But how rare it is in this country to find upon the tables of either rich or poor or middle classes plenty of *wholesome, simple, and nutritious* food! It will be the greatest blessing to the subsequent generations when all the girls in our public schools are taught by some Professor Blot to make good bread and simple puddings, and how to cook simply the various meats and vegetables. At the same time it will be important to impress upon the community at large that it should have nothing but such food on its tables. Let any one pass a night in any of our country towns, and, unless he happen to be at the house of the physician, he will probably be asked, at breakfast, to partake of various articles wholly incongruous, and forming a frightful compound for any stomach, — not tend-

ing, as all food should tend, to perfect digestion. Instead of pure, light bread and sweet butter, and perhaps a small slice of fresh meat, with coffee or tea, the traveller is compelled—often under the penalty of giving offence if he refuse—to partake of heavy, and perchance sour or cream-of-tartar bread, with perhaps rancid or heavily salted butter, two or three different kinds of pies, pickles, cheese, and doughnuts, followed by two or three different kinds of cake. We do not present this as uniformly the character of New England farm-house fare, but the fact that such fare is *ever* proffered in any community seems to indicate a want of proper public opinion upon the subject of diet, that is very much to be regretted. In cities how common is it to see young and old collected for dinner at restaurants and railroad stations, eating wretched preparations called food, and even *bolting* that without proper mastication. The inevitable result is indigestion, with its train of miseries, among which comes rapidly along, in not a few cases, consumption. Sap a man's digestion, and you make him a fit subject for this disease. For it is a fact well known to physicians, that, if a man have dyspepsia for several months, and then cough begin, he rarely escapes with his life. Hence, though bad or imperfect food may not be proved to be positively the cause of consumption, we see the importance of good food and drink as a preventive of it. What that food should be we defer speaking of until later in this paper.

Insufficient or Imperfect Clothing as a Cause of Consumption.

This is not so evidently a cause of consumption as some other influences of which we have spoken; yet we think there can be but little doubt that, indirectly at least, any carelessness in this respect, as is often caused by fashion, is fraught with danger. Only a few years since our ladies were unwilling to wear shoes appropriate to our winter climate. Hence arose many "a cold." And the time has passed

by when we may neglect a cold as among the remote but undoubted causes of consumption.

Our young ladies, and not a few gentlemen, formerly used stays so tightly laced as to press deeply into all the internal organs near the waist, and thus prevented free expansion of the lungs; whereas the surest way to prevent consumption is to daily and hourly fill these same lungs with pure air. How can that be done with a tight band around the waist? These articles are less used than formerly, and, if used, are applied less tightly, and so far our clothing has improved of late years. At the present time the extraordinary exposure of the person, when driving in party dresses to the ball in winter nights, is fearful, and the return home, after the whirl of the waltz, and when every fibre of the young frame is palpitating, is eminently hazardous.

We might name other similar imprudences. In general it may be said, that any neglect of the use of a sufficient amount and proper kind of clothing is perilous. On the other hand, there are cases when from over-caution injury is done, and the person is weighed down and exhausted by too much clothing. We have seen children perspiring and losing flesh and strength under the flannels prepared for them in the depth of summer by over-anxious mothers. Adults, too, at times sweat like training prize-fighters under thick flannel shirts during the day and woollen blankets at night, for "fear of taking cold!"

One day in summer, when the thermometer was above 90° in the shade, we were called upon by a patient who had a shawl wrapped over his ears so that we could hardly see his face, and on disrobing him for examination we found he had two overcoats and three flannel shirts, besides the usual dress worn by a man! On our protesting that such an amount of clothing was injurious and depressing, actually tending to increase his disease, he innocently assured me that he clothed himself

so warmly to "prevent taking cold." Nothing could be more absurd. We have only to keep an animal too warm and too quiet, and we can produce tubercular disease. A *pâté de foie gras* proves this.

In conclusion we may say, that, although we have had no case of consumption that we deem fairly attributable by itself alone to a want of, or an abuse of clothing, we have no doubt of its important influence on the cause of consumption, and that often an attention to, or a neglect of, common hygienic rules, in this respect, tends to check or aggravate the disease, or even, in some cases perhaps, to be the first excitant of it.

Is our System of Education a Promoter of Consumption?

We believe the affirmative of this question to be true, at least as applied to the Northern and Western States. We have had too many bitter experiences of its influence to have a shadow of a doubt on this point in reference to New England. We appeal to every physician of ten or twenty years' practice, and feel sure that, in reviewing his cases of consumption, he will find not a few of them in which he will trace to *overwork* in our grammar or Normal Schools the first springs of the malady.

We pride ourselves, and justly so, on our system of public-school education. Without an intelligent reading people, a democratic commonwealth is the veriest farce possible. Education is the life-blood of our Republic. Without it our nation would fall. It saved us in our late Rebellion. Here in New England it provides our *chief annual crop for exportation* to other parts of the country. Having thus, as our readers will see, the strongest love and respect for our system of education, we nevertheless assert that it is grossly imperfect in one great particular, while actually injurious to the health of the community in others. It wholly neglects the body in the desire to *cram* the memory and stimulate the

intellect. This is evident at a glance. Instead of looking to the *full* development of a youth, both *body and mind*, where does our school system make *any* provision for the proper manly and womanly physical development of the children? A vacation is occasionally given; but where is the proper *physical training* of the pupils? Nowhere. Surely nothing can be more absurd than this; but it is not the less true. What school-committee-man thinks of a rounded, full-developed muscle and vigorous frame of body as the precursor of, support, and actual aid to a noble, well-balanced intellect? Who thinks of turning out of our schools *muscular* young scholars? During the Rebellion, and in some instances since the war ended, some school, here or there, has introduced a military drill as a part of its regular curriculum. To us this was one of the most hopeful of signs. But neither parents, teachers, nor pupils ever entered, save spasmodically, into the plan; and now we fear that what was spasmodically commenced will be given up, just as it was beginning to unfold some narrow chests, and thus to prove of inestimable value to the whole community. By its erect positions and various exercises the air is introduced into the minutest cells of the lungs, and all the limbs of the boys are beautifully rounded out. But, as we have said, we fear from present appearances that even these few exercises will ere long be discontinued. It is true that the Latin and High School of Boston, and a few more in the country, still continue the drills introduced into them under the stimulus of the Rebellion. But as one swallow does not make a spring, so the drilling of one or two schools does not constitute a *system of physical education* for our whole community. It is ludicrously absurd to even think of it in that light. Besides, any school education that systematically neglects one half of our young people, namely, the girls, the *future wives and mothers of the state*, is a lamentable failure in one of its most

important duties. No one can deny this proposition. Common experience teaches all of us that we cannot have a healthfully acting mind in an unhealthy body. The old Latin axiom, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," is practically ignored by our school committees. They vainly hope to do what nature will not allow them to do, namely, to stimulate the intellect at the expense of the body, or at least without reference to the wants of the body. The attempt cannot be made without peril to both. Man is of a compound nature, which needs harmonious development. An *undue* attention to one part generally brings neglect of another, and as a consequence arise either gross monstrosities, disease, or death. If there be one truth that modern physiology teaches, it is that every intellectual effort, every noble aspiration, every emotion of the heart, depends for its perfect healthfulness upon the equally perfect play of some of the minutest parts of our physical frames. Especially is this true of that delicate structure, the so-called nervous system. Put that out of order, as we are very apt to do by over-stimulation of it at school, and soon all the frame of the child goes wrong. If continued too far, nothing but unmitigated evil results.

It is singular to what extent errors on this subject exist. A few years ago the subject of "Education in our public schools, and its effect on public health," was proposed as a proper subject for discussion in the Suffolk District Medical Society. The society contains all the educated physicians of Suffolk County, and therefore might naturally be deemed a proper arena for the debate. But the proposer soon found to his sorrow that the discussion would be a very heated one, and productive of great personal ill-feeling. Many of the society, being members of the school board, considered themselves personally "insulted" at the bare thought that the school system could be productive of aught but good. The result was that no action was ever definitely taken on the subject.

Of late years the love of athletic sports is increasing among young men, and good will doubtless result; but it may be questioned whether the extravagance of youth and the general tendency of our country to *overdo* everything may not eventually bring much harm even in these beneficial amusements, whereas a regular system of physical education established by the school committee would not be so liable to abuse.

But not only does our school system, in its practical operation, entirely ignore the necessity for physical culture, but it at times goes further, and actually, as we believe, becomes the slayer of our people.

And this brings us to the especial object of these remarks, namely, our system of education as a cause of consumption.

During the past twenty-five years we have met with not a few cases like the following: A child of not unhealthy parents, resident in the city, is sent in early life to one of our common schools. Eager to learn, quiet and retiring in disposition, loving books rather than society, the pupil soon becomes the favorite of the teacher, and prominent in the class. In addition to the love and commendation of the teacher, such a child has usually placed before him the stimulus of prizes to be won, and of unexampled honors to be carried off at the exhibition of the school. As he is willing and apparently intellectually able to work, *extra* duties are probably put upon him. The parents, ignorant of physiological laws, are proud of the success, and stimulate the poor child still further by urging it to try to gain the prize already too much coveted. The evenings at home, instead of being devoted to a gentle home education, which parents should always be able to give to their children, and which should be considered by them a sacred duty, are occupied by school studies often till late at night. At break of day, the child's first thought is of grammar, instead of the quiet loveliness of the morning. A lesson in philosophy, per-

haps, takes the place of a prayer, or of a run out into the purest of God's blessings, the clean and clear morning air. Breakfast is swallowed, and off to school races the half-tired young victim, nervously anxious for fear of having ill prepared the lesson, and weak from want of sleep, or, at least, from sleep disturbed by dreams of lessons lost and gained. The forenoon is passed, certainly in winter, in an atmosphere totally unfit for human beings to live in, — furnace-heated, insufficiently ventilated, usually of a temperature above 70°, and alternately heated to a close stifling degree, or chilled by the open windows, raised from time to time in order that teacher and pupil may momentarily breathe* with comfort.

The interval between school-hours not infrequently is more or less occupied with lessons or reading, because the child "loves reading and hates to walk." Meanwhile parents and teachers and committee-men stand by and see this process of gradual deterioration of physical health which must inevitably follow such a course of folly.

The result of all this school *training* is as certain as the day. Every child who goes through the above process must inevitably suffer, but not all alike. Some have one complaint, some another, and some, doubtless, finally escape unharmed. At times, they only grow pale and thin under the process. But not a few go through to the exhibition, and, after working harder than ever for the two or three last weeks of the term they gain the much-coveted prize only to break wholly down when it is taken. The stimulus of desire for success is gone. That has sustained them up to the last moment. Success having been accomplished, the victim finds, too late, that what it has been striving for is nothing now that it is won. But all

* This is no fancy sketch. We visited one of our school-houses last year, in which we could not have stayed half an hour without *great distress* of body. The temperature was far above 70°, and the air had apparently been breathed over and over again. The whole body became bathed in copious perspiration during the few moments that we remained in the room, and we did not wonder that the scholars had headaches and appeared a puny set.

vitality seems gone out. The previous weak health, which mental stimulus had sustained without open complaint, gives way when its support is removed, and then come loss of appetite and loss of strength. The slight cough, scarcely noticed before, becomes more marked, and the physician is summoned. Almost uniformly in the cases of this kind does he find fatal, perhaps far-advanced disease of the lungs.

This result has happened in all our institutions for instruction, whether grammar, high, Latin, or Normal schools, or colleges. The *using-up* process in the colleges is not unfrequently somewhat in this wise: A young farmer or mechanic or laborer, apparently in good health, but somewhat advanced in life, determines to be educated, and to go through college. He wants his teacher to "put him through" in the shortest possible space of time. He prepares himself to enter college in two years, whereas usually five or six years are needed. After entering, he has to study hard to keep up even with his juniors. Imperfectly educated, he feels himself no match with the trained athletes of the academic course. Hence arises in his mind the necessity for spending all his time in study. Day after day no physical exercise is taken. Perhaps, poor in purse, he attempts to board himself on small and imperfect fare; thus in another and equally fatal way undermining his already overstrained and weakened constitution. He has also the stimulus of ambition as well as poverty to urge him to grasp, if possible, a scholarship, in order to eke out his scanty means of support, or perhaps release himself from the burden of dependence on another's most willing charity. Some men will be able to stand all this, and come out apparently without injury. Very few, however, will dare to advise any one else to undergo the same trials; for they feel that physiological laws cannot be set at naught with impunity, and most of such persons bear to their graves a consciousness of evil done, even though

in the eyes of the community eminently successful men. Such men are often in the ranks of the melancholy sermonizers, or dyspeptic lawyers, irritable, Abernethian physicians, whom we meet with in this world, and to whom we have already alluded. A certain unhealthy tinge, so to speak, covers their whole subsequent life, — delicate, most transitory, and fickle of appearance though it may be, it is nevertheless there, and quite perceptible to themselves, if not to others. In some the sting goes deeper, and the currents of life are so vitiated that but a little more work is needed, after leaving college, in order to make them fit subjects for consumption. A trivial exposure of these unfortunate victims of their own or of society's reckless folly develops a slight, at first scarcely noticeable cough. "It means nothing," the sufferer says, and really believes. But it lasts one, two, or three months. After all this ambitious toil for an intellectual education at the expense of his physical frame, he awakens from his delicious dream of ultimate success in his undertaking to the sad reality of impending death by consumption. This, again, is no fancy sketch. We have seen this result too many times to allow of a doubt upon the subject. We now hear with a certain horror the fact stated, that a youth, who from childhood to early manhood has been engaged in active pursuits, has suddenly become smitten with a love of learning, or intends to prepare for the ministry; for we are sure that he will suddenly leave all the labors requiring active bodily exercise, and will devote himself to purely intellectual work, with very few or no tasks for the body. A premature grave, or long, inefficient *death in life*, is almost always the final result. And we are equally confident that such is not the necessary effect of study, and that it will not happen when wisdom shall prevail. The only way, however, to prevent it, is to have our school and college systems so managed that the *body*, as well as the mind, shall be so

educated as to produce perfect men and women. And if, perchance, a youth commence late in life to study, let him not be allowed to *force* himself to superhuman efforts to overcome difficulties in one year that usually require four. Let him, above all things, never forget that, as he leaves an active, hard-working life, he, *above all others*, is bound to the daily practice of open-air exercise, and such a course of gymnastic *work* as will tend to *perfect physical health*.

Mental Emotions and Depressing Passions as Causes of Consumption.

Most writers speak of these influences as being quite powerful causes of consumption. We have never seen a proof of the truth of this assertion. We fear that death even from a "broken heart" belongs rather to the ideal world of poetry than to that of fact. The lyre of Moore and the exquisite poetic prose of Irving would almost persuade us that such deaths are perhaps common. We will not deny their existence, but we have never seen them. Nature usually does not act in that way. On the contrary, we have seen cases where mental suffering, falling upon broad religious natures, has really ennobled the whole physical and mental life afterwards. Such natures do not usually succumb physically; they lose themselves in sympathy with others. Others, however, of less elevated characters are doubtless injured by suffering. Absorbed in themselves, becoming careless of their physical well-being, they allow themselves to neglect all these rules of health often alluded to in this paper. Consequently they may readily become victims of any disease to which, by hereditary influences or any of the causes heretofore named they may be in danger, and from which, without this superadded sorrow, they would have escaped. Among these diseases stands consumption.

How we shall deal with such cases, and others similar in character we shall speak of later.

Excesses of Various Kinds as Causes of Consumption.

All excess is unnatural and morbid. Of itself it brings disease and death inevitably in its train. Even a good, used extravagantly, tends to evil. All evil has, as its real seminal principle, a certain trace of good. It is good *run mad*. The *abuse* of liquor, repeated and long, continued drunkenness, may be a cause of consumption, whereas a moderate use of stimulants is in some constitutions, and under conditions of weakness of body, not radically evil. We are inclined also to believe that, with other constitutions, and especially after a certain age, they tend to prolong life, and to make that life better able to perform its various duties. We know this opinion runs counter to the views of many; nevertheless, it is really "Gospel truth," and as such we avow it. At the same time we would denounce as earnestly as we can all *intemperate* use of liquor; and for this purpose we have no hesitation in presenting to the drunkard, as among the many loathsome diseases to which his beastly habits may lead him, this most terrible of all diseases, consumption.

Habitual intoxication gradually strikes at the healthy action of all the great functions of the body. It stimulates and goads the nervous system to insanity, though it may be temporary. It drives the blood in rapid currents through the heart and bloodvessels, putting them upon extra duty, which sometimes they are unable to perform. Hence arise obstructions of various internal organs of the liver, kidneys, heart, &c., with dropsies and organic diseases as a consequence. Moreover, the appetite for common food palls under the constant recourse to the dram-bottle, and "good digestion" never "waits on appetite," even if, in spite of the constant use of alcohol, appetite, that saviour of the natural being, does still exist. Attacking thus all the main foundations of human health, it is not surprising if, at times, the drunkard is fairly worn down, and consumption at last sets in. Hence the

common suggestion that the drunkard of the tubercular family is apt to escape consumption is by no means strictly true. The man who indulges too freely runs a great risk of dying of consumption, while at the same time he is much *more liable* than others to die of any of the more common long-continued diseases to which man is subject. He is also much more frequently than others struck suddenly dead by acute disease. If, therefore, the habitual drinker *merely for pleasure* finds comfort and a relief to his conscience from what we have admitted above in regard to the certain amount of value to be attached to the moderate and appropriate use of stimulants, he must be very easily satisfied, and for such a man warning is useless.

One other species of excess we deem it our duty to allude to in this connection, although to some prudish souls we may seem to trench on forbidden ground while treating of it at any time, and especially in a journal like this.

The relations of man to woman and of woman to man may contain all that is healthful. Much of whatever is noble and beautiful in human existence depends upon and flows from them. Legitimately and temperately sustained, they tend to longer life and to better health in both sexes than celibacy can give.

This assertion rests on scientific data, and no doubt ought to be entertained thereupon. But let any parties misuse these relations in unhallowed pleasure-seeking, or even in lawful wedlock, and diseases of various kinds will surely follow. Among them stalks boldly forth, at times, consumption. In the veritable confessional so often met with in the career of a physician, we have gained proof perfectly satisfactory to us, that carelessness of hygienic laws in this respect, as in all others, tends inevitably to disease, and even death by consumption.

We might speak of excesses in various other ways, such as overwork or its exact contrast over-quietness, over-anxiety in business, &c., as some of the more remote causes of consumption.

But we forbear, and all that it is needful for us to say in conclusion is this, namely, *any excess of whatever nature* brings more or less disease as its *necessary* consequence, and with it may come consumption at last to close the scene.

We have thus run over, in a general way, the main causes of consumption as we believe them to exist in this country. Strictly speaking, however, any statement will be but an approximation towards the truth, and undoubtedly it is rare that any one of these above-named "causes" constantly and alone is the producer of the disease. They run over long spaces of time, insidiously working upon and vitiating the springs of health. Now one of them may be prominent, and again another;

and on still other occasions many of them may be combined. Imperfect as human beings are and always will be, no one, even with the best intentions, ever has been, or ever will be, immaculate or perfectly accurate in carrying out the best devised plan for procuring sturdy health. No one can feel more keenly than we do the imperfect nature of the sketches we have given. Nevertheless we give them, at the request of others, as the *pith* of our third of a century's experience in professional life; and, in what is called now the *quaint style* of the fathers of medicine, who wrote centuries ago, we humbly hope that God's perennial blessing may go with them, as far as in them we have spoken the exact truth.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

THERE is a constant joy that I have found
 On upland pastures in the light of noon,
 Far from a human face or human sound,
 That I could tell of, if I were a bee
 Like this one who goes booming toward the sea,
 Making the most of summers gone so soon,
 And passing on life's way melodiously.

There is an ecstasy that I have known,
 Among the shadows of green arching things,
 That I could breathe if I had only grown
 In fragrant beauty, like this brier-rose,
 Which lowly lives, and wholly unpraised blows;
 Cheering the bright world where the robin sings,
 And only this one simple duty knows.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISH RITUALIST.

WHAT is the scope, what are the aims and objects, the present influences and probable results, of that great religious movement which is so rapidly gaining ground in England?

Ritualism, as it is commonly called, Sacramentalism, as it is termed by its votaries, presents the somewhat unusual aspect of a revival of religious feelings and practices which is not evanescent in character, but which, on the contrary, gathers strength from day to day. It has assumed such proportions as to render it unwise any longer to treat it as a bugbear; it certainly is thoughtless to speak of it as a fiasco.

In many parts of England Ritualism has so thoroughly undermined the ordinary religious currents of society that it has wellnigh produced a convulsion. It has parted friends, it has disunited families; stormy meetings have been held, advocating its suppression; bodies of rioters have sacked churches, attacked the houses of the priests, and openly insulted and ill-treated many inoffensive persons in the streets, simply because they were Ritualists. For many months during the year 1867 the church services were disturbed Sunday after Sunday, and the congregations were obliged to be protected by large bodies of police. Lengthy and excited debates on this subject have taken place in Parliament, which ended in the appointment of a mixed commission of inquiry, with the imposing title of "The Royal Commission on Ritual." This commission held innumerable sittings, to which were cited all the principal exponents of Sacramental doctrines and ritual practices throughout the United Kingdom. The different commissioners propounded no less than four thousand and two questions, which elicited a vast and curious mass of information. They issued a lengthy report, which, so far from leading to any

suppression of ritual, gave it an immense impetus, inasmuch as the greater part of the practices of the Ritualists were proved, in the course of the inquiry, to be legal, and in accordance with the rubrics of the Church of England as expressed in the Book of Common Prayer. Many priests, who had not introduced ritual into their services because they hesitated as to its actual legality, did so on the Sunday following the issue of the report. As a last resource, the Low Church party appealed to the powers of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and instituted a legal process against Father Mackonochie of St. Alban's, London, one of the most advanced Ritualists of the day. This prosecution, involving law expenses to the amount of thirty thousand pounds, utterly failed in its main points, and the judge himself openly expressed his sympathy with the defendants.

Strengthened rather than subdued by this unceasing opposition, Ritualism holds its own, gaining many converts from the publicity thus given to its teachings, and much negative support, from that large class of persons who have an antipathy to anything like control over freedom of opinion. The Ritualists have now at least sixty churches in London and its suburbs, besides many mission chapels and mission rooms; and it is estimated that there are no less than one million and a half avowed supporters of the movement in the United Kingdom. This is a considerable proportion of the church-going population; too large a body to be put down by public clamor, too powerful and too influential from the amount of wealth and education among its members to be lightly esteemed. They are prepared to fight any amount of battles in the law courts, but steadily refuse to submit to retrospective parliamentary legislation, as

subversive of the ordination vows of the clergy; and, taking their stand on the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, declare their readiness to be judged by them, and by them only.

This religious movement, however, is by no means confined to England. It has penetrated into Presbyterian Scotland, it has insinuated itself into Roman Catholic Ireland, it has broken out in Canada, Australia, and the Bahama Islands; the newly appointed bishops of Calcutta, Dunedin in New Zealand, and the Orange River Free State in Africa, are all avowed Ritualists, and will not only bring their own personal influence to bear on their respective dioceses, but will be backed up by all the moral support of their friends at home; and lastly, what concerns the American people most, it has reached the shores of the United States.

Many agencies have combined to revive Sacramentalism, of which Ritualism is merely the outward exponent, and to promote its growth. The violent changes attending the great Protestant reformation of the sixteenth century resulted in an ultra-Puritanism which Ritualists believe is foreign to the nature of the great bulk of the English people. From this ultra-Puritanism a reaction, sooner or later, was inevitable; and it was undoubtedly delayed, first, by the suspected Papish proclivities of the Stuarts; secondly, by the German free-thinking tendencies of the House of Hanover, and the sad example in matters of religion of all the sovereigns of that house, except of George III.

The first symptoms of a general reaction showed themselves thirty years ago in the writings of the Tractarians. It was in "Tracts for the Times" that Sacramental doctrines were first promulgated with any success since the Reformation; but it is only within the last ten years that they have made such great strides, gained so many adherents, and attracted such general attention, giving birth to the so-called Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church.

The supporters of this movement declared at its commencement their earnest conviction that a due and reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist is the central act of divine worship, and avowed their intention to devote their talents, their energies, and their lives to the promotion of its restoration to its proper position in the services of the Church. To this end they revived the rubrical Ritual, which had been allowed to remain so long in abeyance, inculcating Catholic practices of a highly devotional character, which have never been expunged from the canon law, and which, being innocent in themselves, ought certainly not to be included among the errors of the Church of Rome. They thought, moreover, that Catholic practices might tend to bring about some approach to Catholic unity, an object which they had very much at heart; and in this hope they have dropped the distinctive appellation of Protestant, and now call themselves Catholics.

But they give another reason for dropping this word Protestant, and one which seems very fair, namely, that the Anglican Church has existed on the basis of its own foundations for three hundred years, and should, if it is to remain a distinctive communion, rest on its own merits, and not solely on its protest against the Church of Rome.

They also maintain that a more ornate form of worship has a decided influence in bringing the poorer and less educated classes to church; and they point to their great success among the poor, in this respect, as a proof of the truth of their assertion. This success is certainly a great plea in favor of Ritualism; although, to some extent, allowance must be made, in speaking of this increased attendance, for the fact that all the seats in their churches are free, and that all fees are absolutely declined, from rich and poor alike; in the case of baptism, because they will not traffic in the sacraments; in the case of other services, because they will not allow any distinction between the rich and the poor. Nevertheless, the

getting them there at all is a great result to have attained.

Following the example of their Roman brethren, the Ritualistic clergy live for and entirely among their poor; and this is one great element in their success, one great source of the power they have obtained and are daily obtaining.

Their work among the poor has been immense. They have built stately churches, with most magnificent and costly interiors, for their especial use, in all parts of the country. They have established and kept up by their own exertions no less than fifty-seven homes for sick and aged persons; nine general and convalescent hospitals; two hospitals for incurables; ten missions to fallen women; twenty-seven penitentiaries for fallen women who wish to train themselves for better things; twenty-four brotherhoods and guilds; forty-one sisterhoods; and nineteen associations for general religious purposes. The homes, the hospitals, and the penitentiaries are all managed by sisters detailed from their respective convents for that purpose. These brotherhoods and sisterhoods are an immense help to the clergy. They nurse the sick poor in their own houses, distribute just a sufficiency of relief to enable them to exist, without encouraging idleness; they manage the day, night, infant, and Sunday schools; manage the savings banks, institutes for youths, workingmen's clubs, maternal societies, parish libraries, reading-rooms, clothing clubs, burjal societies, penny readings, &c., &c., and thus enable the clergy to concentrate their energies on the spiritual work of their parishes. One priest, Father Wagner of Brighton, has built one magnificent church and four smaller ones in his district at his own personal cost; he keeps six curates to aid him in his work; he has a sisterhood, a penitentiary for fallen women, a home for aged people, a hospital, a convalescent home, and an orphanage; all of which works are carried on with funds mainly from his own resources. And yet this man,

who devotes the whole of his large fortune to such objects as these, and whose private life is extraordinary in its simplicity and saintly character, has often been hooted through the streets of Brighton, has been set upon by brutal gangs of ruffians, and at one time could not leave his house without endangering his life, — and all because he is a Ritualist; on one occasion he would certainly have been seriously injured, if not killed outright, had it not been for the timely interference of some gentlemen who came up, and who were themselves seriously mauled in the encounter. Some of these wretches actually proposed to burn him as Guy Fawkes on the following 5th of November. When the Church of St. Michael and All Angels was first opened in Shoreditch, some of the sisters were hooted, stoned, and actually fired at in the streets. Father Stuart had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. He devoted the whole of it to the good of others. He obtained a district, and built a splendid church and schools in one of the worst parts of London, only leaving himself an income for life of one hundred and fifty pounds. He lives in two small rooms without carpeting, and has only an old housekeeper to attend to his personal wants; still he is cheerful, happy as a king, and works, indefatigably.

But these are only examples of that spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which pervades the whole body of the Ritualistic clergy and laity. Many of them occupy rooms in those enormous model lodging-houses for the poor which it is now the fashion to erect in the more thickly populated districts of the great towns in England. They seldom go into society, but, when they do join in social gatherings, they are cheerful, genial, and universal favorites. They are, however, mostly unable and unwilling to spare the time for such purposes, having, besides the care of the poor, to attend to the services of the church. They have a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Matins, and Evensong, every day of the week, with

two celebrations on saints' days and holy days, and the Litany on Wednesday and Friday. On Sunday they have three celebrations,—the first at six o'clock, the second at eight, and high service at half past eleven; Matins at half past ten, Litany, with public catechizing of the children in church, at half past three, and Evensong at seven. Baptism is administered during any service, Sunday and week-day, with the exception of the celebration. Private baptisms in church never take place. For, besides upholding the fitness of public administration as a great Catholic principle, the clergy will not allow so obvious a distinction to be drawn between the rich and the poor man's child. The clergy live in the most homely way, and set a lively example to their flocks by rigidly carrying out in their own private lives what they publicly preach. It is no unusual circumstance for them to receive large pecuniary support from persons who, though disagreeing with their Ritual practices, cannot help admiring their devotion, energy, and self-denial, and, acknowledging the great work they have accomplished in persuading the poor to make religion an every-day practice, and not to use it as a Sunday garment which is carefully put away for the remainder of the week.

There are some works carried on by these sisterhoods, brotherhoods, and guilds which excite considerable attention and sympathy among all classes and all creeds in England,—works which speak for themselves as to the amount of good they do.

In case of illness, where the sick person is too ill to be moved, or is unable to obtain admission to one of the hospitals (they sometimes have to wait for weeks, in consequence of the crowded state of the wards), a message is sent to the nearest sisterhood, asking assistance. A sister is despatched by the next train to act as nurse, and to assist in taking care of the children, if it is the mother who is ill. If she finds, on her arrival, that the common necessities of a sick-room, such as medicine,

gruel, arrowroot, tea, and brandy, are wanting, or that proper medical attendance has not been called in from want of means to pay for them, she immediately provides what is wanted, and telegraphs to the Mother Superior for further instructions. She remains till the patient either recovers or dies, or until his removal to the hospital, head nurse, head servant, and at every one's disposal. The comfort of such a nurse to a sick poor man is very great; and the wife, by having some one to sit up with her husband at night, is enabled to get that night's rest which is necessary to fit her for the next day's work.

When a man meets with that most terrible of all calamities to the poor, the loss of his wife, and has to face the difficulty of bringing up unaided a large family of young children, perhaps the youngest an infant, the sisters come to his help, and remove the younger children, baby and all, to their convent nursery. They take care of them till they are old enough to go to school while the father is at work, he contributing a small weekly sum to their maintenance and clothing expenses. This does away with the necessity of the father marrying again, so often the cause of future misery to himself and his children. His little ones are accessible to him at all times, and he can remove them at a minute's notice. Three or four years ago, a sister who was working among the dens of Whitechapel inquired of a man who had just lost his wife what had become of his child. This poor drunkard actually confessed that he had pawned him to buy drink. The child was of course immediately taken out of pawn, and the sister gave the man thirty shillings to surrender all claim on the boy. This little fellow has lived with the sisters ever since, and may be often seen, in his little cassock and surplice, taking his part in the service at the mission church close by. He is a bright, cheerful boy, and his looks tell how he has been cared for.

Another great institution that confers endless benefits on the poor is the

day nursery. A woman with a young baby has a chance of a day's work, either washing or house-cleaning, which will enable her to add to the weekly money just enough to make that all-important difference between existence and comfort. On her way to her work she takes her baby to the day nursery, where several sisters are in attendance from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, and calls for it again on her return home. All round the room where these little things are kept are ranges of cribs and cradles, in which they are regularly put to bed at the proper time. There is every appliance for washing, bathing, and dressing them, every description of infantile food and medicines, and the floor is scattered with innumerable toys for their amusement. It is curious to see all these little ones tumbling happily about on the floor, and very gratifying to see the motherly care of them displayed by the sisters.

Of all the numerous organizations managed by the brotherhoods and guilds, none have been more thoroughly successful, or exercised a beneficial influence in so many ways, as the workingmen's clubs. It has been urged that these clubs are open to the objection of drawing men from their homes and families when their work is over, and consequently that they must do harm. But there are times when a workingman is best away from home, — times when, if he remained at home, he would be in the way; for instance, when the family washing and ironing is going on, or that particular evening in the week on which all the children are put into the tub; and there are times when he *will* be away, and, unless there is such a place as the club to go to, he is certain to be found in the public-house. Moreover, experience has shown that the beneficial influences brought to bear upon men in the club have a tendency to make them value and love their homes more, to take an interest in their improvement and the promotion of greater comfort for their families.

The workingman's club generally consists of two large rooms, which are airy, well-lighted, cheerful, scrupulously clean, and in winter warmed with huge roaring fires. The furniture consists of large, comfortable, wooden arm-chairs; one large, plain wooden table in the middle of the room, which is covered with newspapers and periodicals; two separate tables for writing, with the necessary materials, and several smaller ones scattered about the room, on which are placed draught-boards, chessmen, backgammon-boards, dominos, and other such harmless games. There are generally a few shelves, on which are kept a small number of books likely to be useful to a workingman; such as a dictionary, a good standard History of England, a guide to London, a railway guide, books on window gardening, poultry and rabbit keeping, &c., and works bearing on different trades and manufactures, together with a carefully selected collection of lighter reading. In another part of the room there is a small counter where newspapers, magazines, stationery, photographs, cheap prints, &c., and a small stock of books of a good but inexpensive character are sold at cost price. This is a very valuable accessory to club-work, as it tends to check the sale of that low and immoral class of literature which is to be found in the cheap book-stalls around the houses of the poor. At the end of the room there is a small bar, where any man, if he chooses, can purchase tea and coffee, bread and cheese, or butter, biscuits, tobacco, and pipes at cost price. No beer or spirit is allowed. The daily newspapers are collected every day at five o'clock from different supporters of the club by one of the brothers of the guild detailed for that purpose. They are of all shades of opinion. The magazines and periodicals are forwarded by friends to the honorary secretary of the club, as soon as they have read them.

Two or three of the guildsmen put in an appearance at the club every evening. They smoke a pipe with the men,

play at chess with one, at dominos with another, or discuss the news of the day with two or three others. They assume a position of perfect equality with them, and endeavor by kindness of manner to do away with any feeling of restraint that might otherwise be engendered in the minds of the members. The local clergy will sometimes drop in for an hour, shaking hands with one and another, asking after this man's wife or that man's child, and showing the men that they take an interest in their every-day life, as well as in their spiritual welfare.

On Saturday the club holds what is termed a free-and-easy. A president for the evening is chosen among the men, reading and games are put aside, and all draw around the large centre-table, or in the winter around the fire. On this one evening of the week the bar supplies at cost price one pint of the very best English porter to each man present. When all are seated, and pipes replenished, the president sings a song, generally one with a rousing chorus, and calls on every one in turn either to sing, tell a story, ask a riddle, or do anything he pleases likely to contribute to the general amusement. General though harmless merriment ensues, and the club spends a pleasant evening without spending any money, and without the usual Sunday-morning headache. The clergy do not appear at the free-and-easies. In the room up stairs more serious work is being carried on. This is the club school-room. Here those who are willing to receive instruction may learn to read and write, and have the opportunity of studying books likely to improve them in their trade, apart from the noise and bustle of the general room. Members of these clubs have sometimes attributed the power to earn increased wages to the facilities for study provided for them in the school-rooms.

These clubs, however, think it is unfair that the men should derive the sole benefit from them, so once a month they give an entertainment to the wives

and daughters of the members. These entertainments, if carefully arranged and sufficiently varied, are one of the most popular elements in the working of the club. A very small expenditure will provide an exhibition of dissolving-views, a magic-lantern, or a conjurer. Readings from amusing books or recitations of poetry are always well received; sometimes, for a change, a series of short biographies of men of the times, or descriptions of foreign travel, have been tried with success; and during the pauses some of the guildsmen come forward and sing a solo, or one or two glees, or give a performance on a musical instrument. Lectures on dry subjects must be studiously avoided, remembering that the audience have come to be amused, and not for the purpose of study. It has been found that an address from a well-known popular lecturer will not draw half so many from their homes as an announcement that one of the guildsmen is to read the "Trial Scene" in Pickwick.

Once in every year, on the anniversary of the opening of the club, a grand supper is given. This is a costly and great undertaking, taxing all the resources of such an establishment, but it is wonderfully popular. With a little help from friends and good management, supper, consisting of roast and boiled meat with vegetables, pastry, and a pint of beer for each man, can be provided for eighteen-pence each; and it is certainly worth the money expended, for somehow or other these meetings do conduce greatly to the good-fellowship and well-being of the club. There are only two rules of importance in force in the clubs: first, that the subscription to the club be eightpence a month, payable in advance; secondly, that no drinking, betting, gambling, swearing, or foul language be tolerated. Any member infringing this latter rule is debarred from using the club for one week; on the second offence he is suspended for one month; on the third offence he is expelled the club altogether, and a notice is placed over

the mantel-piece of the general room, declaring his expulsion and the cause which led to it. Two excellent proofs of the beneficial influence of these clubs on workingmen may be adduced. One is, that the organizers of them are repeatedly thanked in the most hearty manner by the wives for establishing them; they declaring that their husbands are totally different men, and that they have more money to spend at home. The other is, that the keepers of the neighboring pot-houses declare that the workingmen's clubs ruin their business.

It may not be out of place here to give some few extracts from the official minutes of the evidence given before The Royal Commission on Ritual, previously alluded to; an inquiry which resulted in the conviction, with a large portion of the English people, that the practices of the Ritualists were within the letter of the rubrics, and in the promulgation to the world of the greatness and extent of their work as compared with that of the Low Church party.

"Rev. George Cosby White called in and examined.

"*Ques.* What is the population of your district?

"*Ans.* The population of the district at this moment I believe to be verging upon six thousand.

"*Ques.* What number of clergymen are there in the parish, ministering?

"*Ans.* Five.

"*Ques.* What is the amount of your offertory every year?

"*Ans.* From £1,200 to £1,300.

"*Ques.* What is the largest number of communicants you have had on Easter day?

"*Ans.* We had 734 last Easter-day.

"*Ques.* Your general congregations, then, have a large mixture of poor?

"*Ans.* A very large mixture of poor.

"*Ques.* Are they your own poor?

"*Ans.* Our own poor.

"*Ques.* Do you think your services have tended to attract the poor?

"*Ans.* I think they have, very decidedly."

"Rev. Benjamin Webb called in and examined.

"*Ques.* How many are there in your district?

"*Ans.* Between five and six thousand.

"*Ques.* Will you state the amount you receive from the offertory collections in the course of the year?

"*Ans.* About £2,500.

"*Ques.* In addition to that, are there any subscriptions for parochial purposes, schools, and the like?

"*Ans.* Yes, very large."

"Rev. George Megee called and examined.

"*Ques.* Can you trace any distinct effect upon the poor of your parish from your changing the services from the high choral to the vestmented service?

"*Ans.* No, I can trace no effect but what is for the better; I cannot see any deterioration.

"*Ques.* I did not ask good or bad, but can you trace any effect?

"*Ans.* I think the whole tone of my parish has been raised. I have every reason to believe that drunkenness, which in my parish was proverbial on Sunday, and the non-church-going spirit, which formerly existed, have disappeared. The fashion in my parish now is to go to church. Certainly, results as regards numbers would prove that."

Mr. Megee continued by remarking that the dissenting chapel in his parish is shut up, "the proprietor of that chapel being in my choir at the present moment, and being one of my chief supporters."

"Rev. William James Early Bennett called in and examined.

"*Ques.* Do you believe that your course of ministration, the ornate services which you have adopted for several years, has had a tendency to drive people into the Roman Communion or to keep them out of it?

"*Ans.* It has had a tendency to keep them in the English Church."

"Mr. Christian Clark Spiller, churchwarden for four years of St. Alban's, Holborn, called in and examined.

"*Ques.* I have been informed that many persons who have been Dissenters have now become regular attendants at St. Alban's Church. Can you say whether that is or is not the case from your own knowledge?"

"*Ans.* Well, I cannot say that; but I know this very well, that, if it had not been for St. Alban's Church, hundreds would have gone over."

"*Ques.* Gone over to where?"

"*Ans.* Gone to the Roman Catholic Church."

Is it not wise, then, to inquire what are the peculiar doctrines and practices of these men? Their system is now being introduced here; and although it has not reached that high development in this country which it has in England, it is only because the æsthetic eye and mind of the American people are not yet sufficiently educated to bear it. But we are told that its time will come, and that before very long. A short sketch of the mode in which their services are conducted will perhaps be interesting.

At the time of high celebration, the altar-lights having been previously lighted, the credence-table properly arranged, and the service-books laid on the altar, the procession enters the church from the sacristy, headed by the crucifer, followed by the thurifers, swinging incense, and the taper-bearers; then come the general body of the choir, carrying beautiful and costly banners of the cross, the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin, and the patron saint of the church; and finally the deacon, sub-deacon, and celebrant, in their respective sacrificial vestments.* They pass down the south and up the centre aisles, chanting the processional. On reaching the chancel, the choir take their seats in the choir-stalls, the priests

standing at the altar step. The Introit is then sung, and at its termination the celebrant proceeds to the pace step of the altar and commences the ante-communion office. During the singing of the Nicene Creed, at the words "He was made man" all devoutly kneel, and at its termination reverently bless themselves with the sign of the cross. All ecclesiastical announcements are then made, banns of marriage published, and the sub-deacon proceeds to deliver the sermon, either from the altar step or from the pulpit, attended by the crucifer, who holds the crucifix over the priest during the entire address, which he commences with an invocation of the Trinity, when all again cross themselves. The sermon ended, the offertory is collected; during the singing of the offertory sentences, the elements are reverently brought from the credence-table to the altar, on which they are placed with the alms. The prayer for the Church Militant is then intoned, and the actual celebration commences.

During the giving of the absolution the congregation prostrate themselves to receive its benefits with due humility, and, when it is ended, again cross themselves. The altar, priests, and the elements and sacred vessels are then incensed, preparatory to the great sacerdotal act of consecration; the *Veni Creator* is sung, and the priest recites in a low voice the prayer of consecration. At the words, "This is my body," "This is my blood," he respectively elevates the paten and chalice, the deacon, sub-deacon, choir, and congregation prostrating themselves in adoration; at the same time the church-bell is tolled, to enable those who are sick at home to join in the adoration. The *Agnus Dei*, or prayer of adoration

* (1.) Crucifer: carries the processional crucifix, which is about seven feet high; vested in scarlet cassock and zucchetto and cotta (a kind of short surplice reaching to the hips, with a broad edging of lace at the bottom and the ends of the sleeves). (2.) Thurifers: one swings the censer, the other carries the incense-boat from which he replenishes the censer; vested in scarlet cassocks, and zucchetts, albs, and girdles. (3.) Taper-bearers: vested same as

crucifer. (4.) Choir-boys: vested in scarlet cassocks, with plain surplices reaching to the knee. (5.) Choir-men: vested in black, violet, or brown cassocks, with plain surplice, reaching to the knee. (6.) Sub-deacon: vested in cassock, alb, amice, tunic, and berretta. (7.) Deacon: vested in cassock, alb, amice, stole, maniple, dalmatic, and berretta. (8.) Celebrant: vested in cassock, alb, girdle, amice, stole, maniple, chasuble, and berretta.

to the Saviour, spiritually present in the consecrated elements, is then sung, all still remaining prostrate. The priest then communicates himself and the few who are compelled to communicate at High Mass, and proceeds with the post-communion office. The Gloria in Excelsis having been chanted, the benediction given, and the remaining elements consumed, the deacon and subdeacon assist the celebrant in the ablutions. The pall and corporal are then carefully folded and placed in the burse, the procession is formed in the same order as on entering, and slowly retires, singing the Nunc Dimittis as a recessional.

Father Morrill, the incumbent of St. Alban's, purports to be the principal exponent of Sacramental doctrines and Ritualistic practices in the city of New York. But though there is much to be commended in the services of that church, there are, nevertheless, some cardinal points of Catholic practice of which he is either ignorant or neglectful.

There is a general insufficiency of services at his church, culminating in the absence of an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and its natural consequence, a large body of unfasted communicants at the High Celebration. Why do many members of the congregation insist on making genuflections to the altar, when there is nothing whatever on it to which to genuflect? for they have no reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps they have never had the true meaning and object of a genuflection properly explained to them. Again, a large number of the congregation remain seated during some of the most solemn portions of the Eucharistic Service, and leave the church before the consumption of the remaining elements and the ablutions of the sacred vessels, — both of which are strictly enjoined in the rubrics; and, as a matter of course, the office is incomplete till they have taken place. To the uninitiated these points may seem trivial and unimportant, but to the sincere Ritualist they are most material. If Father Morrill's congrega-

tion heartily and sincerely accept the sacramental doctrines of the Holy Eucharist, they are undoubtedly guilty of great and reprehensible irreverence by such actions as these. If they do not, the sooner Ritual is discontinued in that church the better; for without the acceptance of these doctrines it is a mere meaningless mummerly.

It is a great error, though a very common one, to suppose that the peculiar aspirations of the Ritualists are centred in a green stole or a violet chasuble, altar lights, and altar linen. These æsthetic accessories of ceremonials are only valued as the formal outward expression of great doctrinal teachings. The Ritualists therefore insist upon their desirability, if not of their necessity, saying: —

First: That they are the safeguards of the sacraments, that they may be rightly and duly administered, and not endangered, either in respect of matter or form, by the chances of negligence or indevotion.

Secondly: That they are the expressions of doctrine, and witnesses to the sacramental system of the Catholic religion.

Thirdly: That they are habitual and minute acts of love to Him who so loved us; for love is shown not only in the doing of some great thing, in the performance of some august rite in the very presence of God, but also in an affectionate, reverent, and pious care in even the smallest details of the service of the sanctuary, — marks of love to our Blessed Lord in the performance of divine service generally, and of dread and binding obligation in what so concerns the essence of the sacraments.

Fourthly: There are securities for respect, by promoting God's glory in the eyes of men, and also in serving to put the priest in remembrance of him whom he serves, and whose he is.

In fact, the whole system and force of Ritual is concentrated on the proper and reverent administration of the Holy Eucharist as the central act of divine worship, and a fit and devout adoration of the real spiritual presence of

the body and blood of our Saviour, invoked into the elements of bread and wine by sacerdotal power, derived from the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands.

The sacramental doctrine of the Ritualists differs materially from that of Transubstantiation which is taught in the Roman Communion, and should in no wise be confounded with it. It is not a difference in degree, but a directly opposed theory. A comparative digest of the two doctrines was embodied in a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, dated 30 May, 1867, and signed by the leading Ritualistic clergy on behalf of their brethren. It is given in its entirety, as being a specific and binding declaration of their teachings.

"(1.) We repudiate the opinion of a 'corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood,'—that is to say, of the presence of his body and blood as they 'are in heaven'; and the conception of the mode of his presence, which implies the physical change of the natural substances of the bread and wine, commonly called 'Transubstantiation.'

"We believe that in the Holy Eucharist, by virtue of the consecration, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the body and blood of our Saviour Christ, 'the inward part, or thing signified,' are present really and truly, but spiritually and ineffably, under 'the outward visible part or sign,' or 'form of bread and wine.'

"(2.) We repudiate the notion of any fresh sacrifice, or any view of the eucharistic sacrificial offering, as of something apart from the one all-sufficient sacrifice and oblation on the cross, which alone 'is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual,' and which alone is meritorious.

"We believe that, as in heaven Christ, our great high-priest, ever offers himself before the eternal Father, pleading by his presence his sacrifice of himself, once offered on the cross; so on earth, in the Holy Eucharist, that

same body, once for all sacrificed for us, and that same blood, once for all shed for us, sacramentally present, are offered and pleaded before the Father by the priest, as our Lord ordained to be done in remembrance of himself, when he instituted the blessed sacrament of his body and blood.

"(3.) We repudiate all 'adoration' of 'the sacramental bread and wine,' which would be 'idolatry'; regarding them with the reverence due to them because of their sacramental relation to the body and blood of our Lord; we repudiate also all adoration of a 'corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood,' that is to say, of the presence of his body and blood as they 'are in heaven.'

"We believe that Christ himself really and truly, but spiritually and ineffably, present in the sacrament, is therein to be adored.

"Furthermore, in so far as any of the undersigned, repudiating and believing as hereinbefore stated, have used, in whatever degree, a ritual beyond what had become common in our churches, we desire to state that we have done so, not as wishing to introduce a system of worship foreign to the Church of England, but as believing that, in doing so, we act in harmony with the principles and the law of the Church of England, and as using that liberty, which has in such matters been always allowed to her clergy and her people; having at heart the promotion of the glory of God in the due and reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist as the central act of divine worship.

"In making the above statement, we desire expressly to guard ourselves against being supposed to put it forth as any new exposition of the faith; we wish only thus publicly to make known this, our profession of faith, for the quieting of the minds of others, and for the satisfaction of our consciences."

This important declaration of belief was published in answer to accusations brought against the Ritualistic clergy by the organs of the Low Church party, charging them with openly preaching

the sacramental doctrines of the Church of Rome. The doctrine of the real spiritual presence, defended in this memorial, is the key to their whole sacramental system. This is the part of the fortress which their more politic enemies always attack. This is the part which is the chief object of their solicitude, care, and defence. This is the part which they assert is one of their points of necessary departure from the Church of Rome, though many Romanists maintain that it is the first sign of a reapproach to their communion. Here it was that the extreme Protestants, mistaking Ritualism altogether, so utterly failed in their attack; pouring all their anathemas on the outer shell, forgetting that the germ of life was in the kernel.

The difference between the sacramental doctrines enunciated by the Ritualists in their memorial, and those which are taught by the Romanists, is most appreciable. The Ritualists contending that the presence, though actual and real, is only spiritual; the Romanists contending that the presence is of such an absolutely carnal nature that the actual fleshly body in the process of mangifying, as it is termed, — i. e. pressing with the teeth, — produces the actual blood; and they carry this doctrine to such an extent that they declare it inexpedient to administer the blessed sacrament in both kinds to the laity; the one kind, the body, containing necessarily, as they assert, the other kind, the blood.

The Ritualists will certainly never, as a body, become absorbed in the Roman Church. If they should — which God forbid! — be driven by persecution from

the Anglican Church, they will form a communion of their own, fearful as such a schism would be; but they would prefer this dreadful alternative to what they consider is idolatry. Whether mutual concession can ever bring about the reunion of the Western and Eastern churches is a question very interesting to the world at large, though not likely to be settled in the time of the present generation. That very earnest steps are being taken to promote the reunion of Christendom must be evident to any one who studies the signs of the times; and many thoughtful-minded men think that Ritualism may be one means of promoting that object. The great difficulty has always been with the Protestants of all denominations, with whom the Church of Rome has till quite lately refused to hold any intercourse; and it is hoped by many that Ritualism may turn out to be that link of reconnection which is so much to be desired.* If in the course of years, however, it should prove to be a failure, it would undoubtedly conduce to a spread of Romanism, but still more to a spread of Rationalism. But it is difficult to imagine that failure will attend the efforts of a system whose object is to make religion an every-day practice, to promote the glory of God by a more frequent, and more reverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and to raise the workingman to a level of perfect equality with the rich man in the house of God.

* Should Ritualism result in that success which its supporters all look for, a wide-spread increase of Catholicism would follow, not in the narrow-minded sense of the word, which confines it to the Roman Church, but in its proper and more Christian sense of universal.

PROUD MUSIC OF THE SEA-STORM.

I.

PROUD music of the sea-storm!

Blast that careers so free, whistling across the prairies!
 Strong hum of forest tree-tops! wind of the mountains!
 Personified dim shapes! you hidden orchestras!
 You serenades of phantoms, with instruments alert.
 Blending, with Nature's rhythmus, all the tongues of nations;
 You chords left as by vast composers! you choruses!
 You formless, free, religious dances! you from the Orient!
 You undertone of rippling waters, rivers, pouring cataracts;
 You sounds from distant guns, with galloping cavalry!
 Echoes of camps, with all the different bugle-calls!
 Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late, bending me powerless,
 Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber — why have you seized me?

2.

Come forward, O my Soul, and let the rest retire;
 Listen — lose not — it is toward thee they tend;
 Parting the midnight, entering my slumber-chamber,
 For thee they sing and dance, O Soul.

A festival song!
 The duet of the bridegroom and the bride — a marriage-march,
 With joyous voices — lips of love, and hearts of lovers, fill'd to the brim with
 love;
 The red flush'd cheeks, and perfumes — the cortege swarming, full of friendly
 faces, young and old,
 To flutes' clear notes and sounding harps' cantabile.

3.

Now loud approaching drums!
 Victoria! see'st thou in powder-smoke the banners torn but flying? the rout
 of the baffled?
 Hearest those shouts of a conquering army?

(Ah, Soul, the sobs of women — the wounded groaning in agony,
 The hiss and crackle of flames — the blacken'd ruins — the embers of cities,
 The dirge and desolation of mankind.)

4.

Now the great organ sounds,
 Tremulous — while underneath, (as the hid footholds of the earth,
 On which arising, rest, and leaping forth, depend,
 All shapes of beauty, grace and strength — all hues we know,
 Green blades of grass, and warbling birds — children that gambol and play —
 the clouds of heaven above.)
 The strong base stands, and its pulsations intermits not,
 Bathing, supporting, merging all the rest — maternity of all the rest;

And with it every instrument in multitudes,
 The players playing — all the world's musicians,
 The solemn hymns and masses, rousing adoration,
 All passionate love-chants, sorrowful appeals,
 The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,
 And for their solvent setting, Earth's own diapason,
 Of winds and woods and mighty ocean waves;
 A new composite orchestra — binder of years and climes — tenfold renewer,
 As of the far-back days the poets tell — the Paradiso,
 The straying thence, the separation long, but now the wandering done,
 The journey done, the Journeyman come home,
 And Man and Art, with Nature fused again.

5.

Tutti! for Earth and Heaven!
 The Almighty Leader now for me, for once, has signall'd with his wand.

The manly strophe of the husbands of the world,
 And all the wives responding.

The tongues of violins!
 (I think O tongues, ye tell this heart, that cannot tell itself;
 This brooding, yearning heart, that cannot tell itself.)

6.

Ah, from a little child,
 Thou knowest, Soul, how to me all sounds became music;
 My mother's voice, in lullaby or hymn;
 (The voice — O tender voices — memory's loving voices!
 Last miracle of all — O dearest mother's, sister's, voices;)
 The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the long-leav'd corn,
 The measur'd sea-wave beating on the sand,
 The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,
 The wild-fowl's notes at night, as flying low, migrating north or south,
 The psalm in the country church, or mid the clustering trees,
 The fiddler in the tavern — the glee, the long-strung sailor-song,
 The lowing cattle, bleating sheep — the crowing cock at dawn.

7.

Now airs antique and mediæval fill me!
 I see and hear old harpers with their harps, at Welsh festivals;
 I hear the minnesingers, and their lays of love,
 I hear the minstrels, gleemen, troubadours, of the feudal ages.

3.

Above, below, the songs of current lands;
 The German airs of friendship, wine and love,
 The plaintive Irish ballads, merry jigs and dances — English warbles,
 Chansons of France, Scotch tunes — and over all,
 Italia's peerless compositions.

Across the stage, with pallor on her face, yet lurid passion,
 Stalks Norma, brandishing the dagger in her hand.

I see poor crazed Lucia's eyes' unnatural gleam;
Her hair down her back falls loose and dishevell'd.

I see where Ernani, walking the bridal garden,
Amid perfumes of night-roses, radiant, holding his bride by the hand,
Hears the infernal call, the death-pledge of the horn.

To crossing swords, and gray hairs bared to heaven,
The clear, electric base and baritone of the world,
The trombone duo — Libertad forever!

From Spanish chestnut-trees' dense shade,
By old and heavy convent walls, a wailing song,
Song of lost love — the torch of youth and life quench'd in despair,
Song of the dying swan — Fernando's heart is breaking.

Awaking from her woes at last, retriev'd Amina sings;
Copious as stars, and glad as morning light, the torrents of her joy.

(The teeming lady comes!
The lustrous orb — Venus contralto — the blooming mother,
Sister of loftiest gods — Alboni's self I hear.)

9.

I hear those odes, symphonies, operas;
I hear in the *William Tell*, the music of an arous'd and angry people;
I hear Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the *Prophet* or *Robert*;
Gounod's *Faust*, or Mozart's *Don Juan*.

10.

I hear the dance-music of all nations,
The waltz, (some delicious measure, lapsing, bathing me in bliss;)
The bolero, to tinkling guitars and clattering castanets.

I see religious dances old and new,
I hear the sound of the Hebrew lyre,
I see the Crusaders marching, bearing the cross on high, to the martial clang
of cymbals;
I hear dervishes monotonously chanting, interspersed with frantic shouts, as
they spin around, turning always towards Mecca;
I see the rapt religious dances of the Persians and the Arabs;
Again at Eleusis, home of Ceres, I see the modern Greeks dancing,
I hear them clapping their hands, as they bend their bodies,
I hear the metrical shuffling of their feet.

I see again the wild old Corybantian dance, the performers wounding each other;
I see the Roman youth, to the shrill sound of flageolets, throwing and catch-
ing their weapons,
As they fall on their knees, and rise again.

I hear from the Mussulman mosque the muezzin calling;
I see the worshippers within, (nor form, nor sermon, argument, nor word,
But rhapsodes, silent, devout — rais'd, glowing heads — ecstatic faces.)

11.

The instruments, chants, of far-off climes resume themselves,
 The Egyptian harp of many strings,
 The primitive chants of the Nile boatmen;
 The sacred imperial hymns of China,
 To the delicate sounds of the king, (the stricken wood and stone;)
 Or to Hindu flutes, and the fretting twang of the Vina,
 A band of bayaderes.

12.

Now Asia, Africa leave me — Europe, seizing, inflates me;
 To organs huge, and bands, I hear as from vast concourses of voices,
 Luther's strong hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*;
 Rossini's *Stabat Mater dolorosa*;
 Or, floating in some high cathedral dim, with gorgeous color'd windows,
 The passionate *Agnus Dei*, or *Gloria in Excelsis*.

13.

Mighty maestros!
 And you, sweet singers of old lands — Soprani! Tenori!
 To you a new bard, carolling free in the west,
 Obeisant, sends his love.

Such led me thee, O Soul!
 (All senses, shows and objects lead to thee,
 But now it seems to me, sound leads o'er all the rest.)

14.

I hear the annual singing of the children in St. Paul's Cathedral;
 Or, under the high roof of some colossal hall, the symphonies, oratorios of
 Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn;
 The *Creation*, in billows of godhood laves me.

Give me to hold all sounds, (I, madly struggling, cry,
 Fill me with all the voices of the universe,
 Endow me with their throbbings — Nature's also,
 The tempests, waters, winds — operas and chants — marches and dances,
 Utter — pour in — for I would take them all.

15.

Then I woke softly,
 And pausing, questioning awhile the music of my dream,
 And questioning all those reminiscences — the tempest on the sea,
 And all the songs of sopranos and tenors,
 And those rapt oriental dances, of religious fervor,
 And the sweet varied instruments, and the diapason of organs,
 And all the artless plaints of love, and grief and death,
 I said to my silent, curious Soul, out of the bed of the slumber-chamber,
 Come, for I have found the clew I sought so long,
 Let us go forth refresh'd amid the day,
 Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,
 Nourish'd henceforth by our celestial dream.

And I said, moreover,
 Haply, what thou hast heard, O Soul, was not the sound of winds,
 Nor dream of stormy waves, nor sea-hawk's flapping wings, nor harsh scream,
 Nor vocalism of sun-bright Italy,
 Nor German organ majestic—nor vast concourse of voices—nor layers of
 harmonies;
 Nor strophes of husbands and wives—nor sound of marching soldiers,
 Nor flutes, nor harps, nor the different bugle-calls of camps;
 But, to a new rhythmus fitted for thee,
 Poems, vaguely wafted in night air, uncaught, unwritten,
 Which, let us go forth in the bold day, and write.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

"WHAT can I do with my boy? I can afford, and am glad, to give him the best training to be had. I should be proud to have him turn out a preacher or a learned man; but I don't think he has the making of that in him. I want to give him a practical education; one that will prepare him, better than I was prepared, to follow my business or any other active calling. The classical schools and the colleges do not offer what I want. Where can I put him?" Here is a real need and a very serious problem. The difficulty presses more heavily upon the thoughtful American than upon the European. He is absolutely free to choose a way of life for himself and his children; no government leading-strings or social prescriptions guide or limit him in his choice. But freedom is responsibility. Secondly, being thus free, and being also in face of the prodigious material resources of a vast and new territory, he is more fully awake than the European can be to the gravity and urgency of the problem. Thirdly, he has fewer means than any other, except the English parent, of solving the problem to his son's advantage. It is one hundred and thirty years since the first German practical school (*Realschule*) was established, and such schools are now

common. Sixty years ago, in France, the first Napoleon made great changes, mostly useful ones, in methods of education. For more than a generation the government schools of arts and trades, arts and manufactures, bridges and highways, mines, agriculture, and commerce, have introduced hundreds of well-trained young men every year into the workshops, factories, mines, forges, public works, and counting-rooms of the empire. These young men begin as subalterns, but soon become the commissioned officers of the army of industry.

The American people are fighting the wilderness, physical and moral, on the one hand, and on the other are struggling to work out the awful problem of self-government. For this fight they must be trained and armed. No thoughtful American in active life reaches manhood without painfully realizing the deficiencies and shortcomings of his own early training. He knows how ignorance balks and competition overwhelms, but he knows also the greatness of the material prizes to be won. He is anxious to have his boys better equipped for the American man's life than he himself was. It is useless to commend to him the good old ways, the established meth-

ods. He has a decided opinion that there are or ought to be better ways. He will not believe that the same methods which trained some boys well for the life of fifty or one hundred years ago are applicable to his son; for the reason, that the kind of man which he wants his son to make did not exist in all the world fifty years ago. So without any clear idea of what a practical education is, but still with some tolerably distinct notion of what it is not, he asks, "How can I give my boy a practical education?"

Thanks to the experience gained during the last twenty years in this country, it is easier to answer this question than it used to be. Certain experiments have been tried whose collective results are instructive. There have been found many American parents willing to try new experiments even in the irrevocable matter of their childrens' education, so impressed were they with the insufficiency of the established system. It requires courage to quit the beaten paths in which the great majority of well-educated men have walked and still walk. A boy who is brought up in a different way from his peers and contemporaries, with different information, habits, and associations, suffers somewhat both in youth and manhood from the mere singularity of his education, though it may have been better than the common. If it were the custom for all young men, whose parents were able to let them spend one third of the average human span in preparation for the rest, to study Chinese ten years or more; if scraps of Chinese had the same potent effect on the popular imagination as have classical quotations in Parliament, and selections from Plutarch in Congress; if, in short, acquaintance with Chinese were the accepted evidence of having studied till twenty-one or twenty-five years of age before beginning to earn a living,—it might well be matter of serious consideration for a careful parent, whether his son had not better devote the usual number of years to the study of that tongue.

Without a wide-spreading organization, no system of education can have large success. The organization of the American colleges and their connections is extensive and inflexible. Endowed institutions offer teaching at less than its cost. A large number of professors trained in the existing methods hold firm possession, and transmit the traditions they inherited. Then there are the recognized text-books, mostly of exquisite perverseness, but backed by the reputation of their authors and the capital of their publishers. Lastly, the colleges have regular inlets and outlets. They are steadily fed by schools whose masters are inspired by the colleges, and they as regularly feed all the real and all the so-called learned professions.

The new education must also be successfully organized, if it would live. A system of education which attracts no great number of boys, which unites its disciples in no strong bonds of common associations and good-fellowship, and which, after years of trial, is not highly organized with well-graded schools, numerous teachers, good text-books, and a large and increasing body of attached alumni, has no strong hold upon the community in which it exists. Let us see what has been done towards this organization.

We wish to review the recent experience of this country in the attempt to organize a system of education based chiefly upon the pure and applied sciences, the living European languages, and mathematics, instead of upon Greek, Latin, and mathematics, as in the established college system. The history of education is full of still-born theories; the literature of the subject is largely made up of theorizing; whoever reads it much will turn with infinite relief to the lessons of experience. But it should be observed that it is experience in mass, the experience of institutions, the experience of a generation, and not individual experience, which is of value. To have been a schoolmaster or college professor thirty years only too often makes a man an

unsafe witness in matters of education : there are flanges on his mental wheels which will only fit one gauge. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that conservatism is never more respectable than in education, for nowhere are the risks of change greater. Our survey of the institutions which represent the new education in this country will be absolutely impersonal ; the merits of different systems are to be discussed, not the characters or qualifications of the men who have invented, or worked under, these systems. This limitation of the discussion is judicious, from all points of view ; for in no country is so little attention paid by parents and students to the reputation of teachers for genius and deep learning as in our own. Faradays, Rumfords, and Cuviers would get very few pupils here, if their teachings were unmethodical and objectless, — if, in short, they taught under a bad general system. Spasmodic and ill-directed genius cannot compete in the American community with methodical, careful teaching by less inspired men. This American instinct seems, on the whole, to be a sagacious one. Nevertheless, it is only when genius warms and invigorates a wise and well-administered system, that the best conditions are attained.

We must begin our survey with the institutions of highest grade, because from the parent's point of view the higher school necessarily determines in large measure the nature of the lower school, just as the shape, weight, and bearings of a superstructure determine the form and quality of its foundations. The foundation-plan is the last to leave a careful architect's office. In choosing a preparatory school, the careful parent will consider to what it leads ; above all, he will make sure that the school is not an *impasse*. The higher and lower institutions are, indeed, mutually dependent ; if the admission examinations of the colleges and polytechnic schools seem, on the one hand, to sharply define the studies of the preparatory schools ; on the other hand, it is quite as true

that the colleges and advanced schools are practically controlled in their requisitions by the actual state of the preparatory schools. They can only ask for what is to be had. They must accept such preparation as the schools can give.

Institutions which exist only on paper, or which have been so lately organized that their term of actual work is only counted by months, will not be alluded to. The agricultural colleges begotten by Congress are all in this category. A large school can hardly get under way in less than four or five years. Three kinds of institutions or organizations for giving the new education are to be distinguished : the scientific "schools" connected with colleges ; the scientific "courses" organized within colleges ; and the independent "schools" especially devoted to non-classical education. These three organizations will be considered in succession.

The greater part of the "scientific schools" of the United States are connected with colleges. Such are the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard College, the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College, and the School of Mines of Columbia College. Two considerations seemed to justify this connection : first, the natural desire to utilize the libraries, collections, and cabinets of apparatus already belonging to the colleges ; and, secondly, the expectation of engaging the professors of the colleges in the work of the new schools. It was thought that an unnecessary duplication of buildings, equipments, and salaries might thus be avoided. These advantages have been in part realized, but only in part. The scientific schools have needed separate buildings, and to a large extent separate apparatus and separate professorships ; but the college libraries have been a gain to them, and some courses of lectures, delivered to undergraduates of the colleges, have been open to the students of the scientific schools, though not always much resorted to by them. Except at Dartmouth, the aid of the college professors

has been more apparent than real, because, being greatly overtaken with college work, these professors have had little time or energy to spare for the scientific schools.

A decided disadvantage is to be offset against any advantages which the scientific schools may have gained from their association with established colleges. A new system of education, crude, ill-organized, and in good degree experimental, has been brought into direct comparison and daily contact with a well-tried system in full possession of the field. The founding has suffered by comparison with the children of the house. Even where there have been no jealousies about money or influence, and no jarrings about theological tendencies or religious temper, the faculty and students of the scientific school have necessarily felt themselves in an inferior position to the college proper as regards property, numbers, and the confidence of the community. They have been in a defensive attitude. It is the story of the ugly duckling.

An impression prevailed at the outset, that a scientific school was to be a professional school in the same sense as a law or medical school, and that graduates of the colleges would continue their studies in the scientific schools precisely as they do in the schools of law, medicine, and theology. The men who projected the Harvard and Yale schools were evidently under this impression.* Experience has shown that the scientific schools proper are not recruited in this manner to any considerable extent. Between 1846

and 1868 there have appeared on the rolls of the Lawrence Scientific School the names of one hundred and sixty-four persons who had already received some degree or other before they joined the school; but most of these persons remained but a short time in the school. Since the foundation of the school, only twelve graduates of Harvard College have thought it worth their while to take the degree of Bachelor of Science at the Lawrence Scientific School; and only ten other persons have possessed any other degree at the time of receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science. Between 1847 and 1868 there have appeared on the rolls of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts (of which department the Yale Scientific School made the chief part) the names of one hundred and sixty-nine persons who had received a degree of some sort before they joined the school. This number is much more considerable in proportion to the whole number of students than in the Lawrence Scientific School, and requires some explanation. During the greater part of the existence of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, the two departments, or divisions, of engineering and chemistry, together constituting the Yale Scientific School, have made up the bulk of the department, as they have at Harvard. But at Yale there has all along been something else. Instruction of a higher character than that given in the college proper has been steadily offered in the classics, Sanscrit and other Oriental languages, the modern languages, philosophy, his-

* "In the course of the winter of 1846-47 arrangements were made by the government of the University for the organization of an advanced school of science and literature. It is intended that instruction shall be given in this school to graduates and others in the various branches of exact and physical science, and in classical learning."—*Annual Catalogue of Harvard College, for 1847-48*.

In the spring of 1848 this further statement was added: "It has been deemed advisable by the Corporation, for the present, to limit the operations of the school to the Department of Physical and Exact Science."—*Harvard College Catalogue*.

"It has long been felt at Yale College to be important to furnish resident graduates and others with

the opportunity of devoting themselves to special branches of study, either not provided for at present, or not pursued as far as individual students may desire. . . . With the hope of accomplishing this object more fully and satisfactorily, the Corporation . . . in August, 1847, established a new department called the Department of Philosophy and the Arts. . . . The branches intended to be embraced in this department are such as in general are not included under theology, law, and medicine; or, more particularly, mathematical science, physical science, and its application to the arts, metaphysics, philology, literature, and history."—*Annual Catalogue of Yale College, 1847-48*.

The actual addition to the facilities of the College consisted in a laboratory of applied chemistry.

tory, mathematics, and physics. A small number of graduates of Yale and other colleges have each year availed themselves of these opportunities. Exactly how many it is not possible to learn from the annual catalogues, because the students in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts (which included, as a subdivision, the Scientific School) have not always been classified on the catalogue. In some years the discrimination was made. Thus it appears that in

1853-54	there were	3	} such advanced students who already held the degree of A. B.
1854-55	"	"	
1855-56	"	"	
1856-57	"	"	
1857-58	"	"	
1858-59	"	"	
1859-60	"	"	10
1860-61	"	"	8

What was true in these years was doubtless true to a greater or less extent in all. The greater number of persons possessed of degrees when they became members of the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts have been, not members of the scientific school proper, but men who were really taking a post-graduate course of instruction in philology, philosophy, history, or pure science. For the benefit of these persons the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was created in 1860. It is true that, of the 169 persons who held degrees at the time of joining the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, few remained long. Since the foundation of the department, only eight graduates of Yale College have taken the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy; only twelve have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and no other persons have possessed any other degree at the time of receiving these. The other scientific schools have not fared better, in this respect, than those of Harvard and Yale. The Chandler School, at Dartmouth, gave 104 degrees of Bachelor of Science between 1854 and 1864, but not one of these bachelors possessed any other degree. The Columbia School of Mines has received a certain number of Columbia Bachelors of Arts as special students; but as this

school was only founded in 1864, and has undergone material modifications since the start, the average quality of its graduates is yet to be determined.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the anticipations of their founders, it is evident that, as a matter of fact, the scientific schools, as they have been actually conducted, have not attracted college graduates in any considerable number. They have not been professional schools in the same sense as the schools of law, medicine, and theology; nor, speaking generally, have they been schools of higher grade than the colleges, in respect to the average quality of their students. The methods of instruction at some of them have been such as are suitable for advanced students; but the methods have been in advance of the students.

In plan, these scientific schools are not all alike. They agree in requiring no knowledge of Latin and Greek for admission, and in excluding the dead languages from their schemes of instruction, but in many essential respects they differ widely. Thus, the minimum age of admission is eighteen at the Cambridge School, seventeen at the Columbia School, sixteen at the Sheffield School; and fourteen at the Chandler School. The requisites for admission are very various, and the schemes of study and methods of instruction are not the same at any two of these four schools. Each school must be examined by itself.

The history of the development of the Department of Philosophy and the Arts in Yale College is so full of instruction as to justify us in dwelling upon it at some length; it is at once an epitome of the past history of scientific instruction in this country, and a prophecy of its future. The department was established in 1847, at a time when a thrill of aspiration and enthusiasm seems to have run through all the New England colleges. As at Harvard in 1846, and at Columbia in 1864, it was a laboratory of applied chemistry which was really the principal feature of the new scheme; but at Yale, advanced instruc-

tion in philology, philosophy, and pure science, suitable for graduates, was also offered. In the five years from 1847 to 1852 the average annual number of students was only about sixteen. In 1852 a department of engineering was added to the department of chemistry; and a degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was offered to students who remained two years in *either* department, and passed satisfactory examinations in three branches of study within the same department. The two departments of chemistry and engineering were entirely distinct. A student might take the degree in either department without knowing anything of the studies pursued in the other. As there was no examination for admission, and only a narrow, one-sided, two years' course of study in either department, it is not surprising that the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy soon came to be slightly considered; it really stood for very little culture. In the eight years from 1852 to 1860 the average annual number of students was about forty-seven. A slight change for the better occurred in 1858, when candidates for a degree were required to pass an examination in French or German.

Thus far the Yale Scientific School had borne a strong resemblance to what the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge then was, and has always remained; but in 1860 the teachers in the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, dissatisfied with the fruits of their labors, took a great step in advance.

They first systematized the post-graduate instruction in philosophy, philology, and science by offering the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to Bachelors of Arts, Science, or Philosophy, who after two additional years of study should give good evidence of high attainment in two distinct branches of learning. Candidates for this degree, not already Bachelors, were required to pass an admission examination equivalent to that required for the bachelor's degree, the three bachelor degrees taking equal rank. This Doctor's degree has been given thirteen times since 1861.

The existence of this programme of instruction at Yale, unpretentious but genuine, and perseveringly offered to a few real students, taken in connection with the facts, that one hundred and sixty-nine persons possessed of degrees have studied something additional to the ordinary college course in this Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts since its foundation; that one hundred and sixty-four persons possessed of degrees have been members of the Lawrence Scientific School within the same period; that the Columbia School of Mines has received a few persons possessed of degrees; and that young Americans go every year to Europe, in search of better educational facilities than they suppose their own country to afford them,—proves that there is a small but steady demand in the older American communities for instruction higher than that of the ordinary college course, and yet different from that of the law, medical, and theological schools. This legitimate success at Yale, on a really high level, if also on a modest scale, points the way to improvements which ought soon to be made at all the more important American "universities," which will then better deserve their ambitious title.

At the same time, the Yale instructors in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts reorganized completely the Scientific School by constituting, first, a three years' "general course" of studies, embracing mathematics, physical science, modern languages, literature, history, political economy, and commercial law; secondly, a special course in chemistry, which included French, German, English, botany, physical geography, physics, history of the inductive sciences, geology, and logic, besides the chemistry; and, thirdly, a special course in engineering, which included French and German, and lectures upon astronomy, chemistry, physics, mineralogy, and geology, besides the studies which bear most directly upon engineering. These two special courses at first covered but two years; but in 1862 the first year of the general

course was required of all candidates for a degree in the chemical department, besides the two years' special course; and in 1864 a three years' course of study was definitely adopted as the plan of the whole school. Other special departments have since been added to the original ones of chemistry and engineering, but the fundamental plan of the school is essentially unchanged since 1864. A year's course of general studies precedes a two years' course in some one of seven different departments. These departments are chemistry and mineralogy, natural history and geology, engineering, mechanics, agriculture, mining, and a selected course in science and literature. The studies of these seven departments are in large measure common; but there is nevertheless a very decided divergence into different ways at the beginning of the second year of the school, according to the student's bent or to his choice of a profession. Since 1864 every candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy has been required to pass successfully through a three years' course of carefully selected studies,—a generous course, embracing mathematics, English, French, and German, moral, mental, and political philosophy, and history, besides a large variety of scientific subjects. This scheme is of course analogous to that of the common American college, with a large elective element in the last two years. The classics are omitted, the course is only three years long instead of four, and the studies of the last two years have a distinctly practical or professional turn; but there is the same regular course of studies leading to a degree, the same movement by classes, and a range of subjects as extensive as in the common college course. It should be said that, in 1864, the Congressional grant to promote the giving of instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, so wisely given to Yale College by the Connecticut Legislature, began to influence for good the development of the Scientific School.

Another marked change in the policy

of this school deserves attention. Up to 1860 there was no real examination for admission. Anybody, no matter how ignorant, could join the chemical department; and, in the engineering department, some acquaintance with algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry was all that was required. No previous knowledge of chemistry was expected of students entering the laboratory. The Yale school did not differ from the Cambridge school in this respect. In fact, the Lawrence Scientific School had no other requisites for admission than those above mentioned until this year (1868). In 1860 the Yale Scientific School established an examination for admission to any department of the school. This examination comprised arithmetic, algebra, geometry, plane trigonometry, the elements of natural philosophy and chemistry, English grammar, and geography. The same preparation in Latin as for the college proper was also recommended to the candidate for admission to the Scientific School. This admission examination has been but slightly modified since 1860. The history of the United States has been substituted for chemistry, and Latin is about to be insisted upon as a qualification for admission.*

The changes in the Yale school since 1860 have all had one aim, namely, to raise the grade of the school by getting in a better class of students, and then teaching them more and better. The methods of a professional school have been abandoned as unsuitable, and those of a college have been taken up; but the apparent declension is a real elevation. For a loose-jointed, one-sided scheme has been substituted one which is both methodical and comprehensive. It is interesting to see that the improvement has been appreciated. The average annual number of students in the period from 1847 to 1852 was sixteen; in the period from

* "... Although this [Latin] is not yet required as a condition for admission, it will probably be so at an early day." — *Catalogue* of 1864-65. "... And, after the examination of 1868, some proficiency in Latin will be included among the requisites for admission." — *Catalogue* of 1867-68.

1852 to 1860 it was forty-seven, but the average attendance was largest in the earlier years of this period; since 1860 the annual number of students has steadily risen from thirty-eight, the number of that year, to one hundred and twenty-two in 1867-68. Nineteen teachers now take an active part in the work of instruction. Every legitimate effort is made to carry as many students as possible through the regular course, and bring them up to the standard fixed by the examination for the degree. Effort in this direction is needed; for numbers of students resort to the school for brief periods, to their own injury and that of the school. Since the foundation of the school, only one hundred and twenty-eight degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy have been given.

The Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge is, and always has been, what the Yale school also was at first,—a group of independent professorships, each with its own treasury and its own methods of instruction. The several departments are so distinct that the student in one department has no necessary connection with any other. Each student is, as it were, the private pupil of some one of the professors, and the other professors are no more to him than if they did not exist. The pupils of the professor of chemistry, the pupils of the professor of engineering, the pupils of the professor of comparative anatomy, and at rare intervals a pupil in mineralogy or botany, make up the school. The assistants in the Museum of Zoölogy help to swell the number of students enrolled in the annual catalogue. There is no common discipline, and no general course of co-ordinated studies which all candidates for any degree must pass through. A young man who has studied nothing but chemistry, or nothing but engineering, and who is densely ignorant of everything else, may obtain the sole degree given by the school,—that of Bachelor of Science. There appears never to have been any examination for admission, except that some knowledge of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry

has been required, before a student could join the department of engineering. It has been the practice to receive students into the chemical laboratory without requiring any previous knowledge of chemistry, or indeed of anything else. Nominally, students have not been admitted until they were eighteen years of age, but practically this rule has proved quite elastic. The degree of Bachelor of Science can be obtained in any one department by residing at least one year at Cambridge, and passing the examination of that single department. This examination has usually been passed after a residence of from eighteen to thirty months. This system, or, rather, lack of system, might do for really advanced students in science, for men in years and acquired habits of study,—in fact, the school has been of great service to a score or two of such men,—but it is singularly ill adapted to the wants of the average American boy of eighteen. The range of study is inconceivably narrow; and it is quite possible for a young man to become a Bachelor of Science without a sound knowledge of any language, not even his own, and without any knowledge at all of philosophy, history, political science, or of any natural or physical science, except the single one to which he has devoted two or three years at the most.*

The annual number of students in the Lawrence Scientific School, thus composed of five or six distinct departments, has fluctuated irregularly between a maximum of eighty (in 1854-55) and a minimum of forty-nine (in 1867-68). The average annual attendance may be said to have been sixty-four,—the majority being students of engineering. Of this number only very few entered more than one department, and but a small proportion remained long enough in the school to finish satisfactorily even that course of study. In fifteen years (1851-65 inclusive)

* While this article is in press the Harvard College Catalogue for 1868-69 has appeared. There are changes for the better in the Scientific School; but they are not of a fundamental character.

only one hundred and forty-six degrees of Bachelor of Science were given.

The two schools thus far considered are the oldest scientific schools, connected with colleges, in the country, and they have had the prestige of connection with the two leading colleges in the United States. Their experience has been various, and is of great value for the guidance of new enterprises.

In 1852 the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth College was founded. The age of admission was put at fourteen; and the requisites for admission were very low, being little more than a decent grammar-school training. A regular course of studies, covering three years, and ending in a degree of Bachelor of Science, was laid down at the start, and was extended to four years in 1857. It must be confessed that the humble starting-point of the course necessarily lowers the character of the whole; but, nevertheless, the range of studies is considerable. English, French, and German, mathematics, the elements of several sciences, and sundry subjects in history, philosophy, and logic, make part of the course. The fourth year is the only one which presents any elective elements; it is divided into a course for civil engineering, a commercial course, and a general course. Up to 1864 the average annual number of students in the Chandler Scientific School was less than forty. Since that year it has materially increased, reaching sixty-three in 1867-68. Dartmouth College has lately received two gifts which will materially add to its resources, and enable it to elevate the character of its scientific instruction. Sylvanus Thayer, Brigadier-General of Engineers, U. S. A., has given the college fifty thousand dollars as a foundation for a school of architecture and engineering; and the New Hampshire Legislature has wisely transferred to the college the Congressional grant in aid of technical instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts.

The Chandler Scientific School has labored under the serious disadvantage

of having too intimate a connection with the college proper. It has borne another name, and offered instruction of a lower character than that of Dartmouth College. It cannot be said to have had a distinct faculty. Some of the teachers in the college have given a part of their time to the subordinate course. It has been distinctly in a position of inferiority.

The Columbia School of Mines was founded in 1864, with a somewhat narrower scope than the schools thus far described. Its object was to give instruction in those branches of science which relate to mining and metallurgy; and, perhaps unintentionally, it held out to persons engaged in mining and metallurgical enterprises the hope that graduates of the school would be competent forthwith to conduct works, whether new or old.*

It was doubtless intended to suggest that the three years' course of study laid out in the school programme would give an adequate preliminary training to young men, who, after some years of experience in actual works, would become competent to conduct mining and metallurgical enterprises. It is to be regretted that the paragraph of the catalogue in which the objects of the school are announced, taken in connection with a very recent statement† by the President of Columbia College, and a passage‡ in a circular lately issued

* "The object of the (Columbia) School of Mines is to furnish to the students the means of acquiring a thorough scientific and practical knowledge of those branches of science which relate to mining and the working up of the mineral resources of this country, and to supply to those engaged in mining and metallurgical operations persons competent to take charge of new or old works, and conduct them on thoroughly scientific principles."—*Annual Catalogue*, 1864-65.

† "... Those who have been already recommended to the trustees for graduation, and those who will be so before the approaching Commencement, may be safely pronounced to be accomplished professional men, capable of undertaking the management of important works in engineering or metallurgy, and wanting only a few years of experience to place them with certainty in commanding positions."—*Annual Report of the President of Columbia College*, June 1, 1868.

‡ "Persons desiring to secure the services of mining engineers, metallurgists, or chemists to take charge of mines or manufacturing establishments are requested to apply at the school in person or by letter."—*Circular of May 15, 1868*.

by the school, still gives some support to the erroneous notion that young men can be made competent at any school, no matter how good, to take up immediately the charge of great enterprises in mining, manufacturing, or road and bridge building.

A technical school lays the best foundation for later work ; if well organized, with a broad scheme of study, it can convert the boy of fair abilities and intentions into an observant, judicious man, well informed in the sciences which bear upon his profession ; so trained, the graduate will rapidly master the principles and details of any actual works, and he will rise rapidly through the grades of employment ; moreover, he will be worth more to his employers from the start than an untrained man. Nevertheless, after the school, a longer or shorter term of apprenticeship upon real works of engineering, mining, building, or manufacturing will be found essential for the best graduates of the best technical schools. When people are content with the services of the last graduates of the medical school as family physicians, when the youngest bachelors of laws are forthwith retained with heavy fees for important cases, it will be time enough to expect that young men who have just completed their school training for the difficult professions of the engineer, manufacturer, miner, or chemist, will be competent at once to take charge of mines, manufacturing establishments, or large works of engineering. No matter how good the polytechnic, scientific, technological, or mining schools may be, it is a delusive expectation that their graduates will be able to enter at once the highest grades of employment, and assume the direction of practical affairs upon a large scale immediately upon leaving the schools. Common sense brings any one who considers the magnitude of the investments necessary in mining and metallurgical works to this conclusion. Young men of twenty to twenty-four are seldom equal to great money responsibilities.

The Columbia School of Mines was

organized during one of the periodical hot turns of the intermittent mining-fever to which the American people is subject. It began in 1864-65 with twenty-nine students ; but in the following year the catalogue bore the names of eighty-nine, while eight professors and four assistants took part in the work of instruction. About one half were special students, mostly of chemistry or assaying, who did not follow the regular course of instruction, and indeed remained but a short time in the school. Not a few students took merely a six weeks' or two months' course of instruction in assaying. In the next year (1866-67) there were one hundred and five students in the school, of whom thirty-eight were special students ; twenty-five out of the one hundred and five held degrees, mostly Columbia degrees of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1867-68 there were one hundred and nine students in the school, of whom forty-four were special ; twenty-one out of the one hundred and nine held the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Beside the professors attached to other departments of Columbia, who give a portion of their time to the School of Mines, four professors and eight assistants in chemistry, drawing, and metallurgy are exclusively devoted to the School of Mines. The course of study has undergone some change since the beginning in 1864. It was originally a single three years' course ; but within the last year a preparatory year has been added, which practically makes the whole course four years long, and during the last two years of the four a considerable elective element has been introduced into the course. The minimum age for entrance was originally eighteen, and is now seventeen. The requisites for admission are arithmetic and the elements of algebra and geometry. The studies of the first year are required of all students ; in the second year the mathematics and chemistry become elective ; in the third and fourth years each student chooses one of four courses, namely, mining engineering, metallurgy, geology and natural history,

and chemistry. The majority of the studies in these four courses are common to all ; but there are, nevertheless, considerable divergences. The degree of Engineer of Mines or Bachelor of Philosophy is conferred on those students who, at the end of the course, pass satisfactory examinations. Students are expected to visit mines and works during the vacations, and report upon them in full, with all necessary drawings and specimens.

The principal subjects in which instruction is given are mathematics, mining engineering, chemistry including mineralogy, geology, and metallurgy. French and German are included in the programme of studies ; but, singularly enough, it appears, from President Barnard's Report for 1868, that the provision for instruction in the modern languages is very defective. Drawing is also required ; but there is only one "assistant" in drawing against six in chemistry. The tabular view of exercises and the list of officers indicate that the teaching of chemistry and the allied subjects occupies a very large, and indeed the most important, place in the work of the school.

We come now to the examination of the scientific or English "courses" organized within colleges. These courses run parallel with the classical course of instruction which it has been the primary object of the American colleges to provide. They are cast in the same mould as the classical course ; but the metal is of a different composition. The experiment of conducting parallel classical and scientific courses in one and the same institution is by no means a new one. It is merely being tried afresh on a large scale and under new conditions in this country, after having failed in Europe. In Brown University, Union College, and the University of Michigan, for example, there have existed for several years two or more parallel courses, — one the common semi-classical course ; the other, or others, constructed on the same framework as the classical course by simply replacing Latin and Greek, or

Greek alone, by living European languages, and at the same time expanding a little the mathematical and scientific instruction. A student may choose either course, but not two ; at the end of one course he will probably be a Bachelor of Arts ; at the end of the other, a Bachelor of Science or Philosophy.

At Union College the second course is called "scientific," but the graduates in it take the degree of Bachelor of Arts. One feature in the announcement of Union College touching the scientific course is amusing. When Latin was the common speech of scholars, diplomas were naturally written in that language, as being the most generally intelligible ; and the custom, though it has lost much of its original significance, is observed to this day in American colleges. But, unfortunately, the graduates of the scientific course of Union College are not supposed to understand Latin, although they receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Under these circumstances, the authorities of Union College have had a happy inspiration. Since a diploma would evidently be worthless unless expressed in some foreign language or other, Union College announces that the diploma for students of the scientific course is expressed in French. The authorities of Union are countenanced in this absurdity by the Chandler School at Dartmouth. By far the larger number of students at Union choose the classical course. The great falling off in the number of students resorting to Union College since 1860,* to whatever cause or causes it may be due, is sufficient to prevent any friend of the system from quoting that college, at any rate, in its support. There exist at Union an engineering department and a chemical department distinct from the college proper ; but the number of stu-

* 1860,	number of students,	437.
1861,	" "	399.
1862,	" "	352.
1863,	" "	285.
1864,	" "	295.
1866,	" "	223.
1867,	" "	199.

dents in both has been and is small. It should be said, however, that, while the college as a whole has been rapidly losing students, the chemical department has increased its numbers.

At Brown University (Providence), an English and scientific course was introduced into the college plan as early as 1846. It was soon lost to sight in the loose and exaggerated elective system which prevailed there for some years. But it has reappeared in the shape of a three years' course of instruction, parallel with the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years of the regular college curriculum, and ending with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. The classics may be omitted altogether, or one dead language may be studied instead of two. This course is simply a shorter and less comprehensive course of study than the regular course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy must, of course, be regarded as of less value than the other. The inferior course of study is less attractive than the classical course. Though the students of the two courses are entered in the same classes, and, to a large extent, pursue the same studies in the same class-rooms under the same teachers, the number of students who aim at the superior degree of Bachelor of Arts is much larger than the number of those who are content to be Bachelors of Philosophy.

At the University of Michigan the scientific courses as they stand in the programmes are essentially the ordinary college four years' course, with the suppression of both Latin and Greek, or of Greek alone; the gaps being filled in with modern languages, drawing, and a little additional mathematics. A course in civil engineering is made out by converting the Senior year into a year of special instruction in geology, mechanics, and engineering. A course in mining engineering is arranged by introducing into the last two years of the scientific course certain studies which have a direct bearing upon that profession. The students

in these various courses are united in most of their studies, separated in comparatively few. Scientific students and classical students appear in the same classes, Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshmen; but the classical students receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the scientific students the degree of Bachelor of Science, Civil Engineer, or Mining Engineer. The students of the classical course are decidedly in the majority, especially in the Junior and Senior years.

The simultaneous carrying on of what should be such different courses of instruction within the same walls, in the same community of students, and by one and the same corps of instructors, is, we believe, very disadvantageous to both systems of training. Such a combination has been thoroughly tried in the Lycées of France, and has completely failed and been abandoned. In Germany it has seemed expedient to separate the two courses, even during the school-boy period; and for the higher instruction of both systems entirely separate institutions have been found necessary. The fact is, that the whole tone and spirit of a good college ought to be different in kind from that of a good polytechnic or scientific school. In the college, the desire for the broadest culture, for the best formation and information of the mind, the enthusiastic study of subjects for the love of them without any ulterior objects, the love of learning and research for their own sake, should be the dominant ideas. In the polytechnic school should be found a mental training inferior to none in breadth and vigor, a thirst for knowledge, a genuine enthusiasm in scientific research, and a true love of nature; but underneath all these things is a temper or leading motive unlike that of a college. The student in a polytechnic school has a practical end constantly in view; he is training his faculties with the express object of making himself a better manufacturer, engineer, or teacher; he is studying the processes of nature, in order afterwards to turn them to

human uses and his own profit ; if he is eager to penetrate the mysteries of electricity, it is largely because he wants to understand telegraphs ; if he learns French and German, it is chiefly because he would not have the best technical literature of his generation sealed for him ; if he imbues his mind with the profound and exquisite conceptions of the calculus, it is in order the better to comprehend mechanics. This practical end should never be lost sight of by student or teacher in a polytechnic school, and it should very seldom be thought of or alluded to in a college. Just as far as the spirit proper to a polytechnic school pervades a college, just so far that college falls below its true ideal. The practical spirit and the literary or scholastic spirit are both good, but they are incompatible. If commingled, they are both spoiled.

It is not to be imagined that the mental training afforded by a good polytechnic school is necessarily inferior in any respect to that of a good college, whether in breadth, vigor, or wholesomeness. Certain it is that an average graduate of the Zurich Polytechnicum or the Paris École Centrale has a much better title to be called "learned" * than most graduates of American colleges and professional schools. He has studied more, harder, and to better effect, though in a different spirit. But the two kinds of education cannot be carried on together, in the same schedules, by the same teachers.

* The term "learned profession" is getting to have a sarcastic flavor. Only a very small proportion of lawyers, doctors, and ministers, the country over, are Bachelors of Arts. The degrees of LL. B. and M. D. stand, on the average, for decidedly less culture than the degree of A. B., and it is found quite possible to prepare young men of scanty education to be successful pulpit exhorters in a year or eighteen months. A really learned minister is almost as rare as a logical sermon.

On the catalogue of the University of Michigan for 1867-68 there stand the names of three hundred and eighty-seven law students, not one of whom appears to have possessed at that stage of his education any degree whatever. There are four teachers. To enter the school, a young man must be eighteen years of age, and he must present a certificate of good moral character. Nothing else is required. To obtain a degree he must follow certain courses of lectures through two terms of six months each. Nothing else is required. It is possible that the degrees

The classical course will hurt the scientific, and the scientific the classical. Neither will be at its best. The experience of the world and common sense are against such experiments as those of Brown, Union, and Michigan. Nevertheless, they may be good temporary expedients during a transition period, or in crude communities where hasty culture is as natural as fast eating. They do good service in lack of better things.

The incompatibility of the practical spirit and the literary spirit, which has here been dwelt upon, may appear to some to limit unduly the number of subjects proper to be taught in colleges. The tendency to the practical side of every subject which befits a good polytechnic school would be improper in a college ; but the same subjects may to a very great extent be taught in both. One and the same subject may be studied in two very unlike frames of mind. We have only desired to urge the incompatibility of one temper with another temper, both being good in their separate places.

Another unjust inference might be drawn from what has been said of the impossibility of carrying on two long courses of instruction of different aim and essence within the same schedules of hours and terms and the same walls. It might be inferred that the applied sciences are necessarily unfit to be taught or studied in a university, taking that word in its best sense. It cannot be said too loudly or too often,

really possessed by law students have been omitted ; but degrees are printed against the names of their possessors in other departments of the University on the same catalogue. Among one hundred and forty-six persons who received the degree of LL. B., in that year, seventeen had other degrees, — a very small proportion.

On the same catalogue there are enrolled four hundred and eleven medical students, of whom nineteen already possess a Bachelor's degree. There are eleven teachers. The school is established in the small town of Ann Arbor, quite remote from large hospitals. Poor humanity shudders at the spectacle of so large a crop of such doctors.

Such professional schools may, indeed, be the best which the hastily organized, fast-growing American communities will support ; but the word "learned" can only be conventionally applied to professions for which the preliminary training exacted is so short and so loose.

that no subject of human inquiry can be out of place in the programme of a real university. It is only necessary that every subject should be taught at the university on a higher plane than elsewhere. Even scholars are apt to be intolerant of this subject or that in university schemes; one can see no sense in archæology; another condemns natural history as being without practical applications, useless for training, and frightfully absorbent of money; a third finds pure science wholesome meat, but applied science utilitarian chaff. It is impossible to be too catholic in this matter. But the American university has not yet grown out of the soil, and we are rather meeting a theoretical than a practical objection. The incidental remark may be permitted, that a university, in any worthy sense of the term, must grow from seed. It cannot be transplanted from England or Germany in full leaf and bearing. It cannot be run up, like a cotton-mill, in six months, to meet a quick demand. Neither can it be created by an energetic use of the inspired editorial, the advertising circular, and the frequent telegram. Numbers do not constitute it, and no money can make it before its time. There is more of the university about the eight or ten Yale graduates who are studying in the Yale Department of Philosophy and the Arts, than in as many hundred raw youths who do not know more than a fair grammar school may teach. When the American university appears, it will not be a copy of foreign institutions, or a hot-bed plant, but the slow and natural outgrowth of American social and political habits, and an expression of the average aims and ambitions of the better educated classes. The American college is an institution without a parallel; the American university will be equally original.

Besides the scientific schools connected with colleges, and the scientific or English courses within colleges, there exist in the United States several independent schools in which mathematics, the exact sciences and their applications, the modern languages, and

philosophy form the staple of instruction. Such are the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and the School of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.* These two schools have a certain general resemblance; they are independent establishments; they have the same minimum age of admission, namely, sixteen years, although practically the average age of the students who enter these institutions is decidedly above this minimum; they do not require any Latin or Greek for admission, and do not admit these languages to their courses of study; finally, in each the course of study lasts four years. In the comprehensiveness of their courses of instruction, in the number of teachers employed, and in their general scale of operations, these schools differ materially.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute is the oldest school of its sort in the country. Its organization has undergone several changes since its establishment in 1824; but for the past fifteen years it has offered a substantial four years' course of instruction in the various branches of engineering. The programme comprehends, besides the general and special studies absolutely essential for engineers, a certain amount of instruction in English, French, natural science, and philosophy. This pioneer school has attracted a good number of young men; and of its graduates a large proportion have become engineers or railroad men. Up to 1867 the school had given four hundred and twenty-one degrees,—an average of ten a year. It appears from this average

* The United States naval and military academies are not referred to at length, because access to them is not free. A thoroughly vicious system of selecting the candidates for admission to these schools annuls the influence they might otherwise exert upon technical education in this country. A patron, and not a good previous training, being the essential requisite, no schools make it their business to give such training. In France for many years, and lately in England too, numerous private schools make a special point of fitting young men for the competitive examinations which regulate the admission to the government military and naval schools. France is essentially democratic; but it seems extraordinary that England, the stronghold of caste, should be more democratic than America in the important matter of appointing to the public service.

number of degrees, that only a small proportion of the students finish the course. In 1851 there were fifty-three students; the number increased steadily until 1856, when there were one hundred and twenty-three; from this point the number fell off each year until 1861-62, when there were only sixty-five students in the school. Since then the number of students has risen rapidly.* In 1867-68 ten teachers were employed in the school.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Troy school is one of the many American institutions in which the experiment of making manual labor a part of the regular curriculum has been tried, and has failed. In spite of the uniform failure which has attended such experiments, the idea that it is practicable for a young man to engage regularly in productive manual labor, and to train his mental faculties to a high degree at the same time, still keeps its hold upon the American mind. Reading, writing, and arithmetic may indeed be taught to young children who work in factories half of the day, as the English half-time schools have demonstrated; but advanced instruction is not to be had on such terms. Then, again, it is essential that manual work, to be genuine and not make-believe, should be done on a farm, or in a shop, where the primary object is to produce profitably and make money, not to teach. A school farm or machine-shop is a very different place from a real farm or shop. The two things are as different as a militia muster and a field of battle. The fact is, that, in training his brains, a young man cannot have his cake and eat it too. An hour a day of judicious exercise, which had better be for fun than for money, will keep anybody of fair constitution, who eats and drinks with discretion, sleeps regularly, laughs well, and is careful what he breathes, in good working order. Every hour more than this spent in hand work is so much time

lost for better things. Labor is not exercise. To be sure, a young man cannot read and write fourteen hours a day; but when he cannot be studying books he can be catching butterflies, hunting for flowers and stones, experimenting in a chemical laboratory, practising mechanical drawing, sharpening his wits in converse with bright associates, or learning manners in ladies' society. Any of these occupations is much better for him than digging potatoes, sawing wood, laying brick, or setting type.

The most ample course of instruction which has been thus far offered in this country to students who demand a liberal and practical education as well as a training specially adapted to make them ultimately good engineers, manufacturers, architects, chemists, merchants, teachers of science, or directors of mines and industrial works, is that organized by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. The course extends through four years. The studies of the first and second years, and certain general studies in the third and fourth years, are required of all regular students. At the beginning of the third year each student selects one of six courses, which he follows during his third and fourth years at the school. These six courses are:—

1. Mechanical Engineering.
2. Civil Engineering.
3. Chemistry.
4. Geology and Mining.
5. Building and Architecture.
6. General Science and Literature.

To enter the school the candidate must be at least sixteen years old, and he must pass an examination in arithmetic, algebra, plane geometry, English grammar, and geography. Algebra, solid geometry, trigonometry, elementary mechanics, chemistry, English, German, and drawing, both free-hand and mechanical, are the studies of the first year; spherical trigonometry, analytic geometry, and the first principles of the calculus, descriptive astronomy, surveying, physics (sound, heat, and light), qualitative chemical analysis, Eng-

* In 1865-66 there were 152 students.

" 1866-67 " " 141 "

" 1867-68 " " 146 "

lish, French, German, and drawing including perspective, are the studies of the second year. In the third year, physics, geology, history, the Constitution of the United States, English, French (or Spanish), and German, are absolutely required of all regular students, besides the special studies of the particular course which they select. In the fourth year, political economy, natural history, French (or Italian), and German are required of all regular students, besides the special studies. The elective studies of the third and fourth years, distributed among the six professional courses above mentioned, are, in brief, the calculus, mechanics, descriptive geometry, machinery, the various subjects embraced in civil engineering, spherical astronomy, chemistry in all its branches, history, architectural design, mining, and mining engineering. Two points deserve special mention, — first, the unusual development given to instruction in the modern languages; and, secondly, the stress laid upon drawing in all the courses. The position of architectural design in the scheme is also worth noting. Here is a course of liberal training which includes as one of its elements a subject usually confined to amateurs and professional men, and yet a subject which is a valuable part of æsthetic culture. People who complain that, as a general rule, even the education called liberal does not recognize the artistic side of human nature will find here a unique provision.

It is very obvious that the student who should be led by competent men, provided with the necessary tools, through such a four years' course of study as this, would have received a training which would be neither loose, superficial, nor one-sided. Between this course and the ordinary semi-classical college course there is no question of information by one and formation by the other; of cramming utilitarian facts by one system, and developing mental powers by the other. Both courses form, train, and educate the mind; and one no more than the

other, only the disciplines are different. Either course, well organized, can make out of a capable boy a reasoning man, with his faculties well in hand. One man swings dumb-bells, and walks; another rows, and rides on horseback; both train their muscles. One eats beef, another mutton; but both are nourished.

People who think vaguely about the difference between a good college and a good polytechnic school are apt to say that the aim of the college course is to make a rounded man, with all his faculties impartially developed, while it is the express object of a technical course to make a one-sided man, — a mere engineer, chemist, or architect. Two truths are suppressed in this form of statement. First, faculties are not given by God impartially, — to each round soul a little of each power, as if the soul were a pill, which must contain its due proportion of many various ingredients. To reason about the average human mind as if it were a globe, to be expanded symmetrically from a centre outward, is to be betrayed by a metaphor. A cutting-tool, a drill, or auger would be a juster symbol of the mind. The natural bent and peculiar quality of every boy's mind should be sacredly regarded in his education; the division of mental labor, which is essential in civilized communities in order that knowledge may grow and society improve, demands this regard to the peculiar constitution of each mind, as much as does the happiness of the individual most nearly concerned. Secondly, to make a good engineer, chemist, or architect, the only sure way is to make first, or at least simultaneously, an observant, reflecting, and sensible man, whose mind is not only well stored, but well trained also to see, compare, reason, and decide. The vigorous training of the mental powers is therefore the primary object of every well-organized technical school. At the same time a well-arranged course of study, like that of the New Haven school, the Troy school, or the Institute of Technology, will include a vast deal of information

and many practical exercises appropriate to the professions which the students have in view.

But an attractive programme on paper, and the actual course of instruction as practically realized, may be two very different things, as those who have read many programmes and seen many schools know best. It is easy to devise or copy a comprehensive programme; it is hard to execute moderately well even a simple one. The number and quality of the teachers actually employed in a school are the best tests of its real character. The completeness with which the school is equipped with the apparatus necessary for technical instruction is also a matter of real, though secondary, importance. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology already employs (1868) twenty teachers, of whom thirteen are professors, although the school only began in 1865. These professors and assistants teach nowhere else; their whole teaching power is expended in the school. Herein an independent institution has an advantage over a scientific school connected with a college. The list of the faculty of an attached school is often swelled with the names of men who give most of their time to the college proper, and an insignificant fraction only to the scientific school.

The number of students attending this school has increased rapidly during its first three years of life,* reaching 167 in 1867-68.

So far, therefore, as comprehensive-ness of programme, number of teachers, and number of students go, this school has taken the lead of all the scientific or polytechnic schools of the country. It is a good omen for the future of technical education, that the longest, fullest, and most thorough course has so promptly proved the most attractive. Something of this prompt success is due, however, to the exceptional character of the community in the midst of which this school has been founded.

The same school in other American communities might not have been so quickly successful.

The experimental period in the development of technical instruction in the United States is past. Henceforth the American parent, who wants to give a practical education to his son, may know clearly what is accessible to him as an alternative with the college. He may find at several schools a carefully arranged and comprehensive course of co-ordinated studies, lasting three or four years, and covering the same period of life as the common college course, namely, the period from sixteen or eighteen till twenty or twenty-two. This comprehensive course of studies is generally called, in such schools as those at New Haven, Troy, and Boston, the "regular" or "general course"; and the students who follow it are the "regular students," in contradistinction to the "partial" or "special" students, who study only one subject, or a few irregularly selected subjects, among all those taught in the school.

These partial or special students are of two sorts in most of the technical schools. First, men of age and acquirements, who come to add to their previous attainments a special training in some professional subject, some one application of science to the arts; to meet the wants of such men has been and is one of the most useful functions of the technical schools. Secondly, young men of imperfect preliminary training, whose parents think, or who themselves think, that they can best become chemists by studying nothing but chemistry, or engineers by only attending to the mathematics and their applications, or architects by ignoring all knowledge but that of architectural design. This notion is certainly a very crude one; but it deceives many uninstructed parents and inexperienced young men. It would be as sensible to give a child nothing but law-papers to read, on the ground that he is destined for the law. Such partial or special students injure their school, both by interfering with the order and disci-

* Number of students in 1865-66, 72.

" " " " 1866-67, 137

" " " " 1867-68, 167.

pline of the school while they are students, and by failing in after life, and so bringing an unjust discredit upon scientific education. While they are students, they are in the school ranks, so to say, but they are out of step. When they go into the world, they soon show themselves to be inadequately trained. They have built an ill-proportioned structure upon inadequate foundations. The scientific schools, in their earlier days, sent many such ill-liberally educated men into the scientific professions, and it will still take them years to recover from the bad effects of this serious mistake. Some of the most vigorous of these very men have since realized the defects of their early training, and are now the warmest friends of the improved methods of scientific education.

If the presence of these partial or special students, whose industry and abilities are simply misdirected, is an injury to the technical schools, it will be plain to all, that these schools must suffer still more in receiving, as most of them have been compelled to do, students who take a part of the regular course simply because they are incompetent or too lazy to do the whole. All the scientific schools of the country, whether connected with colleges or not, have suffered from the fact, that boys and young men who, from lack of wit or vigor, were found incompetent to pursue the usual classical studies of the preparatory school or the college, turned to the loosely organized scientific schools as safe harbors for their laziness or stupidity. The scientific schools have been recruited in large part, of course, from that excellent and numerous class of young men who have more taste and capacity for science than for language and literature, and who have followed their natural bent in making choice of a school and a profession; but they have also been the refuge of shirks and stragglers from the better organized and stricter

colleges. This evil is a temporary one, incident to what has been the experimental condition of education through science. It will correct itself, when the new system of education is as well organized as the old, and when the community understands the legitimate inlets and outlets of the new schools,—how to get into them, and what they lead to.

To avoid misapprehension, let it be distinctly stated that the scientific schools have already done a very timely and necessary work in this country by training, although hastily and imperfectly, a certain number of specialists, such as assayers, analysts, railroad engineers, and teachers of science, to very useful functions. And again, let it be acknowledged with thankfulness, that genius, or even an unusual vigor of mind and will, often overcomes in after life that worst of obstacles, insuperable for common men,—an inadequate or mistaken training in youth.

At present it is the wise effort of the faculties of all the leading polytechnic or scientific schools to carry as many of their pupils as possible through the "regular" course of study; in other words, they recommend their pupils to lay, during three or four years between seventeen and twenty-two, a broad and strong foundation for the strictly professional studies, of which a part are pursued in the school, and a part during the apprenticeship which should follow their school life.

We have next to discuss the nature of the preparation for this three or four years' course of scientific and literary studies. A young man cannot well enter upon this course much before his seventeenth or eighteenth year. What kind of a preparatory school shall the parent select, who proposes to send his son at the right age to a scientific, polytechnic, or technological school? What preliminary training would be most advantageous, and what is actually attainable?

BIRTH OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

A NEW THEORY.

DURING the eclipse of August, 1868, the darkened disk of the sun was invested with a brilliant ring of light, the *corona*. Vivid rays of white light darted from the disk, the circle of the sun scintillating like a star. Since the stars, excepting the planets, are rationally supposed to be solar orbs, they should emit light as the sun does ; and for the same reason. They are too distant to have a sensible breadth, nor can they suffer total eclipse, to our eyes, by small dark masses like the moon, but the stellar light should have the general characteristics—the nebulousity and radiation—of the sun, as far as they are like it in structure. The corona of the fixed stars and of the sun cannot depend solely upon the nature of the human eye, but in part upon a luminous cloudiness necessary to the optical effect. If a powerful artificial light be hidden by a small opaque disk in an atmosphere somewhat dusty, the particles of dust will shine with reflected light, making, when the light is intense, a sensible *corona*. Lieutenant Herschell, at his post of observation in India, examined the light of the corona, during total eclipse, with a polariscope, and established the fact of its polarization in planes passing through the centre of the sun. A cloud, or atmosphere, of reflecting surfaces, in fact, a dust cloud, apparently surrounds the sun, reflecting his rays. With instruments of extreme delicacy, we should be able to separate the direct from the polarized radiance of the stars, as of the sun itself.

Dr. Mayer, the author of *Celestial Dynamics*, was the first to surmise the existence of a meteoric vortex about the sun. His theory may be extended by combining with it observations on the solar corona, the scintillation of stars, and, possibly, the radial tails of comets ; for he employed the meteoric

solar vortex in explanation of a kindred phenomenon, the zodiacal light. The meteoric vortex of the sun is supposed to have a flattened lenticular form, extended parallel with the ecliptic, thinning outward to the limit of the solar system. The cone of light seen in the west after sunset in a clear air is considered by Mayer to be a reflection of the sun's rays from the denser part of this dust cloud within the orbit of the earth.

The correspondences in this instance are obvious. By an easy deduction, we find also that the meteoric solar vortex of Mayer may be brought in explanation of the hitherto bewildering phenomena of the comet's tail, visible only as it approaches the sun. The tail may be merely a bar of light, extending outward into space. It has the movement and relative position of a cometary shadow. If the comet were a ball of glass, the rays of the sun would pass through, and form a focus upon the side remote from the sun. Beyond this there would be reflected a bar, or pencil of light, diverging into space. But this concentrated light could be made visible only by reflection, as the sunbeam in dust and fog. If visible at all, it would be made so by meteoric matter, a denser portion of the solar vortex. A comet, so far as we can judge, is a gaseous mass (with or without a solid nucleus). The sun's rays will be bent in passing through it, but not as in a glass lens ; for the density of a gaseous comet increases toward its centre, like that of the lens of the human eye ; and if the rays enter diverging from each point of the solar surface, they will issue in a fascicle or bar of rays streaming out into space, and made visible by meteoric reflection as a bar of slightly concentrated light, sweeping through the heavens with the movement of a long shadow, but ap-

pearing curved because of the different times required for the passage of light ; the nearer reflections arriving first at the eye, the others delaying as they follow the rapid sweep of the tail through space.

This conjecture requires that the radial tail should be of reflected light, and so appear in the polariscope. The invisible should far exceed the visible diameter of a comet approaching the sun. The invisible mass may surpass that of the sun, and will refract his beams.

We can hardly doubt that meteoric matter very near the sun is intensely heated, and we may believe that, if it were not for the smallness of its particles, allowing a swift dispersion of heat into outer space, the vicinity of the sun would be densely, as it is now thinly, clouded with nebulous light. Indeed, many stars appear to be so conditioned, because of their grander size and temperature. Meteoric matter becoming rarer at great distances from the sun, all the phenomena of the vortex become faint, and many disappear, within the orbit of the earth.

A structural analogy between the earth and the sun may be established by the meteoric attendance upon both. The appearance of transient trails of intense light upon the solar atmosphere is only one of many points in the analogy. It is also strongly supported by the spectroscopic character of the colored flames which issue from the surface of the sun. The French and English astronomers have shown that these are gaseous emanations in a state of combustion. They appear not to differ in nature from volcanic flames, except in their enormous magnitude ; as if the fire of a volcano were vastly larger than the earth itself.

Good observations have also conferred a transparent atmosphere like our own upon the sun, but denser as the weight of matter on the solar surface is twenty-eight times greater than with us. So much more violent and effective, then, by reason of the depth and density of this atmosphere, must be

the combustion of a massive meteor falling into it. By spectral analysis we can satisfy ourselves that solar light, like that of the stars, proceeds from matter similar in nature to that which composes the earth's crust. Identity of substance appears throughout the universe. What it is now necessary to establish is an equal unity in plan of structure and development. We wish to know whether the forms and movements of physical nature, like those of the organic and the vital, have everywhere a uniform plan. What we regard as general causes of physical movements at the surface of the earth must be extended through the entire system. The sun, the stars, the earth, and the planets should have but one and the same origin, differing only in their stage of development.

In the cosmos, meaning by that word the material as distinguished from spiritual, we recognize three forms, the physical, the organic, and vital ; each capable of a separate idea, apart from that which is purely humane. I shall be obliged to assume that the cosmos is a limited creation, since otherwise it would be motionless within itself ; but we must also assume that, *as a whole*, it is unchangeable in plan and quantity. There is no discoverable cause why it should be otherwise. Astronomers will not object to a division of the material cosmos into incandescent and dark bodies, — by the latter intending planets, asteroids, satellites, and more especially the meteoric dust, of which a portion is continually showered upon the earth.

The sun, the planets, and their attendants must receive meteoric dust according to the greatness of their several masses and attractive power. The meteors, in falling, move into orbits which have centres in the body of the sun or planet, and are interrupted by impact only when the breadth of the attractive mass is too great to let them pass. The laws of gravitation arrange them in belts, like the dark rings of Saturn ; or in wide heliocentric bands ; or in the long-drawn comet-

like clouds of Schiaparelli, slowly gathered in the outer fields of space, and trailing inward toward solar centres.

The quantity of finely divided dark matter of the universe may be as great as the sum of all the solar orbs; but, because it is invisible until the moment of impact, we can estimate it only by the quantity gathered by a single small body,—the earth. We may compare this with the quantity that must be absorbed by the grander forces of the sun; then, multiplying this by the probable number of solar orbs, a result is obtained exceeding the power of numeration. A few tons of meteoric matter, such as is constantly added to our soil and atmosphere every century, will increase the mass of the earth at a rate which geologists cannot fail to appreciate. By the methods of rational deduction now established in geological science, we are led to conclude that the earth has been gradually built up by meteoric accretion, having been at first only a dark nucleus formed at a vortical centre by attraction and friction (impact). But the earth is only an exemplar. The same laws of gyration and frictional impact must have built up all the masses of the cosmos.

Next to the observed results of gravitation, the broadest cosmical fact is the relation of mass to temperature. The greater bodies shine by heat of incandescence, in strong contrast with the darkness and coldness of the smaller. In the cosmic temperatures there is a certain systemic gradation. When matter is arranged in solar and planetary forms the material is compressed, the density of the spheroidal mass diminishing from the centre outward,—from the centre of the earth outward, for example, to the limits of the atmosphere. The temperature falls, as we proceed outward, with a regularity disturbed only by local variations. We find the heat increasing as we descend into the earth, and falling as we ascend high mountains. The extreme cold of space is, of course, the temperature of small meteoric bodies, until by striking into and condensing the atmosphere of

a planet they are ignited. They are also influenced in temperature by proximity to solar centres. The same will hold good of any system, whether it be composed of coherent or of meteoric particles.

The vortical movement is a process of condensation. What is true for a mass must be true for a vortex, whether it consist of dark matter in systems partially condensed; or of masses like the earth, where condensation is at a maximum.

Facility of absorbing and distributing heat *in vacuo* increases as the diameter of the mass becomes less. A meteorite no larger than a grain of sand is relatively more active in such changes than a larger mass, as its diameter is less. If the sun were broken into a cloud of dust widely extended through space, it would quickly disappear in cold and darkness. The actual amount of expansive force in a body is greater as it is larger; but the facility of change—the active relation it bears to other bodies—depends upon relative extension of surface. Hence we might infer that meteoric clouds in all parts of space are rapid and powerful agents and distributors of expansive force. At night, the day's heat absorbed from the sun is radiated from the earth's surface; being partly taken by vapors of the upper air, but chiefly, we may suppose, by the dark matter of space beyond the atmosphere. The heat of the fixed stars is not enough to counterbalance this absorption. The law of radiant forces ordains that, when no disturbing cause is interposed, bodies affect each other less, as distance multiplied into itself. This law, and the law of time or "inertia," governs all interchanges of temperature *in vacuo*. The sun and earth should act upon each other through nearly ninety-five millions of miles of empty space with as great precision as if they were in contact. Bodies separated only by *vacuum* are in a dynamic relation which is instant, constant, and mathematical. *The forces of relation co-operate with space, and do not require a*

vehicle. It is not required that matter, or a "medium," should be interposed.

Distribution of temperature under the necessary conditions of time and distance is as regular as the action of gravity; being constant in time, and disturbed only by interposition. If a body contracts (i.e. grows colder) *in vacuo*, others are expanding. Professor Rankin has shown us, that, in the development of temperatures, condensation, modified only by the specific nature of substances, is a mathematical measure of temperature, even where it is effected by chemical combination. It is needed to make this observation cosmic or universal.

Change of temperature is only a change in the amount of space occupied by mass; and the contraction of a body must be balanced (other causes not being interposed) by an equal expansion of some other body or bodies. But "other causes" are, at certain moments, interposed. The expansion of a mass may be compensated by the motion of others in lines. Linear motion again is converted into expansion, and exactly compensates it. The two movements may have equal mechanical values, as when steam expands in a cylinder, forcing a piston before it, or when a cannon-ball is driven by the gases of gunpowder.

But the conversion of heat into motion is only a transformation of one form of movement into another, rise of temperature being a movement of the mass from its own centre outwards; but this movement may change so as to be directed upon a single line, and become linear motion. Changing the form of movement cannot alter its value.

The process of contraction, which proceeds with a gyratory movement in solar systems, does not differ in principle or result from the condensation of a coherent mass under pressure. In both cases the heat evolved has the same origin. As long as *vacuum* remains, the motion of a system increases, and is not converted into *centrospheric* or heat motion until the moment of impact.

* The effect of meteoric impact upon the earth's atmosphere is that of common friction,—as when the palm of the hand is rubbed upon the table; linear movement is changed, by impact of particles, into centrospheric. Friction, in the form of impact, is the only mechanical means by which the dynamic value of motion can be made to change its symbols; the only method of stopping and starting the wheels of the universe. Comets moving with great velocity toward solar centres, about which the dark matter is accumulated in revolving clouds, must be "retarded," as they plunge into these vortices, by the friction of impact; and the same will be true of planets in solar vortices, though in a smaller degree. As they are heated by the meteoric friction, they also cannot fail to lose impetus and draw nearer to the sun.

It is of no moment what number of figures or value of algebraic signs we suggest to express periods of time occupied by variations so minute; they nevertheless exist, and their results are constant and inevitable.

Astronomical observations have shown that the earth vibrates annually to and from the sun as it revolves, and the vibratory movement has an extent which varies during a million of years through distances large enough to change all the climates. By these variations, incidental to an alternate approach to and recession from the sun, geologists have endeavored to account for the marvellous discovery of Agassiz, that at one period layers of ice hooded the polar and temperate regions, and even covered the plains and valleys of the tropics. But to this and other slowly acting causes of climatic change we may possibly add the varying influence of the dark matter of space.

Loss of heat* by radiation from solar systems into the dark matter is con-

* "Loss of heat" is impossible. Nothing physical can be lost, in space or time. If there is an æther, it has limits, or it could not vibrate at all. If heat-waves flowed out they must return *in some form*. Heat-waves cannot exist in a substance without gravity, or the capacity for it.

trolled by certain physical causes external to those systems, and does not exhaust them by cold during their formation, but only during their subsequent dissipation in the nebulous stage. The temperature of solar centres continues to increase from two causes; *first*, the friction of impact, or conversion of linear momentum into heat movement; *second*, the restoration of radiant heat by the arrival at solar centres of the bodies that have absorbed and originated it during their gyration and approach. Should the earth fall toward the sun, it would become heated, as we suppose Mercury to be, in drawing near, and would restore a part of the heat absorbed by antecedent radiation at the moment of impact. It has also acquired a heat of its own.

And so of all inward movements, ending in the impact and absorption of vortical matter. That these causes more than counterbalance loss of heat by radiation into the dark matter of space is evident. In all parts of the universe solar orbs remain incandescent, and the greatest are the hottest. We know of no other causes than those named, for the concentration and dissipation of celestial temperatures. The hypothesis of an exhaustive and perpetually vibrating ether, whatever may be its mathematical value, does not belong to a science resting upon observation. As far as observation extends, heat force is lost or withdrawn only by tangible substances.

We recognize two cosmical principles correlated with gravity, and equally exact and universal, — the relation of mass to temperature, and the distribution of temperature by equalized interchange, under the relation of surface to mass. Both of these, like gravity, are, of course, subordinate to the conditions of space and time.

The conditions of time, developed in velocity and momentum, enter into all phenomena. Momenta and inertia of temperature have been called "specific heats," &c., expressing the times required for centrospheric movement.

A remarkable conclusion has been

reached, — *that all the great masses of matter gradually advance from the dark to the incandescent condition as they grow by accretion*; and that, as this movement proceeds, the solar orbs must eventually expand into gaseous nebulae by attaining the temperature of dissociation. Chemical affinity is less active as repulsive force is developed; it is converted into centrospheric movement. The lighter substances disengage themselves, and a nebulous cloud is formed, in which small portions of heavy matter remain visible. This deduction coincides with spectroscopic observation.

Expansive movements operate in the nebulous regions of the universe on a grand scale, while those of gravitation (or condensation) change the arrangement of other parts, according to the vortical system. Everywhere these two co-operate and replace each other, maintaining the balance of the whole within itself, but keeping it, as a whole, unchanged. The attractive must be always in reciprocal relation with dispersive movements.

Since these two cosmic movements, the thermal (centrospheric) and attractive, are equal in all, they must be equal in any ultimate part. An atom, or element, will be endowed with a sum of force which is constant, and equal to that of other atoms. The conception of physical force is of something unchangeable as to its whole, (being incapable of increase or diminution,) but subject to variation upon the principle of interchange, or of the *quid pro quo*.

If a substance is less capable of heat motion, it has more of the "condensive" quality; and the apportionment of these capacities, mutually developed and determined by relation with the cosmic whole, gives to each kind its specific value in that relation. The worth of a chemical element is given, not by its atomic weight alone, but also by the complementary dispersive capacity.

Conclusions so important invite us to consider anew the rational history of the earth and of its formation. The

principles advanced oblige us to lay aside the popular hypothesis of an earth "gradually cooled from incandescence," and present us with a terrestrial mass which has grown larger and warmer from age to age. The earth began as a small, cold, dark body. With its mass its heat increased, the additions to the surface sustaining and increasing the heat of the centre.

The coldest region will be the equatorial, because here there has not been so complete an extinguishment of motion; the region of the equator retains a portion of the vortical motion. But this coldness is steadily counteracted by the diurnal influence of the sun, and by laws governing the distribution of temperature in masses. Pursuant to certain well-known conditions, the heat of the axis will be diffused and ascend toward the equator, giving a gradation of temperature from the centre outward, in all parts of the mass. By the slow but constant combustion of atmospheric hydrogen collected in space, water is continually supplied to the atmosphere, the surface of the globe covered with moisture, and its hollows filled up with seas, lakes, and rivers.

With the beginning of this epoch concludes the first period or physical infancy of the earth, during which, like the moon, it remained barren and scorificious, the surface ploughed over with volcanic trenches, deeper and more sharply defined as the specific gravity at the surface was lower and the material, as in the moon, easily thrown up by explosive movements.

This entire superficial structure would disappear at the beginning of the aqueous epoch, when the heat of the equatorial regions, augmented with the mass, and now co-operating with solar influence, began to liquefy the ice formed by meteoric gases in the atmosphere, and by flowing water to erode the volcanic slopes and fill up the trenches.

We cannot yet determine the degree of gravitating force required in a planet for the formation of an atmosphere and an ocean. The atmosphere of Mars is clearly made out by his snows, although

the weight of bodies at his surface is nearly one half less than at the earth's; while that of the moon is only one twelfth. The gravity of bodies at the sun's surface, on the contrary, is twenty-eight times greater than at the earth's, and the gaseous atmosphere of the sun is now considered to be of great depth.

Jupiter ranks above the earth in this particular, and is supposed, upon telescopic evidence, to be furnished with a cloudy atmosphere of very grand proportions. But the ocean of Jupiter is probably suspended in his atmosphere by heat of surface due to augmented mass.

With the beginning of the aqueous epoch everything terrestrial changes its condition. Volcanic scoria and ashes are converted into sedimentary rocks. *But nothing occurs that we do not see daily occurring on a much grander scale.* The weight of water was less than at present, and its plastic action slower; all the physical agents moved to their work, and proceeded in the development of terrestrial forms, with more deliberation and less vigor than at present.

The meteoric *feed* of matter is now cast freely and rapidly over the globe, because of the augmented attractive force of the earth. The constant addition of fresh material increases terrestrial gravitation, and meteors are drawn in with greater frequency. If at any period preceding historic dates, the meteoric shower — which falls continually, though with great variations of quantity — was more abundant than at present, it may have been because the solar system, vibrating through space, passed into regions visited by denser clouds of dark matter.

This may have occurred at long intervals of time, and would have various effects, one of which would be a sensible perturbation of the orbits.

A supposition of this kind is in keeping with known conditions of astronomy, and may by and by assume a positive shape. It is reasonable to suppose that the dark matter is not equally distrib-

uted in space ; and, as its sameness with cometary substance is admitted, we may believe that vortices, with heliocentric orbits, are not the only sources of dark matter.

Let us suppose that the solar system moves into the influence of an enormously extended dark nebula. This extended dust cloud is cold beyond conception, — a fathomless abyss of cold. It would strike a chill into the system. The earth would be covered with blankets of snow, generating glaciers ; and these would remain until the exhaustive influence had gone by, as a protection against it. This idea, although conjectural, is not in discord with any known conditions. We know of no reason why dark matter may not be accumulated in certain parts of space. *That such vortices have existed is certain, since planetary and solar systems have been formed by them*, and it is not certain that others may not be in progress. Causes of variation of another kind must be invoked to account for the existence of a tropical climate in arctic regions, at an epoch preceding the ice period ; unless we try to account for them by the passage of the solar system through or near nebulous masses of a mild temperature. Suppositions like these appear crude and hasty ; though in time they may become rational, when strengthened by sound analogies.

A complete interchange of matter has been many times made between the interior and surface of the globe. Earthy substance, taken from arctic regions by oceanic currents, has continually raised a belt of land on either side of the equator. This deposit, being always in excess of what is needed to preserve the formal equilibrium of the plastic globe, will constantly depress the equatorial belt, and thrust out the arctic regions as they are abraded. By this process, in certain regions of deep sea is produced a revolution of matter downward and outward from the equator toward each of the poles. But the movement, working from age to age over successive meridi-

ans, must be subject to large inequalities.

The continents, worn away coastwise by the ocean, and by rain and glaciers, will naturally rise as the oceanic areas are overloaded. Again, any inequality of the oceanic deposit in latitude, must cause a rotative movement of the mass. If the inequality is upon one side of the equator, the mass must shift upon its centre. The problem is purely mechanical, and capable of analysis.

Conjecture and mathematics have been exhausted upon the polar-movement hypothesis ; but as yet, the basal fact, the unequal delivery of sediments in latitude, which alone can make it tenable, has not been clearly indicated as the cause. A movement of the mass in revolution is, under certain conditions, a good explanation of the appearance of tropical remains in arctic regions, and very natural and common causes for it appear to exist. Since there is no constancy in any terrestrial condition, we have only to surmise the fact, in such cases, and then seek conditions that may control it.

The appearance of organic life upon the earth (a phenomenon of which the limits may now be *relatively* determined) must have been after an increase of mass, and warmth, in support of aqueous solution, coactive with solar influence.

When the earth had water, air, soil, and warmth near its equator, life might appear ; as the soul of man appears when the brain is completed wherein it may take root and grow. But the human animal seems not at once to have been fitted for the support of a spiritual organization. Science comes forward to assure us, that the process of organic development has been a continued evolution from the less to the greater. We must admit, with Lyell, that natural causes, as we see them, were not exaggerated in the past. We must even exceed that judgment ; for if one of these present causes be considered, the falling of meteors, — of which geology has made no account as yet, — we find

that the earth has been always increasing, and must at one time have been too small and cold to sustain life. The inference is inevitable that terrestrial motors *were not as active in the past as they are at present*. Contortions of strata and elevations of continents, like those that are now in progress, may have consumed many thousands and millions of years more, for equal results, in ancient than in recent periods. There must have been a time without liquidity and without the present atmospheric pressure. There was a time when vegetation on the vast scale of the tropics, as we now observe it, was not so active in its work. The appearance of an excess of vegetation marks the close of the larger systems of stratification; but the rules of deduction indicated lead us to conclude, that, during the more recent ages, — be it the last million of years, — organic life has been more active than at any previous epoch. All the natural movements have become more active; because the mass and force of the earth, together with its temperature, have been augmented; *and it will not be denied by physiologists that these causes will have refined and intensified the products of vitality*. The fulcrum of transition from the grosser to the more concentrated forms of life exists in fact,

and may be found in the method of formation of the earth itself.

The earth is progressing by excessively slow changes toward the solar and nebulous condition. Its history is a repetition of the solar, and a time must arrive when the surface, becoming incandescent, will be obscured only by casual dark pits in a brilliant atmosphere, a *souvenir* of the present darkness of the crust; yet during a certain period, within fixed limits of gravitating force and heat of mass, the human race may continue to exist; progressing, we may suppose, in force and fineness of organization. The race will perish, perhaps, in the order of nature, by failure or insufficient number of offspring, a principal cause of the extinction of superior races. The earth must become lone and voiceless long before the incandescence of the crust. Science may follow it into the condition of an attendant star, and then of an expanding nebula.

In the cosmos all movements are cyclical, and recurrent, without change save interchange among forms of motion. A universe which is, in its total, the same to-day as yesterday and always, would appear idle and dull if it were not the footstool of Divine force, upon which the creative will maintains a certain equipoise, necessary to the continued production of spiritual forms.

LOVE IN MOUNT LEBANON.

OUR hero was in the most romantic exaltation of youth. He was fit to go seeking Annibal Lees, with angels for high-born kinsmen, dwelling in kingdoms by the sea.

A great magician had given him the enchanted carpet, known among philosophers and poets as The Longing For Love; and it had brought him with the speed of impatience from quiet German Dresden to Beirut, the seaport of Damascus

Guided by his dragoman, swarthy, slender, springy, red-jacketed, white-trousered Abdallah of Tripoli, he threaded the winding, sandy ways of the Beirut gardens, wondering at their hedges of gigantic cactus, and delighted with their dense odors of fruit and flower. Exquisite in detail and grandiose as a whole, the landscape surrounded him and overlooked him, amphitheatrical in contour and colossal in verdure, Sarcenic arches and sunlit roofs, visible

through groves of oranges, the compact, battlemented, antique city below, the violet, gigantic, sublime walls of Lebanon on one side, and on the other the gleaming Mediterranean.

"Here is the Mission," said Abdallah in distinct, hard, guttural English.

Opening a solid, whitewashed wooden gate, they passed through a strong wall six or seven feet in height, the top garnished with a defence of sharp pebbles and bits of pottery set in mortar. Above them towered an edifice of three lofty stories, built to the summit of large, hewn yellow stone, the masonry ponderous enough for a prison, the rare windows arched in the shape of pointed horseshoes, the roof flat and guarded by a parapet. Our hero halted; here was his goal of trial; should he go on? For a moment his errand seemed absurd, and he was ashamed of it. In the next moment he saw a lovely girl's face glance from one of the windows; he felt the magic carpet once more under his feet; he was borne up the long stone stairway.

"The Howaja Sinclair want to see the Howaja Jackson," gutturalled Abdallah to a gray-mustached Arab in blue cotton jacket and trousers, who answered his heavy knock on the well-nailed planking of a mighty door.

The Arab smiled, bowed, and murmured salaams so hospitably that Sinclair felt encouraged, as if by a good augury. Leaving Abdallah to re-descend the stairway and amuse himself in the garden, he entered the house by a narrow hall, and turned into a noble saloon, the walls sixteen feet in height, and the ceiling supported and ornamented by mighty beams of carved and colored Lebanon pine. There was no carpet, and only two or three chairs; but small, thick, many-tinted woollen rugs were spread here and there; and along two sides of the room stretched a low divan, five feet in breadth. Through the windows gleamed the sun-smitten gardens, city, mountains, and sea.

Slipperd Yusef had glided smiling and salaaming away. Presently there

was another step, also slippered, but it struck the outer floor firmly and solidly; it was an American footfall. The Rev. James Jackson, fifty years old, portly yet vigorous, with a florid face and a courteous light in the eyes, entered the room, and advanced to meet his visitor.

It is wonderful how many heart-throbs we have at twenty-two. Fred Sinclair's arteries beat like a full drum-corps as he put out his hand and said, "The Rev. Mr. Jackson, I believe, the chief of the American mission."

"The American mission has no chief," replied the other with a peculiarly hearty and kindly smile. "I am simply the oldest missionary. However, I do admit that I am the Rev. Mr. Jackson. How can I serve you?"

"I have a letter of introduction from your brother Charles, in Dresden."

"Ah, indeed! I am delighted to see you. And how is Charles? Terribly busy with his studies, I hope."

He glanced over the letter. It was very enthusiastic in sentiment and florid in style. It introduced Mr. Frederic Sinclair as "my dearest friend"; it asseverated that he came of "one of the first families of Pennsylvania." It requested that he should be befriended and aided; he had "a deep and strong purpose of the noblest and sweetest nature"; he was "a man of fortune, honor, and high character"; he would "explain his designs to my dear brother."

Mr. Jackson was tempted to smile outright at this boarding-school effusion. He did smile, but it was with an expression of hospitality, saying, at the same time, "Mr. Sinclair, you must stay with us. I shall be most happy to place myself at your service."

Then there were some inquiries about Charles, his studies, his amusements, his way of life in Dresden. After a few minutes of this conversation, Sinclair exclaimed with a sort of gasp, "Mr. Jackson, I want to get out of suspense. I may as well tell you at once my object in coming here."

Mr. Jackson, his stout hands on his

broad knees, bowed with a smile which said, "I am most happy to listen."

"You have a young lady under your charge, I believe, named Lulu Esh Shidiak," continued the stranger.

"There is such a scholar in the mission school," answered the missionary, unable to control a stare of astonishment. "She is an Arab, a native of Sidon."

"Ah!" said Sinclair. "Yes, I know that she is an Arab. She is very beautiful, I understand."

"I beg pardon; how did you learn all this?" asked Jackson, whose amazement had by this time become quite solemn.

"From Mr. Jones, our late consul here. We met him in the gallery at Dresden. He said that she was like a Madonna. Actually handsomer than any Madonna there, he said."

The missionary thought that the ex-consul might be in better business than running about the world with such stories concerning the female pupils of the Beirut mission school.

"I must confess that I am somewhat astonished at Mr. Jones's statements," he began.

"Would you have the kindness to let me see her?" interrupted Sinclair.

"But really, sir," returned the excessively puzzled clergyman, "I hardly know what to say. There is no impropriety in your seeing her. The girl, being a Christian, does not veil her face from Christians. But I don't fancy the idea of exhibiting my scholars in any special manner. I should at least wish to know your motives."

"I will tell you, sir," began Sinclair, with the lyricism of youth. "I am alone in the world, and I am tired of the world. I have long wanted a home. I have come here to find one. It seems to me that in this land of beauty, poetry, and antiquity I could be quiet and happy. When I heard of this Syrian Madonna, — this child of nature, as I suppose her to be, — I determined to see her, and, if it might be, to marry her."

"Marry her!" exclaimed the minis-

ter. "Dear me! dear me!" he went on, which was the mission style of swearing in astonishment. "But, my dear sir —"

He stopped, stricken by the suspicion that his visitor was insane. But there was the letter; there, too, was the young man's lucid, intelligent face. He was forced to drop the supposition of mania.

"You do not understand the feelings which impel me to this step," broke in Sinclair. "The follies and falsehoods of our artificial life have sickened me. I have no desire to put my heart and happiness in the hands of an American girl, — a creature demoralized by dress and fashion, — a votary of social ambition. I want a wife who is nearer to nature. I have come here to find her."

We will venture to add the much-explaining fact that Mr. Fred Sinclair had been grievously jilted by one of those creatures, demoralized by dress and fashion, concerning whom he was so bitter.

"My dear sir, you puzzle me prodigiously," said the missionary, rising and pacing the room in his red, pointed, Damascus slippers. "However, you are in earnest, — of course you are in earnest. Well, I must talk to you plainly. I will treat you as if you were my brother. There are objections to your plan which you can scarcely imagine. You could not imagine them without knowing the character and domestic habits, and indeed the whole life, of these Syrians. A cheerful, sociable, amiable people; yes, I love them and love to labor for them; but crafty, selfish, grasping, false, all liars, — I mean all whom grace has not changed. O, you could not live with such a wife as a Syrian girl would almost certainly make. A child of nature! Why, that is just what ruins our world, — nature! The farther we are from our natural state, the nearer to God. I say this positively, for though I know the vices of civilization, at the same time I know the greater vices of barbarism."

"But this young lady is one of your

pupils," pleaded Sinclair, eager to save his illusion. "She has had your example and teachings."

"Yes, she is one of our pupils; but what is that? A little reading and writing and geography and English. Beyond those limits, dense ignorance and prejudice. Nothing or almost nothing of that fine, subtle, all-pervading, puissant education, which springs from the very air of an American family, and of American society. A mere child-wife is what you would have, — a wife as ignorant as a child, as freaky, as pettish, as unreasonable, — a wife whom you would be tempted some day to control with a cowhide. Come, don't throw yourself away in this project. Don't attempt to unite enlightenment to semi-civilization. Go back to America and take a wife who would raise you, instead of one whose only tendency would be to drag you downward."

There was a chance that Mr. Jackson would succeed in sending the boy off without even a look at his Syrian Madonna; but through the centre of this salvatory chance, dashing it to hopeless shivers, burst a girlish figure.

A light step at the door of the saloon; a vision of female beauty, exquisitely Oriental and bewitching; a scarlet jacket, silken skirt, silken trousers, little feet in yellow slippers; braids of abundant hair, looping beneath a crimson tarboosh; a face as madonnesque as an Eastern face ever is; clear, blond, softly tinted cheeks; clear, soft, bright hazel eyes.

The vision spoke something in Arabic, and the missionary replied hastily, as if anxious to have it vanish.

"Is that Lulu Esh Shidiak?" demanded Sinclair, already certain of the answer.

"That is Lulu," admitted Mr. Jackson, with a smile of good-natured vexation.

"She has auburn hair," said the young man, in a glow of wonder and delight.

"Yes, she has auburn hair," con-

ceded Mr. Jackson, almost openly impatient of this youthful simplicity.

"There must be European blood in her. Old crusader, perhaps?"

"More likely mountaineer blood. There are plenty of blue eyes and yellow heads on Lebanon."

"Ah!" answered Sinclair. The crusader hypothesis pleased him best; still the mountaineer one would do.

"Mr. Jackson, you must not be astonished at me," he added. "After having seen this young lady, I cannot but persist in my proposition. You will please consider me as a suitor for her hand."

"Mr. Sinclair, have you a father and mother?"

"They died when I was a child. I have brothers, but I am independent of them."

"Well, sir, your failure be upon your own head. I have warned you of the dangers you run in marrying a child of semi-civilization. Now, then, I must consider my duties toward the young lady herself. She is my pupil, and a member of my family. She has been confided to my care by her parents. You perceive, I hope, that I am bound to watch over her interests."

Sinclair exhibited letters of introduction from various persons in America, two or three of them names well known in public affairs. There seemed to be no doubt of his respectability; the missionary was forced to admit thus much. He looked at the frank, earnest, intelligent, enthusiastic face of the young man with a perplexity which amounted to dismay.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I shall treat you with consideration, and as far as possible with hospitality. But really I shall have to withdraw the invitation I gave you to make your home under this roof. In view of your intentions, don't you see, sir, I should be playing the part of a match-maker, if I had you here?"

"Quite so. I understand. I shall remain at the hotel in the city. I beg your permission, however, to call here."

"Certainly. With the greatest pleas-

ure. We shall have a hundred more questions to put to you about Charles."

There the interview ended, leaving the missionary in clouds of amazement, while Sinclair walked back to the city in an Arabian Nights' reverie.

After ten minutes of meditation, Mr. Jackson wrote and mailed a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, inquiring as to the fortune, character, and sanity of Mr. Frederic Sinclair. Meantime, feeling that the conjuncture was too much for unassisted man, he wished that his wife were at home. She had gone to Bhamdun, a village some three thousand feet up the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, the usual summer residence of one or more of the mission families. A house there was to be put in habitable order, and Mrs. Jackson was the person who could best attend to the job.

Three days passed; our Western knight-errant visited the mission school; he gloated over the grace of his childish Syrian Madonna; at last he found a chance to speak to her alone. Ascending to the flat roof of the mission house, he saw her leaning against the yellow parapet, and gazing out upon the Mediterranean. At the sound of his footstep she turned, put aside the long silken tarboosh tassel, which partially veiled her delicate face, and said in a low, flute-like voice, "Sellim, Howaja Frayd."

That was the name by which Mr. Frederic Sinclair was already known to the twenty dark-eyed girls of the school. As she pronounced it, it sounded infinitely sweeter to him than Fred, or Frederic, or anything English.

"Why don't you speak to me in my own language?" he asked.

"I do not always think," she answered with a slow utterance which showed how difficult the strange tongue was to her.

"May I talk to you here a few minutes?" he implored.

"Yes, you may talk."

"Do you know that I came many days' journey to see you?"

"Did you?" and she stared in simple wonder. "Why did you?"

"Because I heard that you were very beautiful."

"O Howaja!" she exclaimed, coloring with embarrassment, but nevertheless shyly gratified.

Then other pupils came chattering up the inner stairway, putting an end to the dialogue. On the day which was made glorious to Sinclair by this interview Mrs. Jackson returned.

"Why! it can't be," she said, as soon as her husband had told his tale of marvels. "What! did n't you know that Lulu is betrothed to Antone Barakat? They have been betrothed for years,—since they were children."

"Oh! that ends the matter," answered the relieved Jackson. "Betrothed to Antone? Dear me! I need n't have written to Philadelphia. Well, that ends the imbroglio."

Not so thought Frederic Sinclair. When informed of this betrothal, he simply said, "I must try to cut the man out."

"O, but that would be wrong," objected the missionary. "Put yourself in the place of Antone."

"I can't put myself in his place. He was betrothed, I have no doubt, without being consulted; perhaps against his will. There can't be any love in the case. I don't believe the girl cares for him. What sort of a betrothal do you call that?"

"It is according to the custom of the country. It would make a scandal to break it off."

"Let me see the fellow," said Sinclair, who had begun to show some conceit in his manner since he had become better acquainted. "I fancy I can look him down. A chap in a long gown, I suppose, with no stockings."

"Perhaps you had better see him," returned Mr. Jackson with a smile. "I will invite him to meet you to-morrow evening."

At the meeting Sinclair was roundly astonished. Instead of a fellow in a long gown and no stockings, he beheld a dandy in full European costume, who addressed him in fluent and correct English. Antone Barakat, a repre-

sentative of Young Syria, thoroughly contemptuous of his own country and countrymen, had spent nearly all his small patrimony in obtaining a European education, and in acquiring, perhaps, some European vices. From the age of sixteen to the age of twenty he had studied medicine in Paris and London. With that linguistic faculty which distinguishes the Arabs, he had mastered both the French and English so thoroughly, that, barring a certain distinctness of pronunciation, it would have been difficult to detect him as a foreigner. His manner was alert, easy, graceful, cordial, insinuating. His smile was as ready and sultry as the Syrian sunlight.

"From America!" he said, taking Sinclair by both hands. "I am so delighted to meet you! We owe so much to America. This mission, the mission school, our friend Mr. Jackson,—we are indebted for them all to your great and beneficent republic. Mr. Sinclair, I welcome you to Syria. If you can find any pleasure in this effete country, I cordially wish it for you. Do, pray, sit down. It is my duty to sit last."

Fluent as our countryman supposed himself to be, and was, here was a fluency which drowned him. All that he could think to say was, "I trust and believe that Syria is not quite effete."

"O, but it is!" protested Doctor Antone, as he was called,—"wofully so! All her sons are crushed by the fact. How different, how happily opposite, is your destiny! The youth and vigor of your great Republic fills you all with youth and vigor. An American never grows old. He is always full of energy. Our friend, Mr. Jackson here, is twice my age, and has twice as much work in him. If there is any human being in the world that I envy, it is an American. To own the fountain of perpetual youth, to have *jeunesse dorée* for a birthright, it is enviable, it is glorious."

Sinclair was pretty thoroughly humbugged. He believed that Antone was entirely in earnest, whereas he was only one tenth in earnest. The Syrian

was translating from his own hyperbolic tongue; he was talking Arabic in the purest English; moreover, he was by nature a flatterer.

Mature as this youth was in language and manner, mature as his strong mustache and darkly grained cheeks showed him to the eye, he was only twenty-one. Life comes early to its ripeness under a sun which fondles the fig, the olive, and the vine.

The American boy of twenty-two was for a time mastered by the Syrian man of twenty-one. They left the mission that evening, arm in arm, and before they had walked a hundred yards amid the giant cactus of the garden hedges, Sinclair said to Antone, "You must spend the night with me."

So there was a late supper on the best fare of the Hotel Franco. After the meats had been removed, fruit, sweets, and wines were served to the two in a stone balcony which overlooked a scene beyond the skill of painters. Below were gleaming roofs, dark shadows of winding streets, outlines of battlemented walls, and a castle, the waters of the harbor, silvery with moonlight, faint beams from prostrate pillars of Egyptian granite at the landing-place, the dark sweep of garden verdure beyond the city,—all closed in by the sombre, solemn ramparts of Lebanon. Amid this magic, drinking the hot wine of Cyprus, Sinclair's heart opened like a night-flower.

"Here is to the belle of Syria!" he drank,—"the betrothed of my friend, Antone,—Lulu Esh Shidiak! My dear friend, you must not wonder at me. I have come a thousand miles to see that beautiful girl who is yours. I did not know that her hand was promised. I have seen her only to lose her. You must allow me to drink to her. I unite your health with hers. In this wine of Cyprus, by all the memories of love that Cyprus brings, I wish you two health and happiness."

For an instant Antone's dark eyes showed a gleam of displeasure. European as he sought to be, he was still Oriental enough to cringe under a refer-

ence to his family affairs from a stranger, and to feel a pang of that most Eastern of passions, jealousy. He was, however, so agile and adroit of spirit that he found no difficulty in responding according to the humor of the occasion.

"Thanks," he said, springing, glass in hand, to his feet,—"thanks, my American friend, for that most American toast. May the love of a thousand Syrian girls reward you for your beneficent wishes! Ah! yours is a happy country. Women there may be spoken of freely, because they can be respected. Here is to my noble and chivalrous friend from the Yenghe Dunia! Here is to his future. May it be as glorious as the manifest destiny of his great Republic."

What young and patriotic American, full of the wine of Cyprus and surrounded by Syrian moonlight, could fail to be affected by this toast? Sinclair grasped Antone by the hand, and swore eternal friendship to him. The young men passed the night on sofas in the dining-room.

The next time that Sinclair visited the mission-house he said to Mr. Jackson, "I think I shall explore the Hauran."

"It is dangerous," replied the missionary, shaking his head.

"I need danger," muttered the young man, in a sad tone. "It will be a relief to me."

After the manner of good husbands, Mr. Jackson related the substance of this interview to his wife. "Dear me!" he sighed. "I am afraid he is really in love with the girl. It is absurd, of course; and yet it is affecting."

"It is perhaps better that he should go," replied the lady. "It would be dreadful for the school if that betrothal should be broken off by a visitor of ours."

"Yes, it is better that he should go," assented Jackson. "I must fit him out as thoroughly as possible for the Hauran. After all, I escaped from there, and I'm not positive that I was in much danger."

While the preparations for the desert expedition went on, the intimacy between the two young men continued. Antone dined often with Sinclair, taught him various French games of cards, at last proposed stakes. The Syrian was not only a sponge, but a swindler. The American lost; he lost even after he had learned the games; after a time he suspected cheating, finally he became sure of it. He showed his coolness of temper by playing on until he had detected his comrade's trickeries, and by saying not one word concerning them. His losses now amounted to something over two hundred dollars. It was enough out of his letter of credit for one thousand, and his yearly income of only two thousand. He stopped playing, under a plea of native bad luck, and stopped his preparations for the Hauran, under a plea of summer heat.

At the same time, he resumed the plan of his Arabian Nights' courtship. "The fellow is no gentleman," he thought, "and he is totally unworthy of that exquisite girl, and it doesn't matter how I treat him. If he can swindle me out of my money, I am excusable in beating him out of his betrothed."

The Jacksons, with several of their pupils, including Lulu Esh Shidiak, were now at Bhamdun on Mount Lebanon. Sinclair decided that he would not follow them until he could say to the conscientious and watchful missionary, "I have the permission of the girl's father to offer her my hand."

Furnished with letters from our consul at Beirut, and accompanied by Abdallah as guide and interpreter, he rode southward along the sun-gilded Phœnician coast, between beaming hills on the left and the sparkling Mediterranean on the right, until he reached the yellow walls and cool, narrow streets of Sidon. Jurjus Esh Shidiak—better known as Abu Daoud, a well-to-do Sidonian merchant—was the most amazed Syrian between Jaffa and Aleppo when he learned the object of this young Frank's visit. Although he was sitting cross-legged, stayed up by a

chibouk six feet long, he came near toppling over on his back under the shock. His dark, massive, regular face crimsoned with a variety of emotions, the prevalent one being anger.

"Break my daughter's betrothal without cause! Does this Frank take me to be a man of no faith? Does he fail to see that I am a Howaja? Is he laughing at my beard? If I dared I would stone him."

Such were the first emotions of Abu Daoud as he listened to Sinclair's proposition. However, as is the fashion of his countrymen, up to a certain point of provocation, he maintained perfect calmness of manner, and responded with sugary speech.

"The *bint* (girl) — excuse me for mentioning her — is unworthy of the high attention of my most gracious lord," he said, in slow, measured tones, giving Abdallah abundant time to translate. "She is naught but the daughter of an Arab; and his excellency is a Howaja far above such creatures. I thank him for the condescension of his words. His goodness of heart is excessive. A child could see it in his face. Let us speak of matters more worthy of his high attention."

Abdallah — calm and expressionless as a pillar of Egyptian granite, without the faintest smile of the contempt which he felt for his subject and for both the men who bandied it — translated back and forth for an hour. He put into Arabic the American method of courtship as expounded by Sinclair. He put into English Abu Daoud's florid litanies of unmeaning compliment. Not a twinkle of wonder or merriment rose to his sombre black eyes, as this extraordinary dialogue ebbed and flowed over his dark red lips. Abdallah would have made a secret-police agent of the first magnitude.

Abu Daoud could not see the sense of letting girls choose their own husbands, although he eulogized that Yankee notion to the skies the moment it was stated to him. But when Sinclair mentioned the amount of his fortune, the Syrian capitalist raised his eyelids

with a start of conviction. Thirty thousand dollars! seven hundred thousand piastres! In all Sidon there was no man so rich as that; it was as if one should say, "I am Aladdin Abushamat."

A wheedling smile at once puckered his politic mouth and the crafty corners of his meditative eyes.

"I repeat," he said, "that my daughter — excuse me for naming her — is unworthy of a single one of my lord's beneficent thoughts. But since my lord insists, I will venture to attend to the matter. If it shall appear that the other is unworthy — in the name of God let us say no more. The matter shall receive attention. His Highness's goodness of heart is so excessive that too much cannot be done to gratify him."

Sinclair, full of hope and joy, rose to depart. Abu Daoud slyly put a piece of gold in Abdallah's ready hand, whispering, "Between us be peace and secrecy."

"He will give you the girl," said the dragoman to his master, when they were in the street. "For so much money you can have any girl in this country."

The interview which we have described cost Abu Daoud a ride to Beirut and another to Bhamdun. In Beirut he picked up certain highly desirable reports adverse to Antone Barakat, such as that he had spent a large part of his one hundred and twenty thousand piastres (\$5,000) in Europe, and that he indulged in various outlandish vices. From Mr. Jackson, who had lately entertained a travelling Philadelphian, he learned that Sinclair was as respectable and as rich as he claimed to be.

"This will be a new thing in the land of the Arabs, O Abu Daoud!" remonstrated the missionary.

"Alas, yes! But how necessary!" replied the Syrian. "How shall I give my child to one who is making himself a beggar? Antone has spent much property abroad, and he risks his piastres at games. Would you have me marry my child to such a one?"

"If that is so, I would not advise it,"

assented Jackson. "But make sure that it is so. Let us be discreet and just, as we desire God's justice."

"Praise be to his name!" responded Abu Daoud, with the ready Syrian piety. "We are always in his hand, and we must obey his will. I expected no other advice from one of your character and life. May he reward you for your incessant benevolence and holiness!"

Abu Daoud saw his daughter, showered benedictions upon her, and made her presents, but said nothing of his new plan for her future. The project was not yet ripe; and then what had she to do with it? A wise girl, a good daughter, — excuse me for naming her, — she would do her father's bidding.

Now back to Beirut. Abu Daoud cringed and smiled to Sinclair until the young man was ashamed for him.

"Tell him, once for all, that his daughter is worthy of twice what I am and have," he said to Abdallah. "Ask him if I can go and see her. I want a letter from him to Mr. Jackson."

"Eet his Excellency wait one day longer," answered Abu Daoud, and went off to close matters with Antone.

What sort of an interview there was between the two Syrians we cannot say. It was probably commenced with mellifluous sweetness by the elder, and carried on with stormy anger by the younger, ending in a violent quarrel.

Smoother than butter, however, was Abu Daoud the next day, when he went with Sinclair before the American consul, and there signed a contract of betrothal for his daughter.

"There was no need of all this," said the lover, as he added his name to the paper. "Nevertheless, I suppose it is necessary in order to make the father feel safe. Confound it! I don't want to bind the young lady until she is willing to bind herself."

"We don't do it this way in America, Mr. Sinclair," blandly smiled the consul. "I wish you joy. *Good morning.*"

"That young ass has actually engaged himself to a native," the consul remarked to his wife at dinner. "In

six months from his wedding, he 'll be obliged to cowhide her."

Furnished with Abu Daoud's letter, and smeared to the ears with his embraces, Sinclair set out for Bhamdun, with Abdallah. An hour's ride took him through the narrow, gloomy, noisome, and noisy market street; through the winding ways of the magnificent amphitheatre of gardens; through the pines, which cast their thin shadows over the surrounding flats of sand; through the vast grove of olives, six miles in length, which silvers the shallow valley at the base of Lebanon. Then came the ascent, — hills beyond hills of yellow rock and yellow earth; down-lookings into huge ravines of terraced and cultivated verdure; grain, vines, olives, and mulberries, swarming up mighty slopes; villages in leafy nests of valleys and on rocky perches of crags; the great sea behind growing ever broader and more sublime; the mountain-ridge in front rivalling it in sublimity.

Light-footed mountaineers, some white-turbaned Druzes, others blue-turbaned Maronites, passed them with salutations of "*Ya subhac bel khiar*" (May God bless your morning). They watered their horses at fountains on which were inscriptions invoking the mercy of God. They lunched on figs and oranges and coffee, with their eyes fixed on the snowy peak of Sunneen. A wonderful present and a wonderful past were all around them. Had the sun been setting, they could have distinguished the mountains of Cyprus. Had a rocky cape been withdrawn, they could have beheld Sidon.

Sinclair felt his soul to be as radiant and boundless as the landscape. If we have hitherto treated this young man's passion with such levity as to throw doubt upon its sincerity, we have done it injustice. His imagination, at least, was all aflame; he was romantically in love with his Syrian belle; he was crazily impatient to be near her once more. Ah, the bedlamite poetry and sentiment of two-and-twenty!

The steep rocky *wady*, or ravine, six

hundred feet in depth, which gapes below Bhamdun, was fathomed at a speed which made the distant villages stare. At a fountain which flows near the lowermost stone cottages of the hamlet Sinclair leaped from his horse and advanced with extended hand toward two Syrian girls who were just then approaching the cool water from a terrace of mulberries.

"How do you do, Lulu?" he said to the eldest and handsomest.

"Ya, Howaja!" she exclaimed, using her own language, in her surprise. "O Howaja, Frayd!" she repeated in English.

"I am delighted," he added, pressing her hand until the color rushed into her half-veiled blond face. "I hope you are not vexed to see me."

"No, I am not vexed," she replied; "why should I?"

Probably she did not know two hundred English words, and even those were strange and unmeaning to her ears. Her talk in this unfamiliar language was always brief, simple, and passionless.

"I will see you again at Mr. Jackson's," he added, as he remounted his horse.

"Yes, I will see you," she answered, with a smile which was delicious, because it was girlish, because it was half hidden by the drooping folds of a mantilla of white gauze, because it was Oriental, madonesque, and in short everything romanesque.

Of course Mr. Jackson had no more objections to make to this courtship when he learned that Abu Daoud had given it his paternal blessing.

"I will speak to the girl," he began.

"O, for Heaven's sake, no!" implored Sinclair. "You would rob me of a great happiness. I hate this betrothing, this commanding of elders, these shackles upon love. If she cannot like me for myself, without knowing that her father has contracted her to me, I will not take her."

The missionary could not help smiling, in spite of his perplexity. "This

is new love-making for Syria," he said; "this is turning *shèkel belad** topsyturvy."

They were sitting in a sort of roofed court, nearly thirty feet long, which occupied the centre of the house. On three sides were rooms; the other side was open, with the exception of two small, rudely cut pillars, supporting three broad, pointed arches; through these arches the eye dropped to the bottom of the stony wady beneath the village, or shot aslant over yellow hills until it reached the Mediterranean. The sun was setting; the sea was a blaze of flame; the west was a glory of reddish gold. To add picturesqueness to the foreground, a man in a white turban and striped cloak stole along a terrace just below the house, turning his dark face upward, under the dwarf mulberries, to glance at the two Franks.

"Who can that be?" muttered Mr. Jackson. "If the fellow were not in Druze costume, I should take him for Antone. I have seen him about here twice before. Do you know where Antone is?"

"I don't," answered the youth, and dropped the subject there, not quite easy in his conscience.

"Well, no matter, I don't know what harm he could do you that he would dare do."

"Nor I," returned Sinclair, scornfully; for he was not timorous, and he had the bravado of his age.

Now came a period of courtship. "It must be in the presence of my family," Jackson had said; and Sinclair had acceded in good faith to the somewhat severe decree. But Mrs. Jackson, interested in this match now that it had become lawful, made the way as easy as she might for the two lovers. When the five Arab maidens of her branch of the school walked out under her charge she allowed Sinclair to accompany them, and to detain Lulu behind the others or inveigle her ahead on little pretexts. So there was love-making of a kind new to Syrian damsels.

Lulu was at once charmed and fright-

* The custom of the country.

ened at feeling her hand pressed by this young man, and at hearing from his lips that she was beautiful. Her slightly pale blond cheeks colored under these excitements until they glowed like a sunset. She was in love; there was soon no doubt of that; but still she was shy. She had been told that she was free from her engagement with Antone, but not that she was betrothed to this glorious stranger. To her former affianced, by the way, she hardly gave a thought; she had not spoken to him above a dozen times in her life; even then their talk had not been of affection; why should she care for him?"

At last, after a month of this coy happiness, Sinclair begged that he might see Lulu alone.

"Give me an hour," smiled Mrs. Jackson; then she arrayed the girl in her best attire. When Sinclair entered the room where his Madonna had been sent to receive him, he beheld a spectacle which we must describe.

Lulu was in truth very handsome. There are thousands of handsomer girls in America, and even in Philadelphia; but then hers was an Oriental beauty, and to Sinclair it had the magic of novelty. Her profile was what one might call a compromise between the Greek and the Jewish. Her forehead was low and broad; her nose delicate and the merest trifle curved; her mouth was rather small, but the lips were pulpy; her chin was well brought forward, and exquisitely dimpled. Her expression was more noble and intellectual than was justly due to her somewhat uncultured soul and brain.

In form she was rather small, but rounded, graceful, and willowy. The only changes which the missionaries had made in her native costume were to close up the breast of her dress to the neck, and to lengthen the skirt until it concealed her *shintyan* or Oriental trousers. On her head, set a little back, so as to show her wavy auburn hair, was a crimson tarboosh, with a long black silk tassel. Her jacket of crimson broadcloth hung loosely, and its embroidered sleeves only came half-

way to her elbows. Her dress—a figured stuff of cotton and silk—fitted her round form closely, showing the natural contour of both waist and hips. Around the waist, or rather around the hips, and nearly falling from them, was a twisted shawl of India silk, white, with narrow golden stripes. Her little feet were in pointed slippers of yellow morocco.

The girl's cheeks, when Sinclair entered her presence, were a flame of scarlet, and her hazel eyes were flashes of frightened, curious, loving, liquid light.

"My beautiful girl, please read that," he said, handing her the letter of Abu Daoud to Mr. Jackson.

She read it, blushing deeper than ever, and looked up at him with unconcealed gladness.

"Dear Lulu," he went on, seizing her hands, "I love you dearly. Do you understand me? O, do you? Are you willing to be my wife?"

Syrian as she was, she received all this in such a truly American fashion that I am inclined to suspect that the American fashion is strictly in accordance with universal human nature. She laid her golden head against his shoulder, and whispered, "I am willing."

We will pass over something that next happened, also very American; we will skip on to the moment when Sinclair asked, "When will you be married?"

"When you want," replied Lulu, still with her head on his shoulder.

This answer, I have reason to believe, is not so American; but our young Pennsylvanian seemed to find it perfectly satisfactory, and there was another little scene which we shall omit.

This affiancing must be a long job. It was an hour or so before the portal of the parlor opened, and through the nondescript court of the straggling, one-storied, and leaky, though stone-built cottage, walked bashfully, arm in arm, Fred Sinclair and Lulu Esh Shidiak, betrothed lovers. The Christian gravity of Mrs. Jackson melted into a shower of kisses and a moisture which

brightened her eyes. The four unaffiliated damsels of the school kissed first Lulu's hand, and then her cheek, with an air of profound respect. Mr. Jackson wished the couple joy, and beamed with irrational confidence that all was for the best, although logically he did not believe in marrying two grades of civilization.

Now Sinclair became a missionary, and heard Lulu's English lessons. There was a delightful month of study, of babblings in the comandaloon, or double-arched window, and of walks among the mulberries and vines of the terraces which surrounded the village. Then came a whirlwind of trouble.

A terrific civil war burst out between the eighty thousand Maronites and the thirty-five thousand Druzes of Mount Lebanon. Over rocky heights and through verdant ravines, for a space of fifteen miles in breadth by forty in length, the struggle rioted in the blood of men, women, and children, and in the flames of convents and villages. The Druzes, favored by their compact feudal organization, and led by their five great families of martial sheiks, rapidly gained ground on their more numerous but badly handled antagonists. The ferocity of the contest may be judged of by a single ghastly incident. Colonel Rose, the English Consul-General of Syria, visiting the venerable chief of the powerful house of Boneked on a mission of peace, found the old man smoking his pipe amid a circle of thirty bloody Christian heads, expiatory sacrifices for the death of his son in battle. Even in the presence of this hideous spectacle the fierce but politic and smooth-tongued barbarian had the impudence to lay his hand upon his heart and say, "Rose Bey, may Allah bless you for your thoughts of peace!"

There were reports that Bhamdun, a Christian village, would be burned. The Abdelmeleks, within whose feudal territories it lay, declared that, while they would protect the lives of the missionaries, they could not guarantee the safety of the hamlet. The Jacksons

decided that they must retire to Beirut, and, for greater safety, they concluded to make the journey by night.

At this point Antone Barakat reappears darkly on the scene. It seems that he had sworn vengeance for his dismissal; that, under the disguise of a Druze costume, he had followed Lulu to the mountains; that he had haunted the neighborhood of Bhamdun with the purpose of doing — we cannot say what. When the war broke out, he saw in it a chance for executing his vindictive projects. A member of the Greek Church, and consequently a hater of the papistical Maronites, he had no hesitation in aiding the Druzes against their Christian foes.

In return for his services as a spy he demanded of the Abdelmeleks that they should assist him in recovering his betrothed. Sheik Ali, the old and crafty head of the house, refused to meddle in the affairs of Franks; but his eldest son, Sheik Yusef, the warrior of the race, nodded assent to a group of his ferocious henchmen.

On a summer evening, lighted only by the stars, the Jackson cavalcade, no less than eight loaded mules and horses, left Bhamdun for the city. The first ravine was passed, and they were winding over the stony ridge beyond it, when the missionary called Sinclair aside.

"I have seen that Druze again to-day," he whispered. "The one who looks like Antone. And he is Antone. I walked after him, and he ran away from me. I am seriously afraid that he will make some trouble for us, — that is, especially for you and Lulu. My opinion is that we had better divide our party. Suppose that you and Lulu should take the boy Habeeb, and push straight to the left into the next wady. There is a Maronite village at the bottom of it, and there you will probably be safe. The way is rough, but Habeeb knows it. Meantime we will follow the public road to Beirut. If people come upon us, I shall know how to make them waste their time, even if I don't scare them out of their enterprise."

Ten minutes later, Sinclair and Lulu, guided by a lean, springy Arab youth of eighteen, had cantered along the stony nose of the ridge, and were descending its steepest declivity into a deep, shadowy ravine. For a space they leaped their horses down the terraces; then they found a path which followed the windings of a gully. Vines and mulberries rose to right and left above them; the thick verdure of oranges and lemons darkened below them. They were within half a mile of the village, when from behind the blackened walls of a cottage which had been burned the day previous rode three men in the white turbans and cloaks of white and black stripes which distinguish the Druzes. With a groan of terror Habeeb sprang out of the path, and rushed up the terraced hillside at the sublimest speed of his slippers. Sinclair, stupefied by the novelty of the conjuncture, halted his horse in front of Lulu, and slowly drew his revolver.

"Ah, Howaja Fred," said the foremost Druze, in pure English, and with a mocking accent, "so you came out of your way to meet me? How kind! Nobody is so kind as these Americans. Their goodness is excessive, as we poor Arabs say. Now will you cause the measure of your beneficence to overflow by giving me my betrothed wife?"

Lulu had uttered a low cry of alarm when she recognized the voice of Antone. Sinclair, without saying a word, placed his left hand on the bridle of her horse, and with the other hand presented his revolver. As quick as lightning Antone slipped to the ground, and aimed a fowling-piece across his saddle.

At that moment tongues of fire shot from a thicket a hundred yards distant; there was a swift *whish* of missiles through the air, and then the *bang bang*

of the volley. With the sharp cry of a wounded man Antone Barakat clambered into his saddle, and, followed by his two comrades, plunged past Sinclair and Lulu, galloping up the gully-pathway toward the dark ridges of the mountain. The crisis was over in an instant; it had swept by like a whirlwind; it had come only to be gone. In explanation of the volley, we must understand a picket of Maronites from the village, who had detected the white turbans and striped cloaks, distinct against the sombre hillside.

At daybreak, safely housed in Beirut, Sinclair learned from Mr. Jackson that he also had been halted by a party of Druzes, and had with difficulty convinced them that Lulu Esh Shidiak was not in his cavalcade. They had only left him when they heard a crash of musketry in the wady.

In what Howaja Frayd considered due season there was a wedding at the mission-house. All the Esh Shidiaks were there,—men in turbans and long robes, women in figured silks and head-dresses of gold coins, all glowing with such pride and satisfaction as seldom illuminates Syrian families. Abu Daoud's face wrinkled all over with joy, like a sea covered with frisking, sunny wavelets, when he learned that his Excellency Howaja Frayd would reside in Syria. What pickings! what purses of gold to borrow! what chances for speculation in wool and cocoons!

"Are you happy, Lulu?" asked Howaja Frayd, as he drew his Oriental wife out of the reception.

"Yes, *very*," sighed Lulu, looking up in his face as frankly as if she had belonged to him forever.

Whether he has ever had occasion to cowhide her, after the manly fashion of many Syrian husbands, we cannot positively declare. Let us stubbornly hope to the contrary, inasmuch as she is a member of the mission church.

CORONATION.

AT the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun,
Caught in the drowsy snare too soon
The guards slept one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hourglass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown, and threw it by;
"O man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead.

TRIBUTE OF A LOVING FRIEND TO THE MEMORY OF A
NOBLE WOMAN.

"GOD bless her sweet face! she's not a bit the worse for being a duchess!"

So spoke a good old broad-brimmed Quaker, when he bought at the Anti-slavery Fair the splendid engraving of the late beautiful Duchess of Sutherland.

The old Quaker heard around him sneers, as if a republican and a Quaker should be ashamed to exhibit enthusiasm for the pictured form of one who then stood at the head of modern aristocracy. And he spoke words that embody a deep truth, that a truly grand and noble woman has a worth and value of her own altogether superior to that of rank or station, and that at her feet even the most unworldly may bow, giving homage to *her* and not to her position.

The late Duchess of Sutherland was one of those few individuals in this world who may be said in the general drift of life to have been completely fortunate. By lineage she was of the noblest English blood. Her ancestral grandmother on the mother's side was the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty, wit, and genius, and the warm and decided part which she took in the liberal and progressive politics of her day, have become matter of history.

She was the ornament and pride and patroness of that very strong party in England which, during our Revolutionary War, sympathized with our leaders in their assertion of human rights, and remonstrated against the suicidal policy of England.

The Duchess of Devonshire was not only a charming and admired woman in society, but gifted with some considerable degree of literary talent. Thus we find among Coleridge's "Occasional Poems" an "Ode addressed to Georgianna, Duchess of Devonshire," on the twenty-fourth stanza of her poem, entitled "Passage over Mount Gothard."

We shall quote the opening lines of this Ode, as they suggest an idea which is a leading one in the consideration of a character like that of the Duchess of Sutherland. They are written upon the following quatrain of the Duchess's poem:—

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild,
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart."

Of this the poet says:—

"Splendor's fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learned you that heroic measure?"

"Light as a dream, your days their circlets ran
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed — from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises, soothed your infant heart;
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from nature; stately vests,
That veiling, strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine
Were yours, unearned by toil, nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell,
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learned you that heroic measure?"

On a first view, it certainly would appear that the influence engendered by aristocratic institutions, on those who are born inheritors of their privileges, would be one entirely contrary to any deep and generous sympathy with the mass of mankind; and such, as a general thing, has been the influence of aristocracy on the minds that have been formed by it.

The utter want of sympathy with humanity in the aristocracy of France was what precipitated their downfall in the Revolution. But in the English nation it is a noticeable fact, that the long struggle by which liberal ideas and the rights of the common people have been steadily advanced has found

some of its most efficient supporters among the nobility.

The Duchess of Devonshire, although living in an age of great fashionable extravagance and dissipation, is celebrated by the poet as a good mother, who nursed her own children, and formed their minds and character herself. The Countess of Carlisle, the mother of the Duchess of Sutherland, did credit to the system under which she was brought up. It was our fortune to know her, in the serene old age of a beautiful life, spent in a conscientious fulfilment of every duty. Cultivated, polished, refined, remembering most of the men and things best worth knowing in her period, her conversation and her letters, even after her seventieth year, were delightful. Nothing in the progress of mankind escaped her, — every good cause, every heroic movement in any land or country, had her intelligent and appreciative sympathy.

The Earl of Carlisle, her husband, was a man well known in his day for his liberal patronage of art and letters. Castle Howard, the family residence, has one of the finest collections of pictures and statuary in England. It was here that the youth of the Duchess of Sutherland was passed. She was gifted generously by nature, first, with beauty, which in its mature hour, might well have been chosen as the perfected type of English loveliness; but, independent of her beauty, and greatly superior to it as an endowment, she received from nature the gift of a large and generous heart, with such a breadth and capacity of love, such powers of sympathy and tenderness and friendship, as are given to few. Her nature was as magnificent in its wealth of the affectional and emotive powers as in personal charms.

In some respects, her face and head reminded one of traits in the Venus de Milo, particularly in the shape and character of the eyes; but no marble and no painting can ever do justice to the beauty of those eyes, in their varied moods of expression. Their general

character was that of serious tenderness, but a tale of injury or wrong, the suggestion of anything like meanness or unfairness or harshness and cruelty would bring lightnings from those blue eyes and an expression of indignation to the beautiful face.

Her goodness was not mere physical softness, or love of ease, or aversion to earnest thought. Much of what is called amiability, in beautiful ladies, is little more than the purring of a sleek, well-fed cat, happy and contented, because every animal sense is gratified. That of the Duchess of Sutherland, while it had its foundation in a harmonious and well-developed animal nature, was a deeper principle, a clear, discriminating virtue. Her sense of justice was as broad and deep as her powers of emotion. Everywhere, both in her own country and in all other countries, she hated wrong, and she loved right, with a passionate enthusiasm.

Her mother, the Countess of Carlisle, belonged to that generation in which the abolition of slavery on English territory was conceived and executed. Some of the most untiring friends of that great reform were to be found in the list of her personal friends among the English nobility; and Lady Carlisle educated her children in the principles of universal liberty, as in a religion. It was, therefore, no fine lady's whim, or passing caprice of fashionable sentiment, that led the Duchess of Sutherland always to manifest the deepest sympathy with those in America who were struggling to bring about the same reform which had already been wrought in England.

The Boston Antislavery Fair at which the good Quaker bought the engraving of the Duchess was held some time during those eventful years between 1831 and 1866, when the battle for human rights and human liberty was being fought out in this country. About this time, in the good city of Boston, this same Antislavery Fair represented a class of persons whose position resembled that of certain oth-

ers mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as the "sect that is everywhere spoken against." The few stanch spirits that kept up that Fair were of the old heroic blood of Massachusetts, and could trace their lineage back through generations of men who never flinched from a principle.

For a simple effort to carry out logically the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the members of the American Antislavery Society were ostracized from the polite circles of Boston; they lost standing everywhere, and in every respect, and good society — meaning by this the majority of what was cultivated, refined, and even professedly religious — could not do enough to express contempt of them. If a distinguished European stranger in those days chanced to be sharing Boston hospitalities, he was always sure to be invited by some zealous member to show himself at this Fair, and give, at least, the comfort of his countenance to the effort that was being then made for the cause of universal liberty. It would not be difficult to furnish a list of distinguished Europeans who, when safely across the water, could testify, like the very Apostles and Prophets, against American slavery, but who, brought to this simple test in the city of Boston, refused then and there to acknowledge the only men and women who were doing anything efficient against it. There was, however, one marked exception: the Earl of Carlisle and brother of the Duchess of Sutherland, then Lord Morpeth, visited the United States in those days, and while in the city of Boston, notwithstanding the officious warnings of the unpopularity of the act, went to the Antislavery Fair, and took pains in the most marked and significant manner to avow his sympathy with the object represented. The Duchess of Sutherland, also, sent contributions to this Fair, accompanied with expressions of sympathy.

When Mr. Garrison, then the object of unmitigated obloquy and contempt in America, visited England during

these years, he was invited to Stafford House by the Duchess, and made to feel at ease there by that matchless charm of manner of which she had the gift, and which enabled her to shed over the splendors of a palace the charm of a simple, warm-hearted home. At her request he sat for his picture to Richmond, the celebrated crayon artist; and the picture occupied an honored place in Stafford House. At this time several high rewards had been offered in Southern States for the head of Garrison, and he said to the Duchess, when she made the request, that desires had been frequently expressed to obtain *his head*, but that they had never come in a form so flattering.

It was for many years said that the severe denunciatory language of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, and their want of Christian charity in their mode of carrying on the movement, were a sufficient reason why every one should fall away from them, and leave them to work alone. We believe, however, that the disclosures which have been made in this late struggle, of the awful character of the evil which they attacked, have wrought such a change in the public mind, that, should Mr. Garrison's early articles on this subject be now published, people would inquire with surprise, Where is the strong language, and where the excessive denunciations? Mr. Garrison was like a man on the front cars of a swift-rushing train, who sees terrific danger not seen by those at the other end. The cries that he uttered in time came to be uttered by every one in the United States, as in their turn the real meaning of the situation flashed upon them.

The sympathy which was felt with the American antislavery struggle in England was in part the continued burning of that fire of enthusiasm which had been kindled by the labors of Clarkson and Wilberforce. When the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" roused this smouldering enthusiasm once more in England, there is no manner of doubt that all good people there regarded it as an outbreak of

pure virtue. England, so they thought, had come through this great struggle victoriously; she had emancipated all her slaves, and declared the soil of Britain everywhere free. And why should not America do the same?

When the Duchess of Sutherland opened Stafford House for an anti-slavery meeting of the women of England, she was acting as a representative Englishwoman, standing but a little lower than the throne, and representing in herself the whole sentiment of English womanhood.

Very gentle and sisterly and tender were the words of that address of "The Englishwomen to their Sisters in America." They spoke of a common lineage, a common religion; they acknowledged the fault and shame of England in bringing this great evil upon the American Colonies; they made this acknowledged fault a reason why they should endeavor to speak to them of the remedies that might yet possibly lie in the power of American women.

Under the circumstances, probably no form of words that covered so very objectionable a deed as this memorial could be more unobjectionable. More than half a million of women sent it with their signatures, which, beginning at the foot of the throne, embraced names of every rank and order, down to the wife of the meanest laborer, who could sign her name. These signatures, in eighteen folio volumes enclosed in a cabinet of English oak, were sent to America and exhibited at the Boston Antislavery Fair.

Let us not doubt that every signer of that celebrated document, at the time she put her name to it, was for the moment yielding to a true and noble impulse. Our poor human nature is not so very well off in matters of virtue that we can afford to deny it thus much. But in signing that memorial, as well as in uttering certain petitions in the Lord's Prayer, the fair petitioners were asking for a great deal more than they were actually willing to receive. We who say, from Sunday to Sunday, "Thy

will be done on earth as it is in heaven," are often utterly confounded when God's will *is* done in a way that sweeps off all our cherished plans and expectations.

When the efforts to which the women of England exhorted their sisters had actually been made, and resulted in a great battle, — a battle which it was instinctively felt would necessitate other and similar conflicts throughout Europe, — then it was that the ladies of England shrank from the spirit which they had evoked. And among all the half-million who signed the remonstrance, there was only here and there one to encourage the party that fought for freedom.

It is due, however, to truth, to say that among these few the Duchess of Sutherland, with her daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, stood firm, though standing almost alone.

The Duchess of Sutherland, during those days, had retired from society, and was an invalid, but of the constancy of her heart, and the clearness of her perceptions of the right, none who knew her could doubt.

The immediate consequence of the letter of the ladies of England to those of America was a storm of indignant rejoinder from the Southern States. The sisters across the water, in terms far less conciliatory and language far less guarded than their own, were reminded of all the objectionable features of English society, and politely requested to look at home and let their neighbors' housekeeping alone.

The papers were full of stories of the Duchess of Sutherland, in which all the barbarities said to attend the Sutherland clearances, years before she became connected with the family, were laid at her door. It was she who had pulled down cottages over the heads of defenceless old women, and turned out the sick and starving to wander and to beg. Whether things like these ever were done under the rule of the Duke's mother the Duchess, Countess of Sutherland, is not a point here to be discussed.

The history of the Highland clearances and evictions is to this day a sore spot in the minds of the Scotch people, and it is a subject on which one must never hope for a dispassionate inquiry. It was one of those instances where a change necessary for the good of a country excited such vehement bitterness of feeling, and such a collision of passion, as to leave lasting and ineradicable soreness and indignation, even although society has undoubtedly settled into a very much better form in consequence. But whatever objectionable incidents might have been connected with the clearances of the Highlands, it is quite evident that the Duchess of Sutherland had nothing to do with them, since the system was first introduced in 1806, the same year that she was born, and some of the alleged inhumanities dated back to 1811, when she was a child of five or six years, playing in the halls of Castle Howard.

The Duchess was married to the Duke of Sutherland, then bearing the title of Earl Gower, in the year 1823. She was at that time in her seventeenth year, and the Duke was thirty-seven, being twenty years her senior. The match, however, was not only one of the most brilliant in regard to worldly possessions which a subject could make in England, but it was a peculiarly happy one, considered simply in relation to the quality of the individual.

The Duke of Sutherland was one of those refined and delicate characters whose worth can only be fully appreciated on an intimate acquaintance. An unfortunate infirmity of deafness prevented his ever taking part in the public duties of his station, and caused him to bear in the great and brilliant society in which he moved the part of spectator rather than actor.

An observer who has associated with the English nobility must have noticed that a certain shrinking shyness is rather characteristic of them. Madame de Staël, in her "*Corinne*," gives the result of her observations on this point in her character of Lord Nelvil.

Much that passes for haughtiness and reserve is often neither more nor less than the remains of an extreme diffidence. In the Duke of Sutherland this shyness was increased by the consciousness of an infirmity which he feared in every company might embarrass those who wished to communicate with him. Master of one of the largest estates in Great Britain, with Stafford House, Trentham Hall, and Dunrobin Castle, each of which could compare favorably with any of the royal residences in Europe, the Duke was always the simplest, the most unostentatious, the most humbly conscientious of human beings. There was something peculiar about his manners in their lowliness and humility: he seemed to ask pardon of the world for holding more of its wealth, power, and splendor than ought to be engrossed by one human being.

In person he was tall and graceful, and his manners were marked by a charm of considerate thoughtfulness for others that was very peculiar. Although his consciousness of his infirmity would have led him to shrink from society, yet he had so considerate a regard for guests in his own house as to always endeavor to make some conversation with each when under his roof; and with such skill and tact did he manage this, that the reply could generally be expressed by a negative or affirmative.

In conversation with those of inferior rank, the same lowly courtesy of manner was often visible. Not many years since, an old tenant of the Duke of Sutherland's now living in Andover, Massachusetts, related this anecdote of him. He had charge of a mill on the Duke's estate, and one day left it to the care of a young man who had newly come into his employ, and to whom the Duke's person was unknown. On his return, the young employee said to him: "There has been an old man to see you: he is quite deaf, poor old gentleman! he said he was sorry to make me speak so loud, and seemed to feel very badly about the trouble he gave

me." "Ah! then you have seen the Duke," replied the miller to the astonished apprentice; "that's our Duke!"

Standing thus apart from the gay and brilliant scene in which he moved, the Duke meditated deeply on the great question of society. His well-known benevolence, and the conscientious care that he gave to the discharge of his duty to his dependants, constantly brought him into contact with the two extremes of life. He saw his own, so brilliant, so abundant; he saw the poor laborer's, so restricted, and so uncertain and confined, and saw it with a deep feeling of sadness akin to self-reproach. *All* that he could do by the most conscientious and unintermitting efforts seemed so little to bridge over the awful chasm.

The writer well remembers one evening during a stay of some days at Dunrobin Castle. The dining-hall was, as usual, brilliantly lighted, and a company of about forty persons, including some of the first in rank and beauty among the nobility, were present. The service of the table was even more than usually exquisite in taste and ornamentation, but the Duke sat at the head of all with the gentle thoughtfulness of manner so habitual with him. After a few moments he wrote and passed to the writer these lines of Milman:—

"We sit on a cloud and sing like pictured angels,
And say the world runs smooth, while right below
Welters the vast fermenting heap of life
On which our state is built."

In the conversation that followed, it was evident that his was a delicately and sensitively conscientious spirit, oppressed by worldly greatness as an awful trust and serious responsibility, and pained by many things in the constitution of society which he felt powerless to alter.

Of his immense possessions he evidently regarded himself only as a steward. The total population of the Sutherland estate at this time was 21,784; and the care of such a property of course occupied the whole of his attention during those months of every year which he spent upon it. The estate was di-

vided into three districts, each under a superintendent, who communicated with the Duke through a general agent. The Duke devoted every Monday to seeing such of his tenants as wished to have personal interviews, and, lest his infirmity of hearing should cause him to misunderstand any case, he took the further precaution to have it always submitted in writing.

In addition to the three factors who had the general care of the estate, a ground officer was maintained in every parish, and an agriculturist in the Dunrobin district, who gave particular attention to instructing the people in the best methods of farming.

Since the year 1811 four hundred and thirty miles of road have been constructed on the Sutherland estate, and thirteen post-offices and sub-offices been established in the county. Since that time, also, there have been fourteen inns either built or enlarged by the Duke. Thousands of acres of land, since that time, which were supposed to be worthless for cultivation, have been reclaimed by means of agricultural knowledge, and made productive. Large forests of woodland have been planted, improved breeds of cattle of all sorts have been distributed through the county, and a large fishing-village established, which affords employment to thirty-nine hundred people. Savings banks have been established in every parish, of which the Duke of Sutherland is patron. He has been also a liberal patron of education. Beside the parish schools, the Duke of Sutherland contributed to the support of several schools for young women, at which sewing and other branches of industrial education were taught. In 1844 he agreed to establish twelve general schools in such parts of the county as were out of the sphere of the parochial schools, and to contribute annually two hundred pounds in aid of salaries to teachers, besides furnishing house, garden, and cows' grass. Three medical gentlemen on the estate received a yearly allowance from the Duke of Sutherland for attendance on

the poor, in the district in which they resided.

The mere suggestion of the labors of superintending such an estate must strike any one; and then, if we consider another large estate to be cared for in Staffordshire, and three or four smaller ones in different parts of England, and twelve parishes at the Duke's disposal in appointing clergymen, we can see how great must be the cares of a man of delicate moral nature, humble in his estimate of himself, judging himself severely, and with high ideas of what should be expected from the possessor of such great resources.

The writer once spent a pleasant day with the Duke and Duchess in riding over their estates, and viewing the various improvements which they were planning for their people. The sensitiveness which the Duke seemed to exhibit to the good or ill fortune of his poorer tenants was quite touching. It had been a very wet season, and when the Duke passed a little patch of wheat, just reaped, and lying exposed to the rain, it really seemed to give him more pain than anything which could have touched himself. Whatever the temptations of rank and station may be to men who look upon them in a different way, it is certain that to the Duke life was one long practice of the duties of fatherly consideration for others.

The Duchess was of a character in many respects different from that of the Duke, but harmoniously adapted to it. She was generous, frank, and confiding, with great powers of enjoyment herself, as well as great power of dispensing joy to others. Life, from the point of view of a beautiful woman, whose very smile makes summer where she moves, cannot be the same that it is to a thoughtful man, who feels chiefly the burden of its responsibilities.

The Duchess inherited no tendency to any form of creative literary or artistic talent; she did not write poems like her grandmother, nor occupy her leisure hours with drawing or painting. The great charm of her nature was

its appreciativeness. Artists, poets, and literary men all found in her just enough of their own nature to enable her to understand them. With all the soft repose of manner which high-breeding gives, she possessed the gift of a peculiar magnetic warmth of nature, which dissipated reserve, and in a few moments placed the most diffident at ease with her. This natural advantage had been improved and turned to the best account by culture. If there be any one word which expresses the beginning, middle, and end of what is taught to a young woman carefully brought up in the upper ranks of English life, it is CONSIDERATION. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto never lost sight of in their early training. As soon as a child can open a book or appreciate a picture, it is taught its duty to show something or do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of some friend or visitor; and life is thus made a study of thoughtful attentions to others. Such a training as this and such early habits gave to the Duchess of Sutherland, in her magnificent beauty, a sort of divining power by which she was enabled always to say and do precisely the right thing, and to give pleasure to every one who approached her.

One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle, one evening, were two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived late, they were not dressed in season, when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing-room, previous to passing out to the dinner-table. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort, and, appreciating the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convoy them to the drawing-room, she came herself to their apartments, and said, graciously,

"I hope I have not kept you waiting"; and, taking a hand of each, with motherly tenderness, she led them with her into the drawing-room.

On another occasion, an American lady was riding out with her, and seemed particularly struck with the variety and beauty of the heather, which fringed the path, and made many inquiries about it.

On returning from the drive, while this lady was dressing for dinner, a basket was brought to her apartment, in which every species of heather known in Scotland was represented, — each kind with a neat label affixed to it, giving its botanical name. That evening the floral ornaments of the dinner-table were all of heather, — the centre-piece being a beautiful statuette of Highland Mary; and the Duchess wore heather for her head-dress, saying to her friend: "You see what pleasure it gives us Scotch people to have our native productions appreciated." A service of china was used on the dinner-table, on which heather was exquisitely painted. This could not, of course, have been got up to order, and its existence among the repositories of the castle showed that the Duchess must have appreciated the flower long before.

One other anecdote will illustrate the spirit of the Duchess's whole family circle.

Her sister, Lady —, was returning from an afternoon drive with two guests, when they expressed a curiosity to see a certain building which had been a matter of conversation, and she said, "I will tell the driver to take us there before we return to the castle." The coachman, however, was a little deaf, and the lady's order did not reach him; and therefore, instead of taking the turn which she expected, he drove directly to the castle.

"There, now, poor little man!" was her comment; "he did n't understand me. I could n't tell him now, it would mortify him so that he would never get over it; but I will take you there to-morrow."

In all the relations between these powerful people and those who depended upon them the iron hand of power was always concealed under the softest glove of consideration.

The only sense in which the Duchess could be said to be a creative artist was in the embellishment of every dwelling-place she inhabited, in which artists, architects, and landscape-gardeners carried out her poetic conceptions, and gave expression to her exquisite tastes. Her house, however gorgeous and splendid, had always that indefinable charm of home comfort about it which comes from the individual thoughtfulness of the possessor for the tastes and feelings of others.

During the time of the writer's stay in Dunrobin Castle, thirty or forty guests, each with servants and dependants, were visiting at the castle, yet everything moved on with that air of tranquillity and home quiet which belongs to a small, well-regulated family.

The Duchess, at the head, kept her eye on all, thought of all, provided for all. Every day to each was proposed such varied forms of occupation or amusement as it was imagined would be most agreeable. The supervision of the happiness and comfort of all was perfect, though invisible. The results could only be accomplished by that perfect domestic system which has for ages been the striking characteristic of English family life. Everything there has a precedent, an established order; every person knows his exact place, and is exactly fitted for it; and it is quite possible for a generous and magnanimous nature, full of hospitality and thoughtfulness, to infuse itself into every coworker, down to the meanest attendant.

The exact disposition of hours also give to the heads of establishments a great deal of uninterrupted time, which they may at pleasure devote to reading, study, business, or the care of children. A day at Dunrobin Castle was spent much in this fashion. Between eight and nine o'clock the guests began assembling in a charming little

boudoir adjoining the grand drawing-room, where the breakfast was always served. Here the Duchess, always fresh and radiant, and with something appropriate and kind to say to each one, waited for a few moments before leading the way to a room where the servants of the family were assembled for family worship. On the entrance of the Duchess and her guests all rose respectfully, and remained standing until they were seated; after which the Duchess read morning prayers, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined audibly. Breakfast, which immediately followed, was on the whole the most charming meal of the day,—the table being spread in the brightest and airiest room of the house, whose windows overlooked the tree-tops of the forest and the blue waters of the German Ocean. It was a meal of unconventional freedom and ease; every one's letters were laid beside his plate, and the opening and reading of these, and the passing backwards and forwards of cheerful bits of information gathered from them, formed a very pleasant feature of the hour. After breakfast there was a little season of chatting and lounging in the parlors, while the Duchess arranged with some of her friends a thoughtful programme of the day, which included provision for the comfort and amusement of every guest; and these arrangements being understood, the Duchess could command her time until luncheon at two o'clock.

The gentlemen of the family, as a general thing, were supposed to spend the day in the open air, as this was the shooting season.

After lunch at two o'clock, the guests generally drove out, and spent the afternoon in excursions to different points of interest in the surrounding beautiful country, returning in season for an hour of rest and refreshment before the dressing-bell rang for dinner.

Dinner at eight o'clock was the grand reunion of the day; all, however divid-

ed in pursuits, were expected to meet then, and spend the evening thenceforward in each other's society. Music and conversation diversified the evening, and at twelve o'clock the Duchess dismissed each of her guests, handing her a night-lamp with some appropriate kind word.

The disappearance of the beautifully dressed ladies up and down the long corridors of the castle, with these silver night-lamps in their hands, and their passing behind the draped portals of the different doors, was like a scene in the opera.

The Duchess was never insensible to the poetry of the life she was living. The romantic castle by the sea had its charms for her, and she enriched its architecture and arranged its apartments with many graceful suggestions.

The boudoir, where we assembled in the morning, was lined with sea-green satin, and the cornices of the curtains were of white enamelled shells and coral. The tables and furniture of the room were adorned with shells and coral; even the small mouldings were wrought in the form of sea-shells.

Nothing could be thought of more quaintly beautiful than the terraced walks, the magnificent staircases, the lovely gardens with their fountains and their flowers, that surrounded this castle.

With the warm inspiration of the Duchess's lovely and life-giving presence, Dunrobin seems to us like a beautiful dream. And though the rose of England is now faded, though leaf by leaf dropped from it in that long and weary trial of debility and sickness which must end the most prosperous life, yet it is comforting to think that the noblest and sweetest part of what gave the charm there is immortal.

Patient continuance in well-doing was the great effort and end of her own life and her husband's. And of all that they possessed, this *patient continuance* is the only thing that retains permanent value in the eyes of God or man.

OUR FOUR SERVANTS.

THE freedpeople have always been rather a mythical class to me. Born and reared in Massachusetts, I have known little of the colored race except through the newspapers and the antislavery societies. And though I've industriously read the discussions about the negro and his capabilities in the former, and have espoused the antislavery cause from childhood with all my heart, the real Southern negro, born and reared a slave, has always been a subject of curiosity and speculation.

But a recent visit to a Border State, in a family where the servants are colored, and generally of the class set free by the Proclamation, has given me an opportunity for observing them closely. I have not been out of my way to obtain material for these sketches, but have jotted down, without exaggeration, what has come directly under my observation. And the only merit in the jottings is that they are the plain, unvarnished truth. They interested me in spite of their simplicity, and may be interesting to others.

Amy is a colored woman who does the washing for the family where I spent the summer. She is a demure, pleasant-faced woman, with a very slight trace of white blood in her regular features. Her skin, however, is as black as the devoutest adherent to the Shem, Ham, and Japhet doctrine could desire.

When Amy first brought my clothes home, I could not help looking at her with some curiosity, and a longing to know if there was a history behind those pathetic, luminous eyes of hers. So I broached a leading question or two.

"Have you any children, Amy?"

"Yes 'm,—one boy. I've been the mother of fifteen children, but this boy is all I've got left."

I am astonished. Fifteen children, and Amy still looks fresh, young, and unwrinkled.

"Does your boy go to school, Amy?"

"Yes 'm, I'm trying hard to keep him to school regular. But there are no schools here for the colored people except pay-schools, and sometimes it's pretty hard to send him. I mean to give him an education though. He's right smart,—Dave is. He can read splendid."

I multiply questions about Dave and the "pay-schools," and learn that, though the colored people are taxed with the whites to support the free schools, some learned judge has discovered that it is "unconstitooshunal" for the blacks to attend them, and they are forced to make up little private schools to educate their children. After a little more talk with Amy, I make my plans to give a spare hour or two each day to Dave, and thus save her the pittance she pays for his schooling. This little piece of friendliness unlocks her heart to me, and before many days she has told me all her story. I shall not attempt to give half the pathos of it, but, as nearly as I can, I will tell it in her own language, which is very good, and has little of the plantation-negro accent. She has always been a house-servant, she says, and used to good society, and her manners are consequently much better than those of the field-hands.

"When the war broke out," Amy begins, "me and my husband had hired our time and was living in a little home of our own in Louisville. I was cooking, and my husband was driving a dray, and my three children—all I had left—were out at my mistress's place, five miles from town.

"But when the war begun, missis sent for me, 'cause I 'spect she was afraid I'd be for running away. My husband did n't belong to her, he belonged to a man the other side of town, and he run away as soon as he could, and followed the army; and just as soon as they would take him for a

soldier he 'listed' and was in the army for more'n three years.

"Missis had me up on the plantation, and she kept pretty strict watch on all of us. By and by she began to get great pieces of cloth in the house, and she cut out trousers, and set us to making them, and making shirts and knitting stockings, and when we said, 'What's these for, missis; what you make all these things for?' she'd say, 'O, those dreadful Yankees up North they're coming down here to take the poor colored folks and sell 'em away South, where they treat them awful. And I've got a great parcel of 'em out in the woods yonder, hiding from Abe Lincoln's men, and I'm making these clothes to keep them warm.'

"Then I'd say, 'O Lord bless us, how good you are to them pore colored folks, missis!' and I'd look as innocent; and all the time I knew she was making them clothes for the Butternut soldiers.

"One day, missis's son that was in the Butternut army, he came there with a heap of his men, and missis put 'em all up in the great garret that was over all the house. They came in the night, so she thought we did n't know it. But we did; we mistrusted, and was always keeping watch round, and one of our people seed them come. Then in the morning missis set me to baking heaps of corn-bread, and cooking chickens and everything good to eat, and kept telling me she was going to send them to the pore colored people hid out in the woods. And I pretended I believed it every word.

"The Yankee soldiers was getting thick about these days, and pretty soon I saw a heap of 'em coming up to our well for a drink. Some of our people generally happened to be about the well when any of the Yankees was round; so this time I was hanging round there, pretending I was getting some water. One of the soldiers—I 'spect he was an officer—said to me kinder low, while he was drinking, 'Seen any Butternut soldiers about here?'

"Should n't darst to tell you if I had,' I said, 'cause they'd kill me certain sure if I told anything.'

"You need n't be afraid to tell me,' said he. 'You never shall be hurt for it. We are your people's friends you know; we're all Abe Lincoln's men.'

"So I made him promise solemn not to get me in any scrape, and to go away after I told him, and come again that night, and then I told him all about the Butternut soldiers in our garret.

"After dark he came riding horse-back, with all the other Yankees, and roused up missis. She was an awful strong Union woman then, and she offered to git supper for 'em or anything. But he would 'sist on searching the garret, and there he found the Butternut soldiers, and took them away, every one. I pretended to be awful scairt, and the Yankee captain, he never even so much as looked at me as if he knew me.

"About this time the colored folks was running away all the time, and nobody seemed to mind nothing about it. We was only five miles from the river, and one of the Yankees told me if I crossed over it was free there, and plenty of soldiers there would give me all the washing I could do. My husband was in the army, then, I knew. One afternoon I took my three children,—Dave was the oldest, and was just about nine,—and I walked them five miles down to the river. Nobody interfered with me, and I got a boat and got took over.

"Well, after a while I got up here to this place, and got a room of some colored folks, and took in washing. There was a camp of soldiers here then, and they paid pretty good, and the white folks was all very good to me, and I got along well. When my husband found out where I was, he sent me money quite regular, and in about a year I'd saved up one hundred and fifty dollars. Then I bought an acre of land with a little shanty on it, and paid that money down, and 'greed to pay so much every year till I got it clear paid for.

"I kept on working and putting by all the money I could, when I heard about Mr. Lincoln's setting all the slaves free. And then my heart was set on going down after my two girls in Kentucky. One was eighteen and the other was nigh sixteen years old. They was both sold away from me five years before, and I had n't seen 'em since; but I knew just where they were, and I had no rest till I started off to fetch 'em up here.

"It was a mighty lonesome place about where the man lived who owned them,—a miserable sort of a place; and when I got there I found my oldest girl down sick, and her master—he was a dreadful drinking man and *very* ugly, he was—had gone away. When I got there and see my two girls, I keep up courage, and told 'em I was going to take them away, and I was n't a bit afraid. But all the time I felt as if there was danger in the air, and I never once took off my things. It was near dark when I got there, and I sot up all night with my bonnet on, ready to start in the morning. In the morning I got a carriage from town. There was heaps of Lincoln's men in town, and I was n't so scared then, and I got my girls to the cars, and got 'em home all safe.

"But when I had got 'em home, I found that my oldest had n't long to live. Then she told me how she came to be so miserable. You see her master was a drinking man, and he was awful mad at all the colored people on account of the war. One day he told Anna—that was her name—to bring in some wood to put on the fire, and she come in with a big log on her shoulder. 'T was so heavy she could n't bring it very fast, and with that he took a stick and hit her over the head so she fell down, and the log it fell on her; and then he kicked her heavy, to make her get up, and some way or 'nother he broke three of her ribs, and them ribs never was sot, so she was pretty near dead when I got her home. When she died, I had three doctors in to look at her,—white doctors they were,—and there was a lump on her side where

the bones was broken big as my fists."

Here Amy stops to wipe away a tear or two, and I find I am crying in sympathy.

"Horrible brute!" I cried. "Can you ever forgive that dreadful man?"

"Well, missis," Amy goes on, in that soft, pleading voice of hers, "when I first heard what she had to tell, I felt just as if I could go down there and go through *him* as the wheat-cutter goes through the wheat; but when I come to see my girl die, she died so peaceful, and was so thankful to go, and was able to pray for that man, and say she forgive him, I got so I could forgive him too, for you know what the Lord says about 'forgiving our enemies.' It was pretty hard to remember it at first, but now if I was to meet him in heaven next minute, I do believe I should n't find nothing against him in my heart."

It would take too long to tell Amy's whole story,—how her second daughter sickened and died, and how the two younger children had followed,—how sickness and trouble had prevented her from meeting the first payments she had promised on her little place, and she lost it altogether,—how her husband came home after the war, and was industrious and steady, and they had worked and saved until they now had a little place almost all paid for. "And it is a very comfortable home to me," she said, "though I suppose it would look like a shanty to you."

Of the fate of all her fifteen children but one she was certain. This one, her oldest child by another husband, was sold away from her when only five years old; and though he is now, if living, a young man of twenty-three, she knows nothing of him.

"I can't help having a longing all the time to know where he is, though the Lord has been very good to me in letting all my children come home to die," she said with unconscious pathos. "Once my baby, eleven months old, was sold away from me. It was a nursing baby then, and I prayed the Lord *strong* to give it back to me, 'cause it appeared

like I could n't bear to have it go no-how. And so I prayed, day and night, in the kitchen, and about my work, and everywhere; and sure enough, in three weeks they brought it back to me from ten miles away, 'cause they said it pined so there was no such thing as keeping it away from me. It lived just a week, and I held it when it died. I always believed in the force of prayer after that."

Of such simple tragedy is her life made up, saddened all through till the colors of it are as sombre as her face, but lighted up here and there by her hope of a blessed heaven to come.

She reads the Bible, and has great comfort in it. For this woman, at middle age before she saw the light of freedom, toiling hard with both her hands for daily bread, has yet found time to learn to read within the last five years, and reads intelligently and well.

Dave comes daily to say his lessons. He is a rollicking, bright-looking boy, with close-cropped wool and mouth of cavernous depth and breadth. He is quick to learn, and can "read and write and cipher." His ideas of history and geography are still crude, and it is impossible to divine in what spirit he receives instruction. When I attempt to tell him the story of Columbus and his discovery of this continent, his mouth begins to unfold into a broad grin. Before I get the Santa Maria and Niña and Pinta half across the Atlantic, he is chuckling at an infectious rate, and by the time the first ship has touched land he is fairly doubled up in convulsions of laughter in which it is impossible not to join. I have n't the least idea why he regards the discovery of America as so good a joke, and conclude it is merely his way. Next day, when I test his memory of the subject, he can tell me the whole story straight through, always on the broad grin. ♣

My sketch would be incomplete unless I added an account of Jacob and Rosa, the man and maid servants of our household.

Jacob is a slow-moving, lumbering

fellow, about thirty, so decidedly African that he would make a black spot in the deepest darkness. He came to his heritage through the Emancipation Proclamation. He had a kind master, and never knew the worst horrors of slavery, but he is very proud of and thankful for his freedom. He shows his appreciation of it by trying to fit himself to be a free man. He has an idea that a free man ought to be educated, and for the last five years, which mark his exodus from slavery, he has set apart three months in each year for schooling. The other nine months he works for wages, and he has already got some little earnings in the bank, and the hope of a home some day.

Just now it is his "schooling-time," and he works for his board, and goes to school twice a day, studying hard every spare minute. It is quite touching to go into the kitchen at night, and see him poring over an atlas or a slate, with that heavy, dumb expression in his black eyes which the negroes wear.

Sometimes I help him a bit in his lessons, and point out a cape on the map. He tells me he has just begun to study geography.

"And I find it so hard," he says, deprecatingly. "Sometimes when little boys only half as high as me answer a question right off that a big fellow like me don't know a word of, I feel so ashamed of myself I don't just know what to do."

Another night he asked me, rather confidentially, if there was any use in studying geography.

I encourage him with words of good cheer, and remind him that, since he has learned reading and writing, nothing can be very hard. Then I give him anecdotes of poor white boys who have taught themselves under disadvantages as great as his, and have risen to fame and eminence. Above all, I show him that the only way for the colored people to reach perfect freedom is out of ignorance into the light of intelligence; and I promise him the boon—dear to every freedman I have ever met—of the ballot, when education has fitted

him for it. And before I go away, the dumb eyes speak and glisten.

"Lord bless you, missis," he says; "if my head was so full of learning as yours is, I'd give a'most anything."

Rosa, our kitchen maid, is eighteen, graceful and trim, and hardly less black than Jacob. She wears dangling earrings set with blue glass stones, and a bright pink frock which fits her as neatly as a French grisette's. She had only been with us a week or two when Sylvia came into the parlor where we were all sitting.

"What do you think Rosa wants to do?" she said, laughingly. "Actually she desires to come into the parlor and play for us. She says she can sing, and that she plays the organ in the colored Methodist Church."

We all cried out to let her come in, and in a few minutes, quite radiant and self-conscious, Rosa tripped in to the piano. She struck a few fine rolling chords, and then begun to sing. We all started in amazement. Pure and clear and full of melody, her voice soared like a lark's, and overflowed the room with its volume. We had expected to be amused, but we were dumb with astonishment.

Kate, whose delicate soul finds expression at the piano, but whose voice is hardly strong enough for vocal expression, flushed and trembled with delight as Rosa sang, and, when she ended, murmured with a sigh, almost of envy, "O, if I had a voice like that!"

Next day I questioned our black swan about her advantages for cultivation. Her father and mother, with their three daughters, had been slaves till 1863. They had had a kind master, and were never sold apart. After becoming free, the parents had put the three girls in school, and now they could read and write, and her father had hired a piano, and all had learned to play a little. Rosa and her second sister "lived out," but the youngest, only eleven, was still in school.

"We shall make a teacher of my little sister," said Rosa, complacently, as she told me all this.

"But how did you learn to play and sing so well?" I asked.

"O, I took a few lessons, but I get it mostly by ear. But you ought to hear my next sister play and sing. She can sing splendid; I'm nothing alongside of her."

"But where did you get your style, Rosa? who taught you to sing in the way you do?"

"Well, I've listened to white folks' singing, and two or three times I've been to an opera, and heard ladies sing there. I bet you I listened close. And after that I could just imitate them, every motion."

It must have been true, for no uncultured voice could have executed a song as Rosa does. There is much artistic grace in her method, and every day the kitchen resounds with her warblings. We hear that she and her sisters give concerts for the aid of their church, contributing, from their inheritance of the negro's

"Gifts

Of music and of song,
The gold that kindly nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong."

These are a few of the freedpeople I've met. They are the servants in our household. I do not know that they are more or less interesting than those in other families. But I reflect that many a fair girl who trills feeble imitations of Parepa or Kellogg in a Fifth Avenue parlor would burst with envy if she could hear the pearl-like voice which comes from the sable throat of Rosa, washing the dishes in our kitchen. And when I read in the newspapers the orations of Elijah Pogram, and the essays of Jefferson Brick on the inferiority of the negroes, their lack of thrift, industry, earnestness of purpose, and capacity to take care of themselves, and on the grave danger involved in giving them the ballot, I wonder whether, if I were a solitary woman with three children, — a stranger in a strange land, — I could with my bare hands build up a home, and secure a prospect of comfort for my old age as Amy has done; and whether I should have had the

patience like her to master the alphabet and the spelling-book when past middle life. And I wonder how many white men thirty years old — not merely ignorant immigrants from over the sea, but men born upon our own soil and in the free North too — are ready, like Jacob,

to lay aside their little earnings, and spend three months of every year for five years in the school-house, fitting themselves for the ballot and the other privileges and duties of American citizenship. Perhaps Messrs. Pogram and Brick will condescend to tell us.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Ring and the Book. By ROBERT BROWNING, M. A. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THIS extraordinary work is a novel, but not a fiction. It is an old Roman Law case, a criminal trial, whose peculiar interest absorbed all minds in Rome one hundred and seventy years ago, but which, fading away before the advance of new events, found its tomb in an old manuscript book, where it remained in all the silent security of yellow mould until exhumed by the poet. He found it in an "old curiosity shop" at Florence, recognized the fine ore mingled with its dust, and soon had that ore in his brain-furnace, streaming out in pure gold fit to be wrought by his cunning into the Ring, one half of whose finely chased curve is visible before us. A wondrous work of art it surely is! One half the story, presumably, is before us, — 10,436 blank-verse lines, — yet through them the reader passes as on a current whose smooth stillness is that of a flood massed for its pitch over the precipice; and the spell of the movement seems hardly to have been woven ere it is broken by the closing words, "Miserable me!" which, in lieu of anything further to explain their portentous bearing, the reader will be apt to appropriate to his or her own condition in having to wait for the future volumes.

There is nothing new in making the interest of a story turn upon a crime and a trial, though novelists, rather than poets, have inclined to use that well-worn machinery. The court-room is the natural climax of so many plots and schemes in real life, its accompaniments are so normally dramatic, that fiction finds its own in resorting to it whenever it has a chance.

But there is a peculiarity in Mr. Browning's use of the court-room. There is a trial, but our interest is not concentrated upon the outcome of it; we are informed, at the start, that the men charged with murder were all executed at a given time and place. The plot of the sensational novelist is thus ended very soon, the reader's mind cleared of it as a thing which could remain only as an impediment. Where the novelist's work would end the poet's task begins. The case is closed; the victims are buried; those who slew them are executed and buried also; the judges lay aside their ermine; the excitement of the street ebbs away to its next sensation; the disclosures are relegated to parchment, there to drift into a casual collection of odds and ends anywhere, in any Italian street, until Gabriel's trump or the divining-rod of genius shall awaken them. By such wave of his wand the visible court-room and its splendid sensations of three mangled corpses and five arraigned murderers, a count at their head, vanish — to the horror and amazement of all orthodox story-tellers — utterly; but it is only that they may pass inward; there the judges reappear as Reflection, Imagination, Conscience, presiding in a tribunal of Reason; there stand they who wielded the dagger; there lie they who fell beneath it, now naked, fleshless human passions, motives, affections, interests. No longer is this the drama of Guido Caponsacchi, and Pompilia before Tommati and others, A. D. 1698; it is the tragedy of human souls, the play and clash of emotions and passions which thrill each heart and brain, following their purpose for good or evil along Broadway or Fleet Street this day. What matters it that judges found

men guilty at the close of the seventeenth century, or that the Pope signed their death-warrant; all the same would they be in their graves to-day; but were they really guilty or not guilty? That, too, were it a question of the validity of witnesses and testimony might be safely relegated to the gossips and judges of the past; but being, as it is, a question of the facts of human nature, of the imperishable world of instincts and impulses, revolving in the breast of each and all, the verdict may be as breathlessly awaited as if the case were now banishing sleep in some startled city of living men and women.

The story may be briefly told, but not more briefly than in the poet's own words:—

"Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed, bushy-bearded, black-haired lord,
Lean, pallid, low of stature, yet robust,
Fifty years old, — having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause.
This husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
Giuseppe Caponsacchi, — and caught her there,
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,
With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents; killed the three,
Aged, they, seventy each, and she, seventeen,
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe
First born and heir to what the style was worth
O' the Guido who determined, dared, and did
This deed just as he purposed, point by point.
Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
And captured with his co-mates that same night,
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence, —
Injury to his honor caused the act;
That since his wife was false (as manifest
By flight from home in such companionship),
Death, punishment deserved of the false wife,
And faithless parents who abetted her
I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor man.
'Nor false she, nor yet faithless they,' replied
The accuser; 'cloaked and masked this murder
glooms;
True was Pompilia, loyal too the pair;
Out of the man's own heart this monster curled,
This crime coiled with connivance at crime,
His victim's breast, he tells you, hatched and
reared;
Uncoil we, and stretch stark the worm of hell!'
A month the trial swayed this way and that,
Ere judgment settled down on Guido's guilt;
Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth Innocent,
Appealed to; who well weighed what went before,
Affirmed the guilt, and gave the guilty doom."

Such is the skeleton, clothed with various flesh and face by accuser and ac-

cused. Guido's account is that he married the beautiful Pompilia in good faith, her parents seeking the match to raise their social position, paying therefor a certain dowry. They went to reside at Arezzo, on his estate, with the newly married pair. Finding less splendor there than they had hoped for, the parents leave, and then declare that Pompilia is not their child, Violante having deceived Pietro with the daughter of a woman of the town. On this ground they claim non-liability for the promised dowry. Presently he (Guido) suspects too much intimacy between Pompilia and a priest well known in the gay world; finds certain letters that have passed between them. He discovers, too, a letter from her to a friend in Rome, saying that her putative parents had counselled her to poison him and make her escape to them at Rome. One morning he and his servants wake late, discover they have been drugged, perceive that the wife has fled, taking with her trinkets, moneys, etc. He pursues and overtakes the priest and Pompilia halting at an inn near Rome; the priest dressed as a cavalier, with sword guarding the door. They all rush to the room where Pompilia is asleep; she awakes, springs upon Guido, seizes his sword, and attempts to kill him, and, disarmed by persons around, denounces her husband as one from whose cruelty and effort to entrap her in the deepest guilt she is escaping. He finds in the room letters establishing the *liaison* with the priest. The driver of the coach in which the two fled gives evidence of kisses during the journey. The count appeals to the law for redress. The courts relegate the priest to a quasi-exile in a pleasant village; the wife is placed in a convent; the husband is sufficiently punished by being the byword of his neighbors. Afterward Pompilia's suffering health causes a relaxation of sentence, and she is removed to the villa of Pietro. Stung by gossip and ridicule, by Violante's confession that a bastard had been palmed off upon him, — a lie, as he believes, meant to escape paying the dowry, — and by their possession of his child, by which claims might be made and further annoyance inflicted upon him; seeing, also, that by removing Pompilia from the convent, all that was aimed at in the guilty flight was attained, Guido with his retainers repaired to the villa, and, resolved to make sure of the guilt, gave the name of Caponsacchi at the door. It was opened by Violante, whom

he slew; Pietro fell next, and last Pompilia.

Such is Guido's story. Pompilia, it turns out, was not killed at once, but survived long enough to declare, in her dying confession, her innocence. The version of the priest, reinforced by Pompilia's dying words, is as follows. He, Caponsacchi, was, he confessed, a gay priest at Arezzo, and his eye had been caught by the beauty of Pompilia, — whom he had never seen save in public, — his admiration not being unobserved by the husband. One day a veiled woman came to his room, bringing a letter purporting to be from Pompilia, declaring her admiration for the handsome priest. To this he returned a cold reproof. Yet again and again the veiled woman came with letters from her "mistress," appealing to his pity, but he returned only rebukes. At length a letter came from the same source, saying that her husband had discovered that a correspondence was going on, and advising him, the priest, to fly, or at least be careful not to come near the place she had before asked him to come. This roused his courage and curiosity, and he repaired to the spot at once. Instead of a watching, jealous husband, there was Pompilia at her window, with face and eye incapable of guile or sin, who spoke to him as one who had been writing her letters full of protestations of devotion. She could not herself, she said, read or write; but the woman who brought them explained their sense. She then told the terrible story of the tortures to which her parents had been, and she was still, subjected; how she had vainly appealed to the archbishop and governor against their friend (a nobleman too); and now, in her last extremity, starving, she grasped the one crumb between her and death, even though the hand holding it were one which she could not touch.

"You came in
Like a thief upon me. I this morning said,
In my extremity: 'Entreat the thief!
Try if he have in him no honest touch!
A thief might save me from a murderer.
'T was a thief said the last kind word to Christ.'"

But as they look upon one another, there rises the vague sense of horrible delusion. She cannot read or write, yet he has received letters; he has reproofed, yet she talks of his devotion. The fearful conspiracy flashes upon him, and all his gay thoughts are over; the world of fashion recedes; now, for the first time, he is God's, with God's task before him, — a dragon to

conquer, a soul to rescue. Thus came the flight. It was from a fiend who would compass her ruin, as a means of wringing the last pang to satiate his vengeance on her parents, and securing the dowry ere rid of the wife whom shame would prevent reclaiming it. The money and trinkets taken were her own. His cavalier dress was donned against roadside suspicion that a priestly guise might excite. The letters were all forged, and some of them hidden in the room of the inn where Pompilia was found, when backs were turned. The murder not only served the spite of a baffled tyrant, but would, if approved by law, bring an heir and solid gains to bolster up Guido's decayed fortunes. As for kisses during the flight, the coachman, it was shown, had for such testimony got out of prison at the hands of Guido's friend, the Governor, who had once ignored Pompilia's appeal for help.

On these statements, we have first the theories of one Half-Rome.

"First the world's outcry
Around the rush and ripple of any fact
Fallen stonewise, plumb on the smooth face of things;
The world's guess, as it crowds the bank o' the pool,
At what were figure and substance by their splash:
Then, by vibrations in the general mind,
At depth of deed already out of reach."

Next comes the theory of the other Half-Rome, inclining this to Pompilia's as the former to Guido's side. Next *Tertium Quid*.

"Rome's first commotion in subsidence gives
The curd o' the cream, the flower o' the wheat, as
it were,
And finer sense o' the city."

Amid all these the reader finds himself tossed more helplessly than he may perhaps imagine to be possible, before he has got fairly into the hands of the poet. What an orator some cause or party lost when Robert Browning took to poetry! Those very lyrics with which he first gained the world's ear — the cavalier songs for God and King Charles — were, indeed, so vivid, that the poet, as hearty a liberal as England holds, had to admonish the world how purely they were works of art. But as in this new poem he speaks now for one Half-Rome his argument seems final, until he comes to speak for the other Half-Rome; but again just after we feel the bottom of it all, *Tertium Quid* inspires him to show us how far the cavern stretches beyond either finality. But when the last tribunal is sitting, and first the count, after him the

priest, tell their respective stories, we are led to say what a lawyer the bar lost when Robert Browning gave his intellect to the Muse! If, in the future volume, he shall as a judge sum up, and as a pope examine and affirm, with the same power he has here displayed as orator and special pleader, then Court and Church will have as much reason to envy poetry the most versatile genius of our time. Yet at every step in this work, in which every kind of ability is manifested, there is supremely felt the presence of the poet,—of one who has been sent into the world to write poetry, can do nothing less than that, however he may put forth special talents to work up here and there the raw material for his master art. From its very nature this great poem must be continuous; the strain of interest admits no episodes or idling in lyric by-ways; but every necessary point is jewelled with beauty, every sweep of column describes the curve of grace, every weapon-flash darts many-hued light. It would be difficult to match in dramatic poetry Caponsacchi's description of the scene when Pompilia was overtaken by her husband on the flight to Rome; and the close of the priest's address to the judges, with which also the second volume closes, is in the purest vein of thought and feeling.

Mr. Browning stands, with few rivals in the past and none in the present, at the head of what, in fault of a better phrase, may be called intellectual poetry. There are poets who rank him in imaginative lustre, there are more musical minstrels, there are—though these are few—warmer and more delicate colorists; but for clear, vigorous thinking, perfect sculpture of forms embodying thoughts (sculptures too tinted with the flush of life, with veins of blue and red), for the utterance of the right physiognomical word and phrase, he has no superior since Shakespeare. Yet intellectual as it is even to a Greek severity,—beyond even Landor here,—it would by no means express the charm of his writings to style them philosophical. No theory can quote him, nor is he at all ethical. His religious fervor shows in points of white fire on every page, and yet no work aims at a moral lesson or object. He writes neither fable nor allegory. The world of men and women, with their actual passions, hopes, and loves, and the vast arenas for their play opened by these as rivers cut their channels,—these are enough for him. His worship is for man; his faith must

find its joy in a divine Man. The world of forms, the city of bodies, represents to him the scattered rays of this mysterious humanity; and his art is not to change them into any moral monotony, but to cultivate and guard them in their various vitality and meaning, and report their dramatic interplay. To philosophy and science all is unity; the poet is a creator of variety out of this unity which shows Faraday but one element, Tyndall one force, Hegel one idea, underlying all actual or conceivable combinations. How grandly he has created his forms may be best learned by considering the fertility of his invention as displayed in all of his volumes. No poet of this generation has approached Robert Browning in the richness and originality of his plots. While around him the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome have been masquerading in contemporary costumes,—while critics have been often limited for a generation at a time to the question whether Smith's Venus or Cupid is finer than Jones's,—while every Oriental or Scandinavian or Italian legend has been made to do duty like the professional models whose faces and forms, now bright, now brown, reappear at every academy exhibition,—this poet has evolved a series of the most beautiful frames as well as portraits, in attestation of which we need only, for the reader of Browning, mention *Pippa Passes*, *Paracelsus*, *The Flight of the Duchess*, and *The Blot on the Scutcheon*.

In the work now before us there is no work of Browning's later life whose charm and power are not represented. To the singularly original and powerful plot of the story there is added a fulness of dramatic treatment, and a play of intense expression, like the fatal, silent swerve of globe-lightning, of which it were hopeless to attempt any critical analysis. A poet's felicities belong to the sacred inner tabernacle of his genius, where he has mastered the secrets of his art. Were profane eyes to enter there where the worker is making his tapestry, they could only see a mass of thread-ends and tangles; but what skill is behind there let the cartoon of the outside prove! And we have no fear but those who have eyes to see great forms—even though they have not a perspective reaching back to the time of Dante or Shakespeare to compel recognition of their grandeur,—will find them in the living tableau, which represents and justifies the recent silent years of Robert Browning.

Recollections of a Busy Life. By HORACE GREELEY. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

By far the most interesting parts of this book are the purely personal reminiscences, and for our own pleasure we would willingly have spared Mr. Greeley's opinions of Poets and Poetry and Literature generally, and even of Protection and Divorce, if in the place of them we could have had more about his hard-worked boyhood and his struggling and indomitable manhood. Many of us differ upon the questions named, and some of us, we fear, do not care anything for them; but as to the history of a man's rise from poverty and obscurity to distinction and to a place of the greatest influence, there can be no doubt; it is a perpetual romance; it delights and touches all, for in this nation it is in some degree the story of every man's life or the vision of his desires.

Most of us know already that Mr. Greeley was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, of good Scotch-Irish stock; but we had to learn from himself a great deal that was new and interesting about this ancestry. They were people of a religious creed as hard as the granite hills, whose sterility kept them industrious and poor; but they had warm hearts, and their lives of heavy toil were lightened by seasons of fun as broad as their accent. It was a strictly Puritan community, such as should descend from the heroic Londonderry of the memorable siege. "And yet there was more humor, more play, more fun, more merriment in that Puritan community than can be found in this anxious, plodding age." They celebrated their weddings by boisterous rejoicings with fire-arms, eating, drinking, and dancing; they *waked* the dead, and drank the mourners poor, so that, as the author quaintly remarks, it was fortunate that they should have been so healthy as to have very few deaths among them. "House-raising, corn-huskings, and all manner of excuses for merry-making, were frequent, and generally improved; games requiring strength rather than skill, especially wrestling (with, I grieve to say, some boxing), were favorite pastimes." Yet these frolickers were all stanch Calvinists, keepers of the Sabbath, patient church-goers, and faithful in family prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. They were honest and truthful, and, apart from their drinking, a most virtuous population. In the Revolution

their good citizenship and patriotism were found of proof.

Mr. Greeley's family were poor where none were rich, and his father seems to have been heir to rather more than his share of the family unthrift. He was a man of good natural powers and dauntless industry, but he had no gift for getting on; and as long as he remained in New England, he was a tenant, and the needy tiller of alien acres, yet he was always hopeful and ruinously hospitable. The picture of the author's early life is presented with a robust cheerfulness, but it is impossible not to feel its sadness, and there is something very tender and beautiful in the sketch of his mother, who was a woman of more than common aptitude and acquirements, and of capacity for better civilization than their time and station afforded. Her cheerful heart seemed to break when her husband removed to the backwoods of Pennsylvania. "I think," writes her son, "the shadow of the great woods oppressed her from the hour she entered them; and, though removed but two generations from pioneer ancestors, she was never reconciled to what the less roughly bred must always deem privations and hardships. I never caught the old smile on her face, the familiar gladness in her mood, the hearty joyfulness in her manner, from the day she entered these woods until that of her death, nearly thirty years later." At the knees of this good mother her son learned to read, and in the fields, with his laborious, cheerful, luckless father, he learned the wisdom of hard work, which he insists upon in nearly all the didactic passages of his "Recollections." Yet he does not persuade us that he loved farming, or that it was profitable employment for a delicate boy who had a passion for books, and who, in his fourth year, could "spell down the class" between naps at the evening spelling-matches, when he "could not keep his eyes open and should have been in bed." Mr. Greeley believes now that the drudgery of the farm was irksome, because farming was then utterly unscientific; but it is doubtful whether any part of farming except its science is not drudgery, and whether his escape at the first opportunity to the more intellectual business of the printing-office was not the natural and inevitable result of the impulse diverting from hand-work every man capable of head-work. At any rate, it was this impulse which first interests the reader in him, and makes him ambitious for the boy,

who early showed himself of a brave and true temper.

Poverty is a gloomy presence in any home, — even American poverty, — and a boy who saw the household goods distrained by the sheriff, and his father in flight from the debtors' prison, no doubt found the morning of life dark enough; and even when her time came, fortune presented herself to young Greeley masked and looking at the best like a very hard-favored virtue. When his father was about to quit New England, the printer's apprentice walked over from the town where he was learning his trade to that where he was to take leave of his family. In words which must go to the hearts of all those who have known what homesickness is, and how very closely and tenderly common endurance and hardship knit parents and children together, he tells that some of his kindred urged him to go with the rest, and not return to his place in the printing-office. "I was sorely tempted to comply," he says, "but it would have been bad faith to do so. . . . A word from my mother, at the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it. . . . After the parting was over, and I well on my way, I was strongly tempted to return; and my walk back to Poultney (twelve miles) was one of the slowest and saddest of my life."

Nothing could have been very difficult after this, and there seems to have been no other moment of the author's life that asked so great fortitude and resolution. It was success; but life is an artful romancer, and postpones its *dénouement*. There was a vast deal to go through before the destined greatness of the "Tribune" could be accomplished. How the apprentice became a journeyman printer in Western New York and in New York City, — then an editorial necessity of the politicians, employed and paid by them, — then the first independent and courageous journalist we have ever had, — is pretty well known to everybody; but everybody may read it here with fresh pleasure, in that light and circumstance which a man can best give his own life. At every point the career is an interesting one, and in great part it includes national history.

Thanks to the peculiar constitution of his mind, which, while it lacks the qualities of originality or genius, is yet boldly tentative, he has been identified or connected with every social and political movement which

has promised to benefit or elevate mankind; and he has something to tell us of them all. We think certain readers, who have learned rather from his enemies than from himself to regard him as a reckless innovator, will be surprised to find him so conservative as he is of all that really holds human society together for good, — marriage, the family, religion, subordination.

We have enjoyed Mr. Greeley's reminiscences of his political contemporaries, which are as much descriptive of himself as of them. He seems not to have forgotten any of his likes or dislikes, and he is still a believer in his own statesmanship; but his egotism where it appears is not offensive, and his treatment of old friends and old foes is alike temperate and sincere. The spirit of his sketch of Harry Clay is especially excellent: it is a cordial tribute to a man who is almost passing out of memory; and what is said of Taylor, Calhoun, Webster, Buchanan, Weed, and Seward is of a value that will not decrease as we recede from the time when they were living interests.

It is apparent from these chapters that Mr. Greeley would have accepted higher place in political life than he ever received, and we think that his ambition was a just and honorable one. We own that our sympathies are with him in that dissolution of the partnership of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, famous some years ago; we find his letter to Mr. Seward — it could not have been a pleasant letter to receive — a thoroughly manly and natural expression of proper feeling. On the other hand, his explanation of his part in the release of Jefferson Davis does not appear strong in anything but courage. It is a poor vindication of any act to say that those who were disposed to shirk their duty were glad of it. Negatively, however, we are all responsible for Davis's escape from justice, and there are many far more guilty than Mr. Greeley. He scarcely rises to a full conception of Mr. Lincoln's greatness, but it seems to us that he has clear and right ideas of the meanness with which the nation has treated Lincoln's family.

The chapter on farming in this book is a characteristic one. The details are interesting, and the ingenuous confession at the end, that the profits are "unspeakably small," is in amusing discord with Mr. Greeley's periodical advice through the Tribune to the hungry poor of the cities to go into the country and earn a living by a trade of which they know nothing. About

literature, also, there are some very guileless criticisms, and some very good generalizations. We cannot believe that it is at all profitable, however, to warn people against a literary career. The literary life, like the married life, is something commonly embraced or shunned quite independently of the best or worst counsels.

We touch very sketchily upon a book which we have read with great pleasure, and which must take its rank with the very few good autobiographies in the language.

Under the Willows and other Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Fields, Os-good, & Co.

ONE of the less familiar poems here given is "The Voyage to Vinland," in which the poet indulges the fancy, more flattering than even the hope of the future's remembrance, that the grand and mysterious past foreboded the present, and clothed us in the poetry of its prophetic desire and wonder. Biörn, the son of Heriulf, is restless with an impulse to some great enterprise:—

"For the brain grew not weary with the limbs,
But, while they slept, still hammered like a Troll,
Building all night a bridge of solid dream
Between him and some purpose of his soul,
Or will to find a purpose. With the dawn
The sleep-laid timbers crumbled to soft mist,
Denied all foothold. But the dream remained,"

and at Eric Thurlson's Yule-tide feast it haunts him still, and takes definite shape and aim from the song of Thorwald, the Skald:—

"White-haired he stood,
White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar,
From their still region of perpetual snow,
Beyond the little smokes and stirrs of men:
His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years,
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine,
But something triumphed in his brow and eye,
Which whoso saw it could not see and crouch:
Loud rang the empty beakers as he mused,
Brooding his cryed thoughts; then, as an eagle
Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed woods,
So wheeled his soul into the air of song."

And so Biörn, inspired by the Skald, sails from home, and finds a world:—

"Four weeks they sailed, a speck in half-shut seas,
Life where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled lubber-like in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush."

But before their prow

"Cut on Vinland sands

The first rune in the Saga of the West,"

Gudrida the prophetess sang of what the new land should be in our time and in times yet to come, in certain mighty lyrics that close the poem. This has not only the clearness and fulness of thought characteristic of the poet, and that completeness of expression which he gives whatever picture rises to his mind, but we think that in subtlety and force of poetic instinct it is not to be surpassed, when it tells how the Skald sang of Fate, and of the arrows she chooses among the strong, true souls of men to hit her marks with:—

"But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart,
Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen."

This fantastic play of a thought continued from one mind into another, this secondary effect of the creative impulse is what greatly constitutes poetry, for the poet half-exists in his reader; and criticism, if it were as wise as it affects to be, would know some art to fix this reflex thought, and test the quality of the prime inspiration by it. But as it does not, it must go cold-bloodedly back to the book, and solicit the effect given so freely and fully at first, and substitute for the grace of sympathetic response the clumsiness of praise.

In some external aspects it is an easy enough book to review. In it the "June Idyl," which we imagine the readers of the magazine will have no more forgotten than the month last year celebrated by it, is christened anew, and as "Under the Willows" holds the first place. Then follow such dear and familiar poems as "The First Snow-Fall," "Auf Wiedersehen," "After the Burial," "In the Twilight," and "The Nightingale in the Study," with the author's war-poems, "The Washers of the Shroud," "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel," "Memoria Positum," "On Board the '76," and the magnificent "Commemoration Ode," which of itself could make us believe that the war had produced a literature. Besides these there are many other poems less known, but not less characteristic and fine, first among which are "The Voyage to Vinland," "The Fountain of Youth," "Mahmood the Image-Breaker," "A Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire," and "A Familiar Epistle to a Friend." We name the poems according to our liking. They group themselves differently. The "Familiar Epistle" belongs with "Self-Study,"

"The Upland Path," and the "Miner," in the several expressions of the same recurrent thought; "Mahmood," "Yousouf," and "Dara" are of another kind by themselves, if we do not join "Blondel," to them, as in a kindred spirit of parable; then there are "Auf Wiedersehen," "After the Burial," and "The Dead House,"—a group of poems as different from the rest as they are remarkable in every way. The other pieces—with the exception of the war-poems—are idyls and essays. There is nothing strictly lyrical or merely narrative in the book.

No one could read it, we think, without inferring from it the great humorist and, acute critic of letters and polity; and we, for our part, cannot read it without the persuasion that the author is greatest of all as a poet,—as much greater as that sense of order for which we have scarcely a true name, but which we feel to be so divine that we call it creative, is greater than that exquisite sense of disorder, that humor which is his in such high degree. But we should not care to dispute with anybody on this point. As long as Mr. Lowell can delight us with either of his gifts, we shall willingly leave a decision to the useful people who have not yet determined whether we shall say the Misses Smith or the Miss Smiths. Apart from this question, there are traits of his genius about which there can be no difference, and which are very distinctly reproduced here. His dominant fondness for apologue is something that appears in nearly all the poems, and his consciousness, or habit of philosophizing his emotion, is equally plain. In fact, in our time, every one is conscious; simplicity is not only difficult, but impossible; but to here and there a man remains the nobler virtue of sincerity, which we find in this poetry,—which suffers no idle line or word, and will have first of all things always the beauty of clear thought,—and which is everywhere expressive of the poet's life, his creedless faith in heaven and man, his sympathy with nature, his love of country, his tenderness for home. To him, indeed, the ground he treads on in Cambridge, Mass., is 'dear as London was to Johnson, or Florence to Dante; and he is akin to the past in this rather than to most Americans of modern date, who have no more local attachment than air-plants, striking their arid roots with indifference into any atmosphere, and who can be but half conscious of his thrill when he fondly praises

"Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,"
or the smooth

"Charles, when fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff he glides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds";

or again, when in the "Invitation" he sings:—

"Kindlier to me the place of birth
That first my tottering footsteps trod;
There may be fairer spots of earth,
But all their glories are not worth
The virtue of the native sod.

"Thence climbs an influence more benign
Through pulse and nerve, through heart and brain;
Sacred to me those fibres fine
That first clasped earth."

Yet they must be somehow aware of the truth of the feeling, and conjecture that the virtue is one which helps to make all his poetry of such sound growth, so sweet and solid through and through. They cannot fail, either, of the beauty of that "Invitation" apart from this feeling, or the most felicitous delicacy of that tribute from which we have quoted. There never was sweeter succession of lines than those to H. W. L., and never did our poet's home-thrusting genius strike the truth fairer than in them. How poor all criticism seems beside their unerring divination of him

"Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!"

The musicalness of the poem, delightful as it is, is the least of its delights; and this is the fact with all the poetry here, except, perhaps, with "The Fountain of Youth," in which the attuned syllables warble to the sense with a sweetness that would win, even if they bore none of its fine meaning and made none of its airy pictures to the eye. Next in rhythmic beauty is "In the Twilight," and then, in infinitely grander and statelier wise, "The Commemoration Ode," many lines of which teach themselves instantly to the memory, and thence to the intelligence. We have more particularly in mind now that noble passage:—

"Many loved Truth and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last for guerdon of their toil
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her:
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved he that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness.

They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,

Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful with danger's sweetness round her ;
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death."

The reader can well understand that we do not mean to hint an obscurity of expression in this or any other poem of Mr. Lowell's ; we could as readily conceive of intellectual vagueness in him. The music of his verse seems the unsought charm of the words that could most clearly give his sense ; and the sincerity and originality of his genius are in nothing more manifest than in a diction as distinctively his own as it is inartificial and unmannered. There is almost nothing in the book to remind you of any one but himself, except, perhaps, "The Miner," which at first intimates Emerson ; yet on a second glance could not, it is found, have been written in Concord. There is as fresh and racy a flavor in his phrase as if he had newly plucked it from the fields, and it were part of the great life of skies and woods and seas on which, in its relation to that of man, he dwells with so true a love. "Under the Willows" seems to us the finest rural poem in our literature. Nature, you see there, is also in love with the poet ; something like the old lost sympathy between us and earth is restored ; but we doubt, in the "Pictures from Appledore," whether Nature, in that savage mood of hers, reciprocated the poet's passion. We do not say that it is not a wonderful series of studies, rendering her sad or fierce aspects with unique power and fidelity ; we merely find that we do not care to return to the poem after once reading it, while all others in the volume attract us again and again.

"Auf Wiedersehen," in all regards in which a critic has the right to speak of it, is the best of that group of personal poems to which it belongs. It is exquisitely artistic, and, beside its perfection, "The Dead House" and "After the Burial" appear at disadvantage, though they are both poems of a rare and passionate truth. More equal, and on the whole more characteristic, are those pieces in which the poet sings the sadness of attainment, and the charm of that "lithe, perpetual Escape" in all joys

of the heart and brain which is the very incentive and reason of hoping and being. This fancy plays through "Self-Study," "The Miner," "The Foot-path," and "L' Envoi—To the Muse," with a ceaseless grace and variety of movement, and seems the finest and sweetest part of the poet's wisdom. The political poems, which come next in order of our liking, are like no other political poems in their wonderful imaginative strength, — a quality felt equally in the different parable of "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel" and "On Board the '76," but most of all in the weird allegory of "The Washers of the Shroud." As to the "Commemoration Ode," — shall we go on vainly to speak of it, as of the rest, leaving its essence still untouched, and its grandeur defined and limited by special praises ? Some day, it will seem as preposterous for the critic to attempt to tell in what particulars the greatness of a poet lies as it would now appear if he should tell him how to make poetry, — and the critics used to do something like this with no more misgiving than one should have in teaching another how to save his soul. The truth is, poetry is dangerously apt to turn upon criticism and judge it ; and one shudders at the thought of certain poor old combinations of adjectives, well enough for common use, being made to stand for an appreciation of this poem. There is something like warning in its superb completeness ; compliment is not for the reverence which unseals the poet's lips in self-doubt, nor for the triumph which closes them upon those words of tender and sublime exultance, —

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !"

There is reason given for all the faith and love in the poem ; there is no appeal to mere emotion, nor the noisiness of transport, whatever fervor ; its most exalted feeling is in an impassioned study ; what is likeliest rapture is the thrill of uttering divine fact ; yet with all its severe and predominant intellectual qualities, — and let us remember that he who said poetry should be "simple, sensuous, passionate," left making such poetry to his inferiors, — it is richer than any other poem of its kind in the delights of art, in form, in music, in grace of movement, in vivid and heroic pictures.